

# Little Miss Sunbeam COMICS

No. 1

10¢



SUNNY'S FATHER



TILLY



TINKER



SUNNY'S MOTHER



GOOGY



WEEGEE





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# what's wrong with this picture?

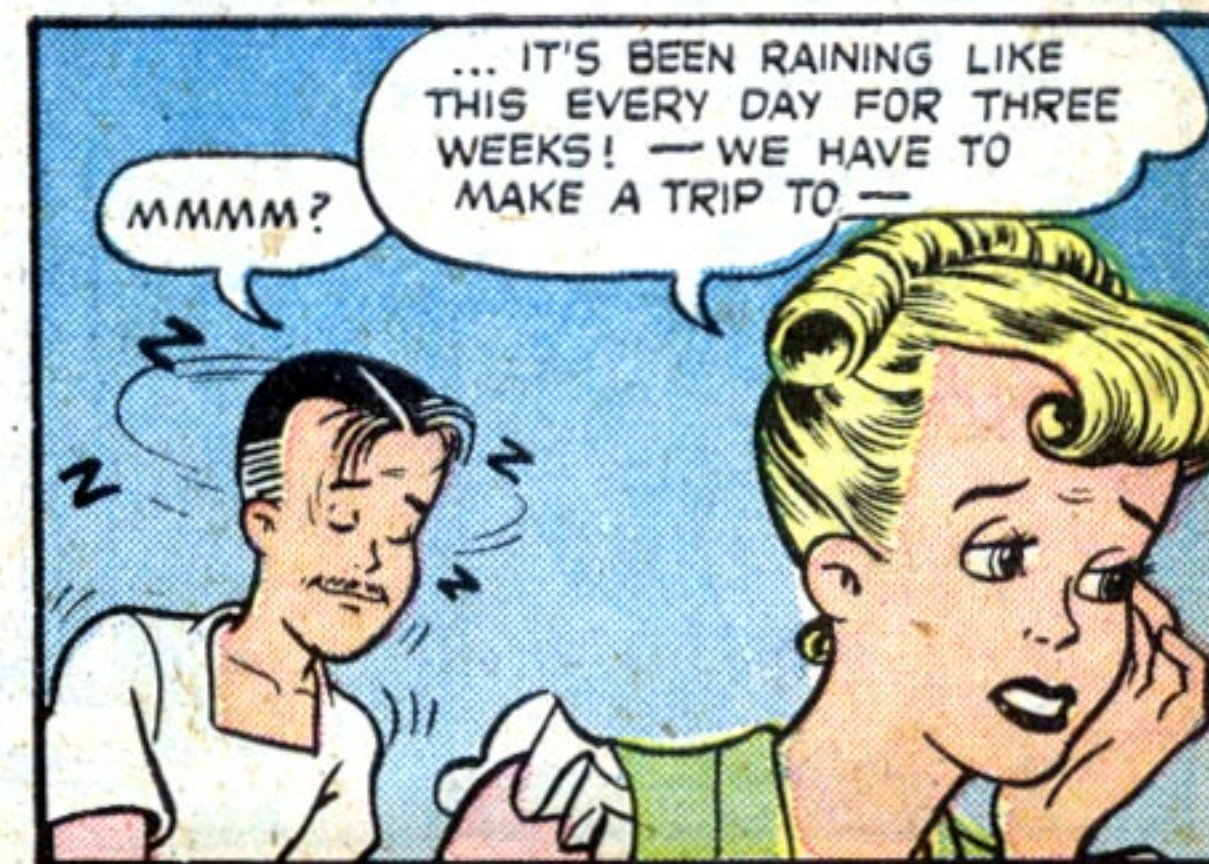
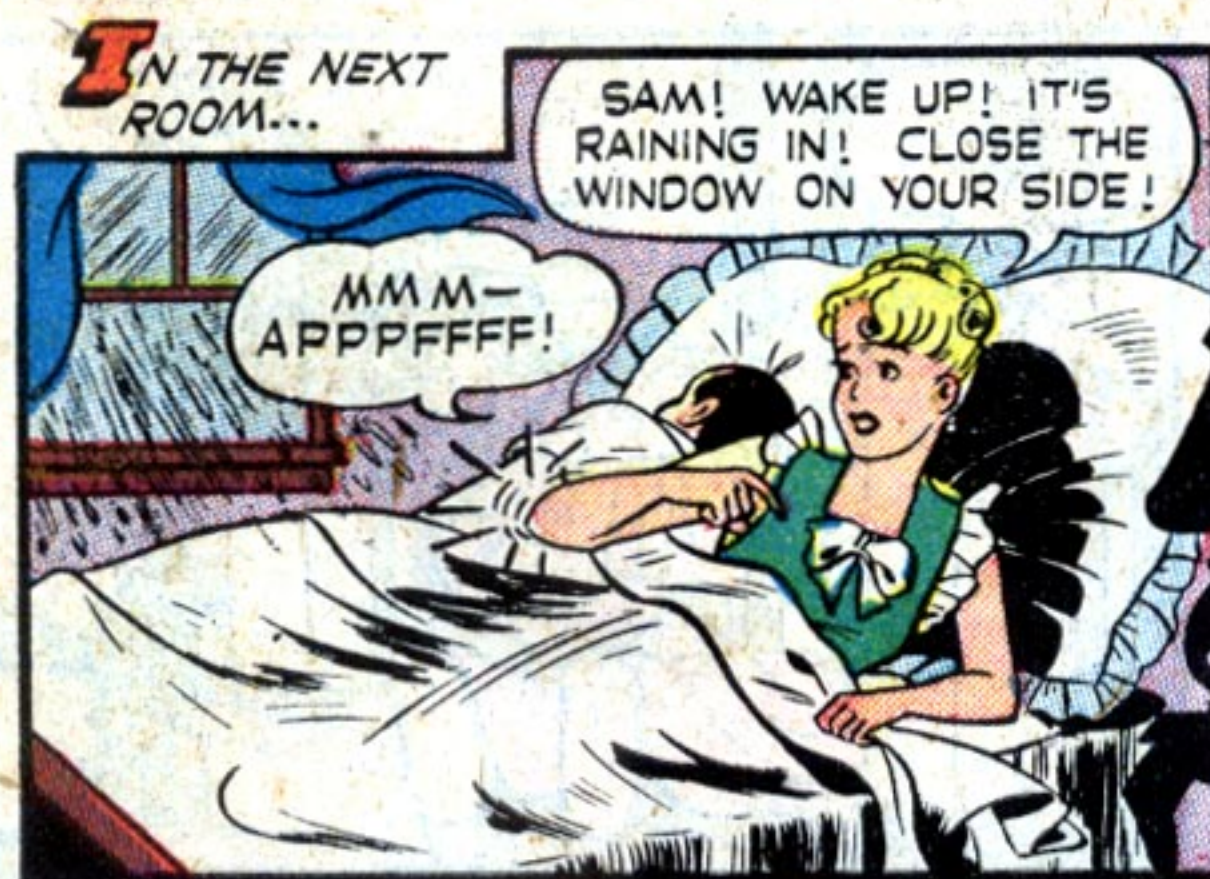
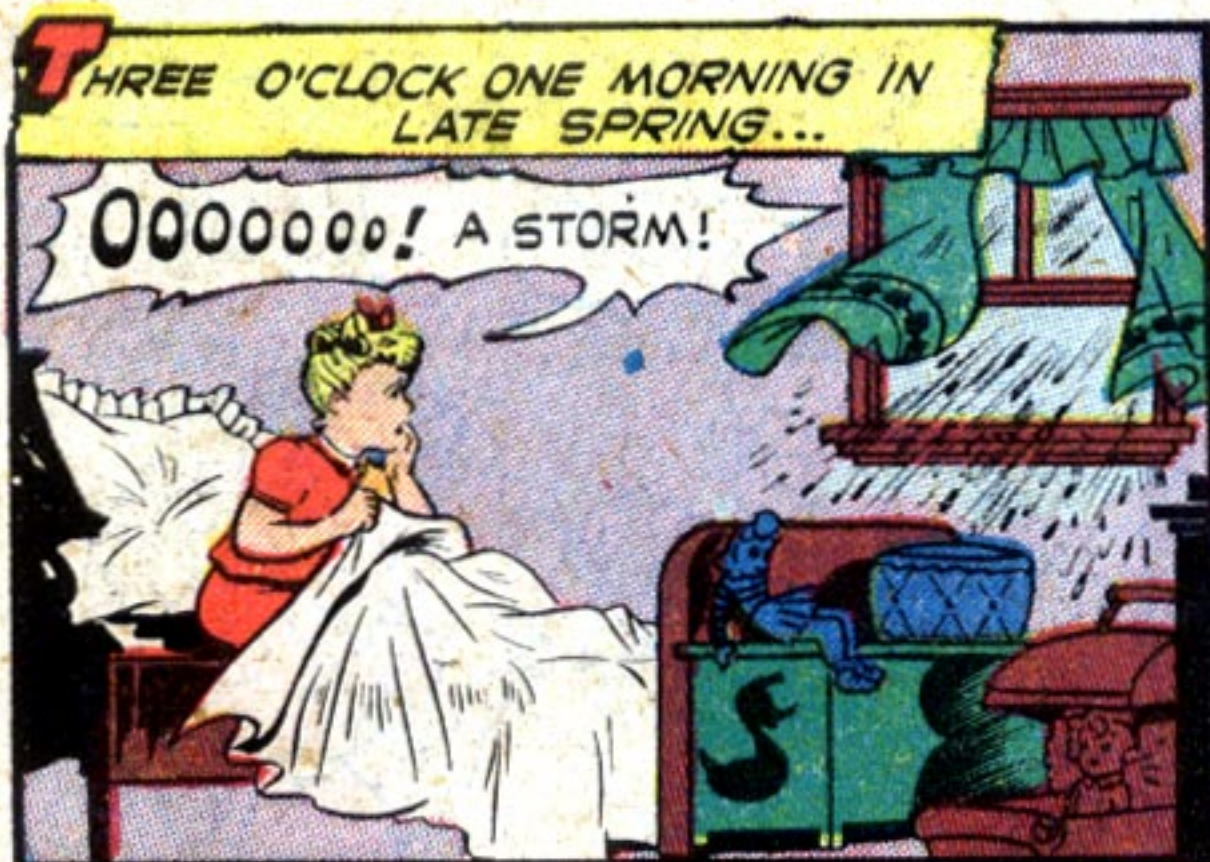
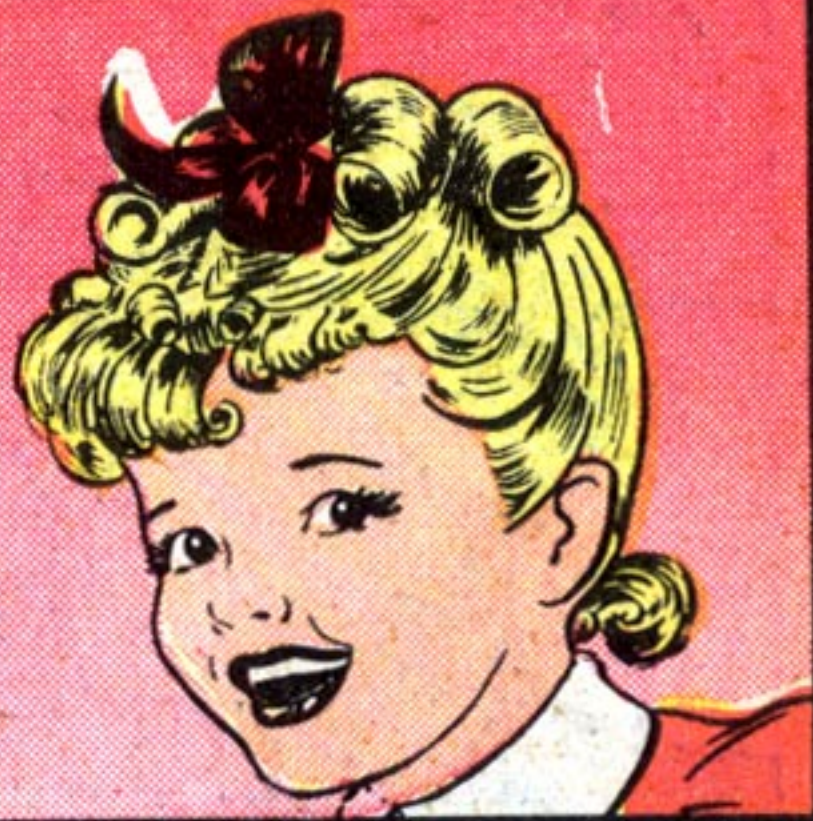


THERE ARE 24  
MISTAKES IN THIS  
PICTURE. SEE HOW  
MANY YOU CAN FIND  
AND SCORE YOURSELF.  
IF YOU FIND 10 MISTAKES  
YOU ARE FAIR. FIND 16  
AND YOU ARE GOOD.  
FIND 20 AND YOU ARE  
VERY GOOD. FIND  
24 AND YOU ARE  
EXCELLENT.

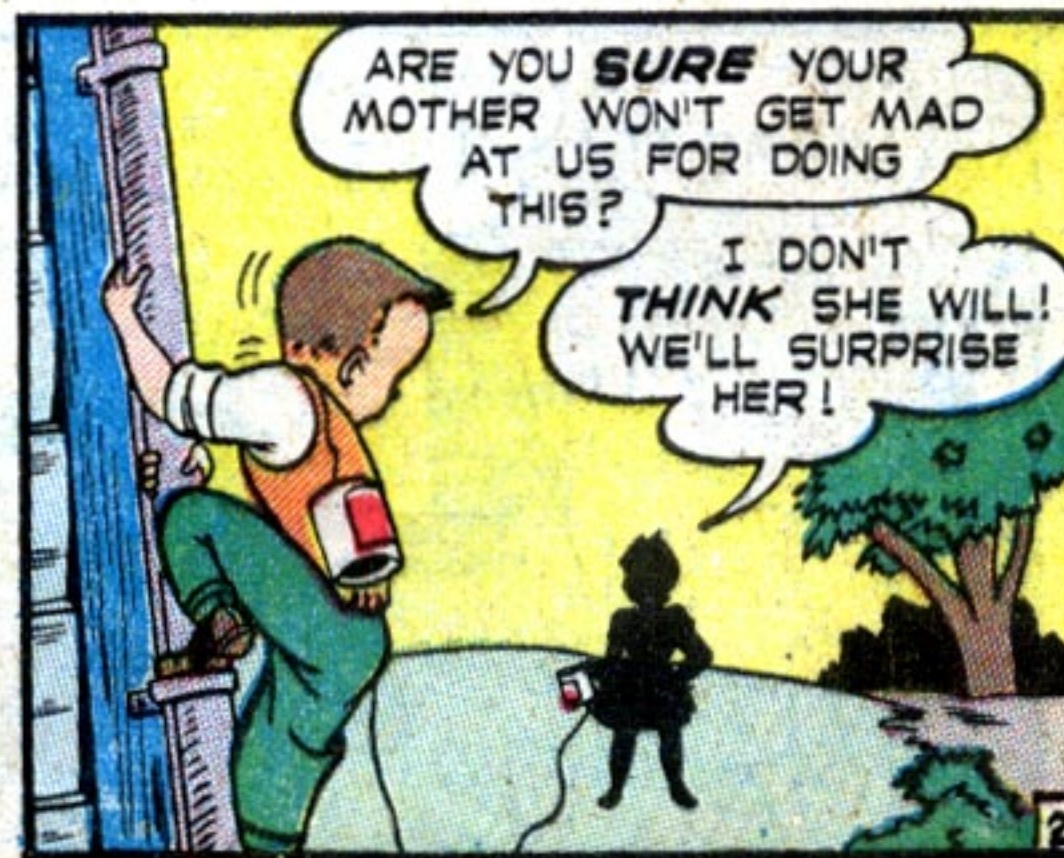
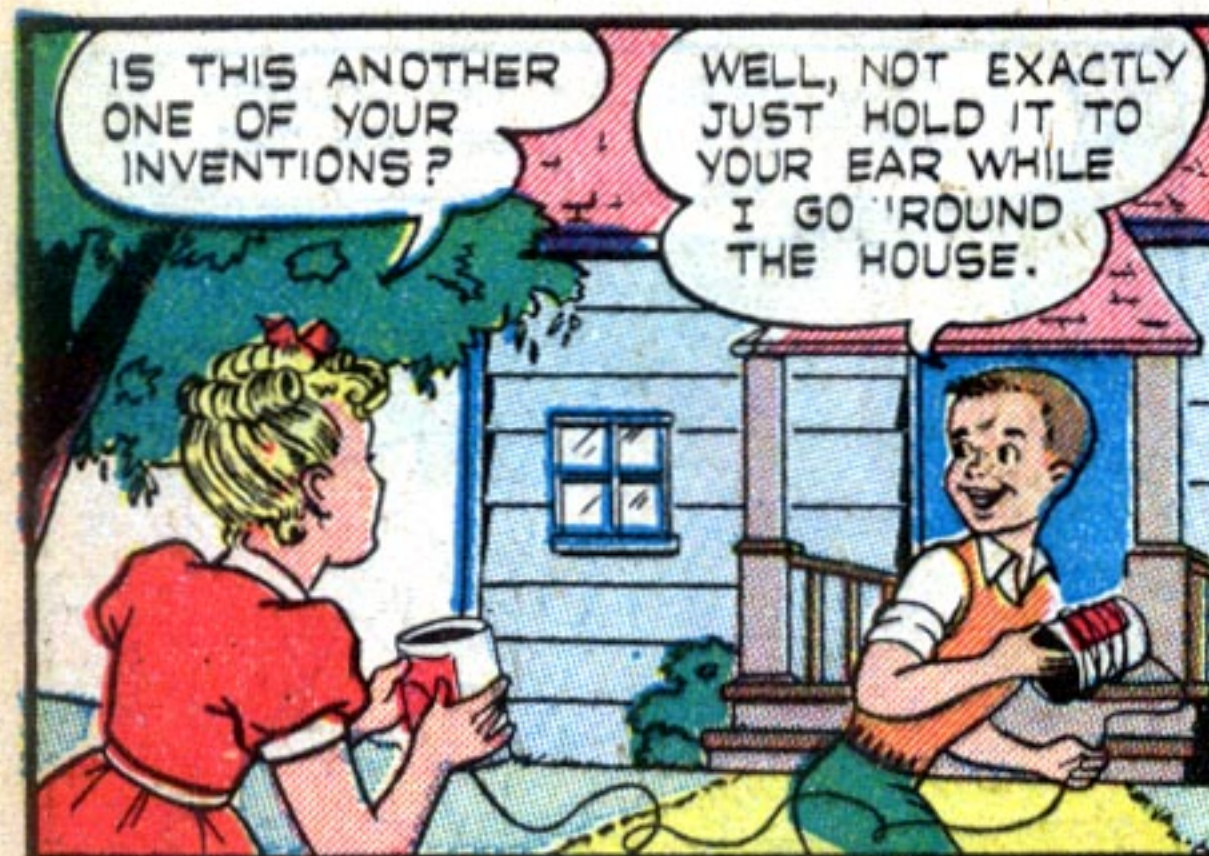
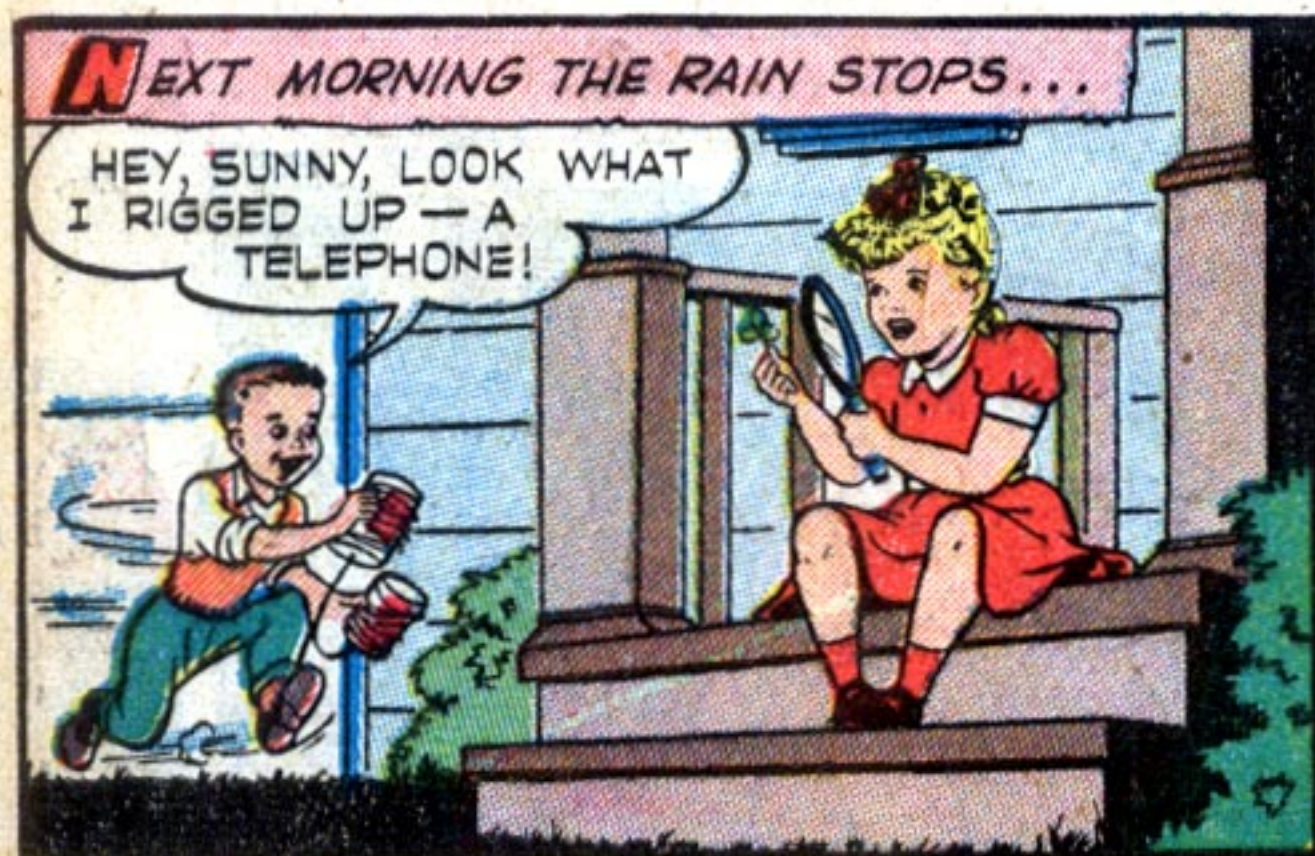


# Little Miss Sunbeam

IN  
"THE TIN CAN TELEPHONE"









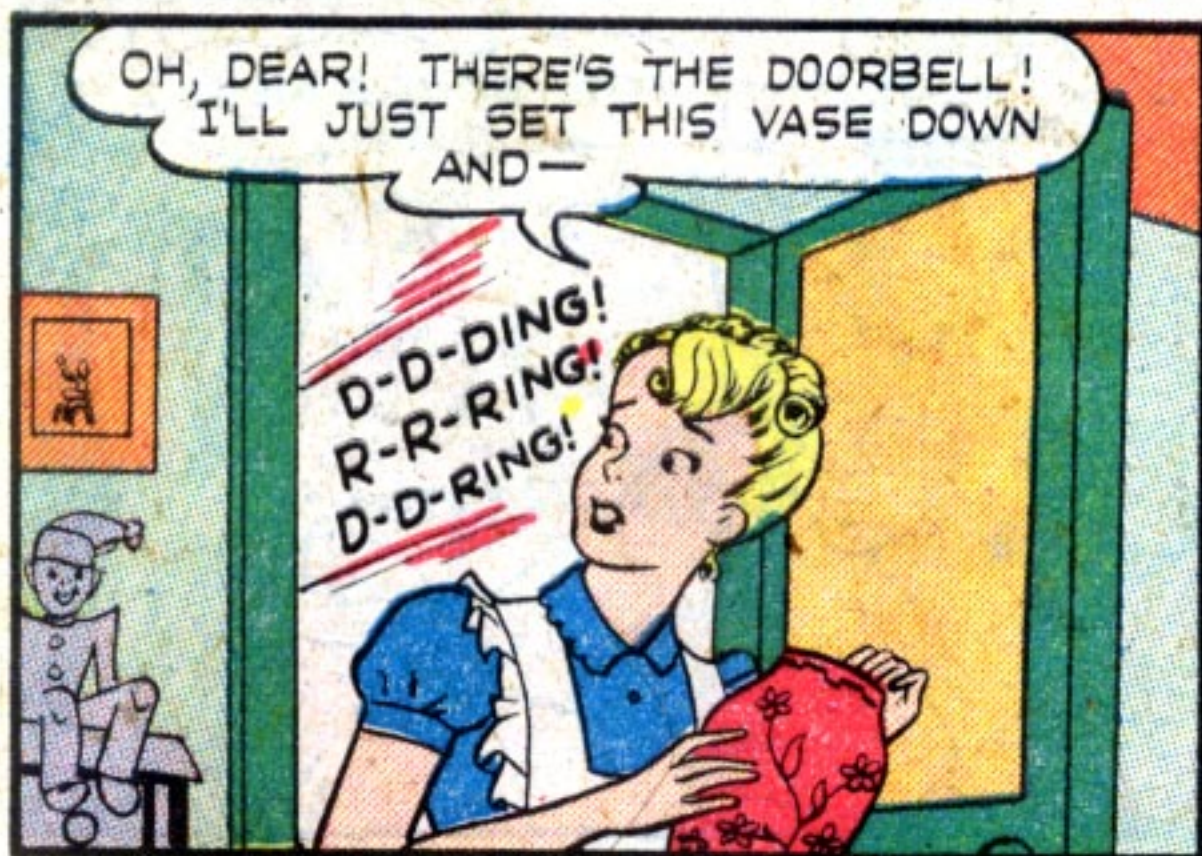


I'LL FASTEN THIS END UP IN MY ROOM. YOU GO BACK THEN FOR A TEST CALL!

ALL RIGHT!

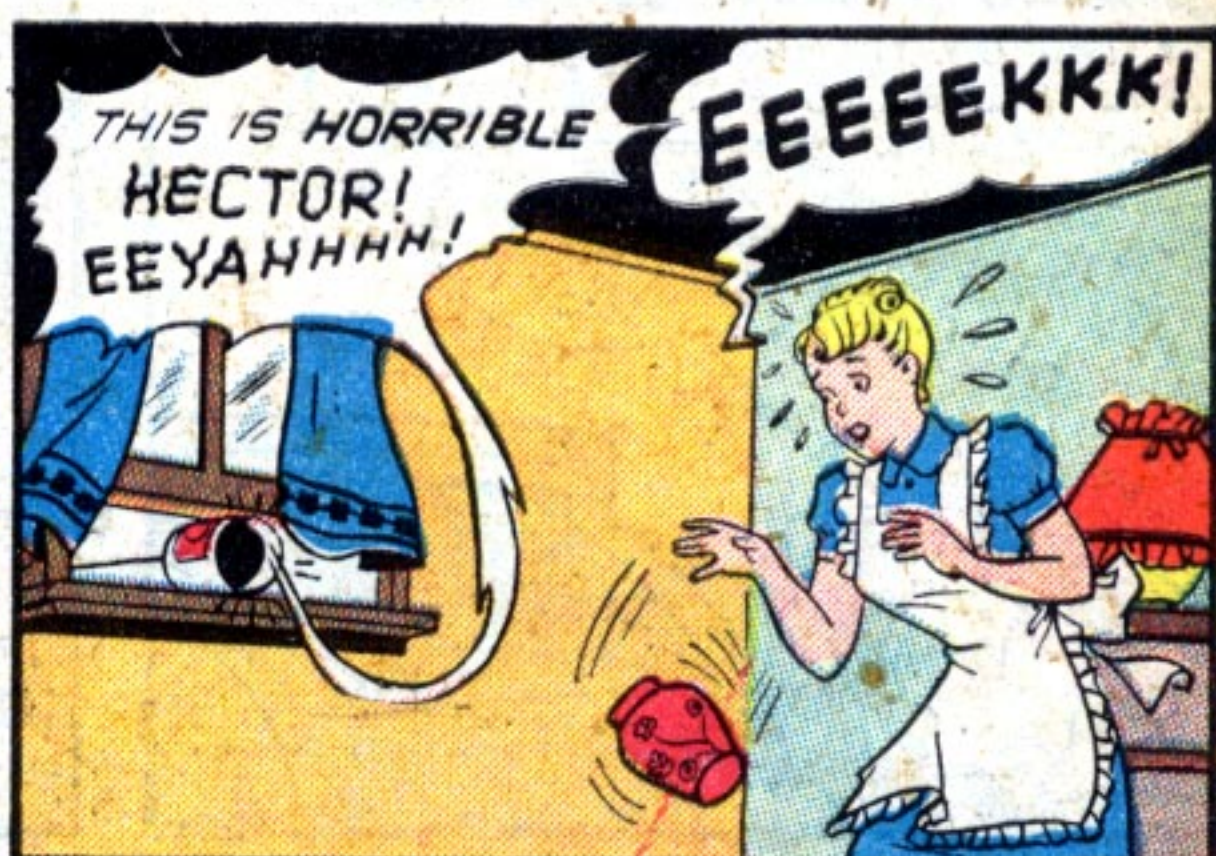


MOMMY IS GOING TO BE REAL SURPRISED WHEN SHE HEARS TINKER TALK TO HER ON HIS TELEPHONE.



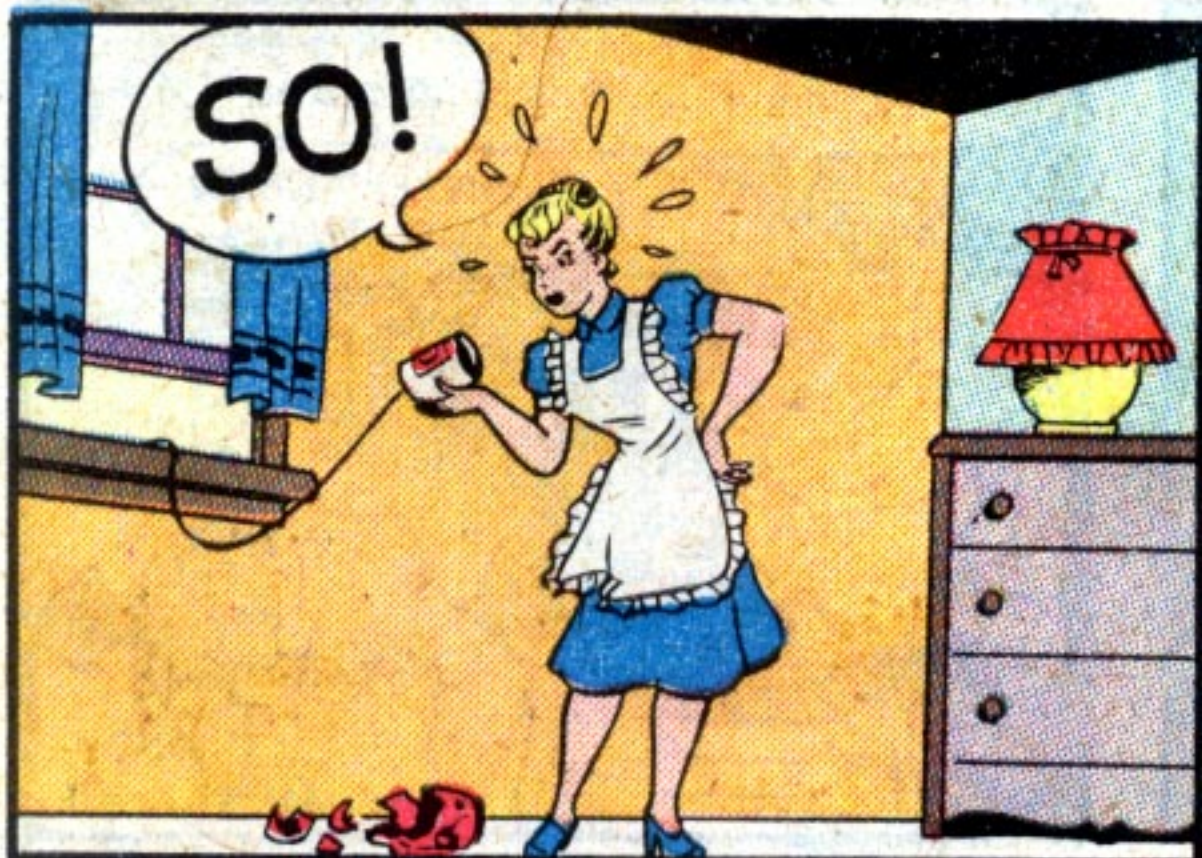
OH, DEAR! THERE'S THE DOORBELL! I'LL JUST SET THIS VASE DOWN AND—

D-D-DING!  
R-R-RING!  
D-D-DING!

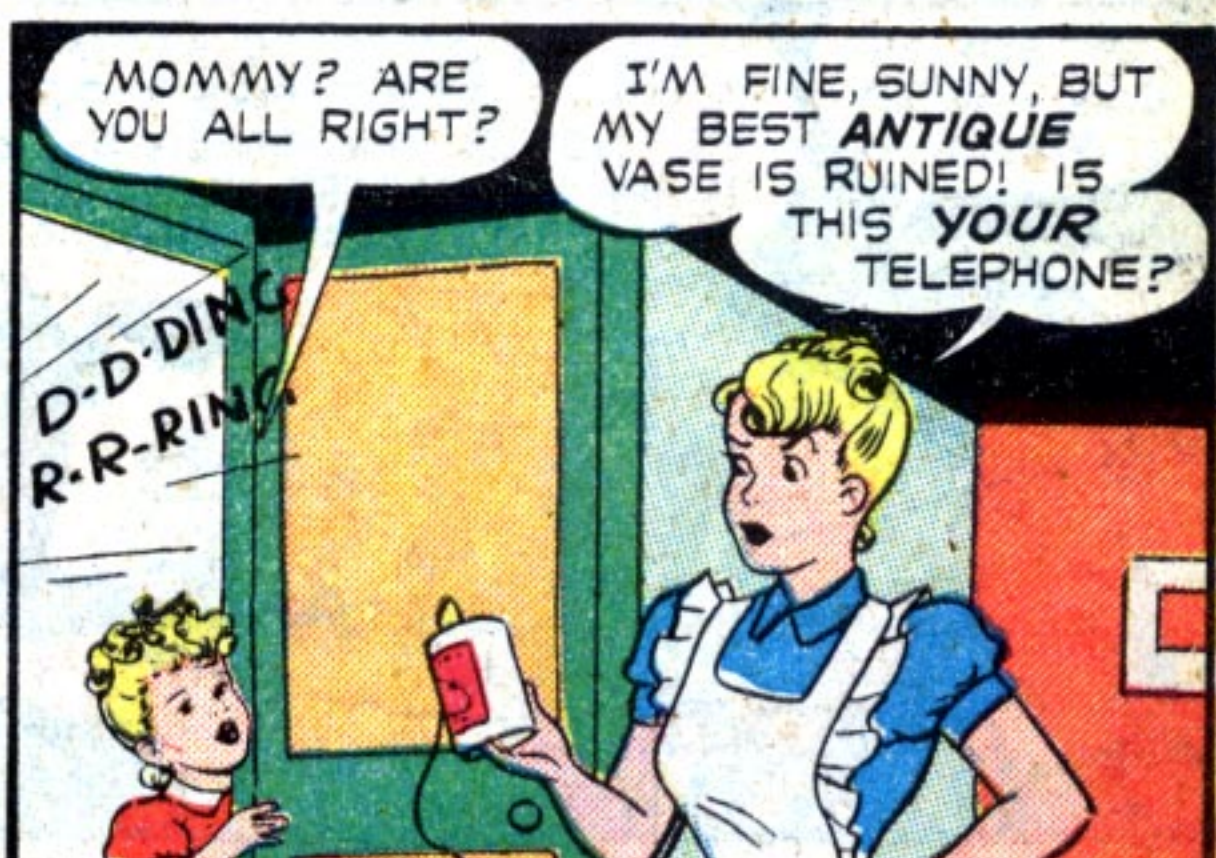


THIS IS HORRIBLE  
HECTOR!  
EEYAHHHH!

EEEEEEKKK!



SO!



MOMMY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, SUNNY, BUT MY BEST **ANTIQUE** VASE IS RUINED! IS THIS **YOUR** TELEPHONE?

D-D-DING  
R-R-RING



YES, MOMMY. TINKER PUT IT UP SO WE COULD TALK TO EACH OTHER.

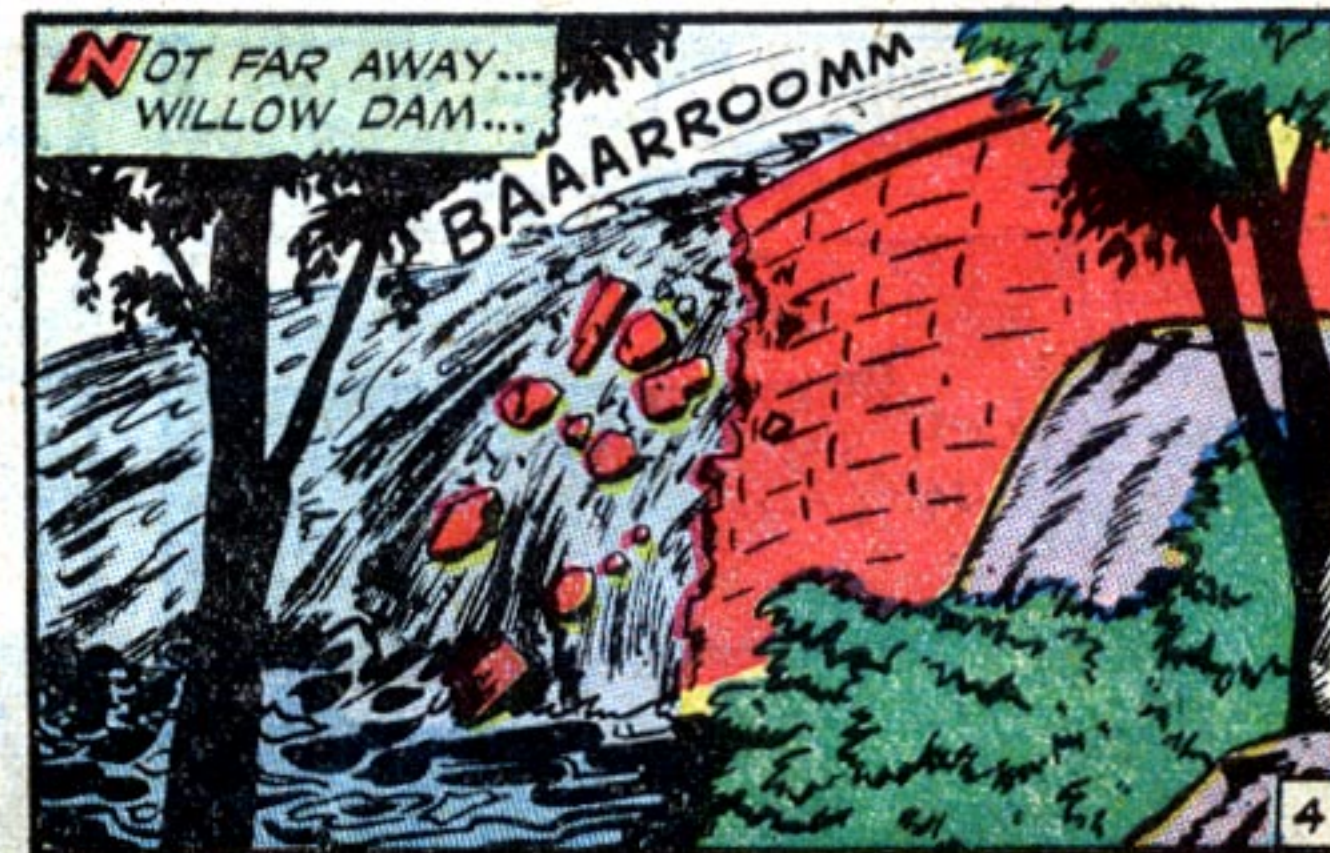
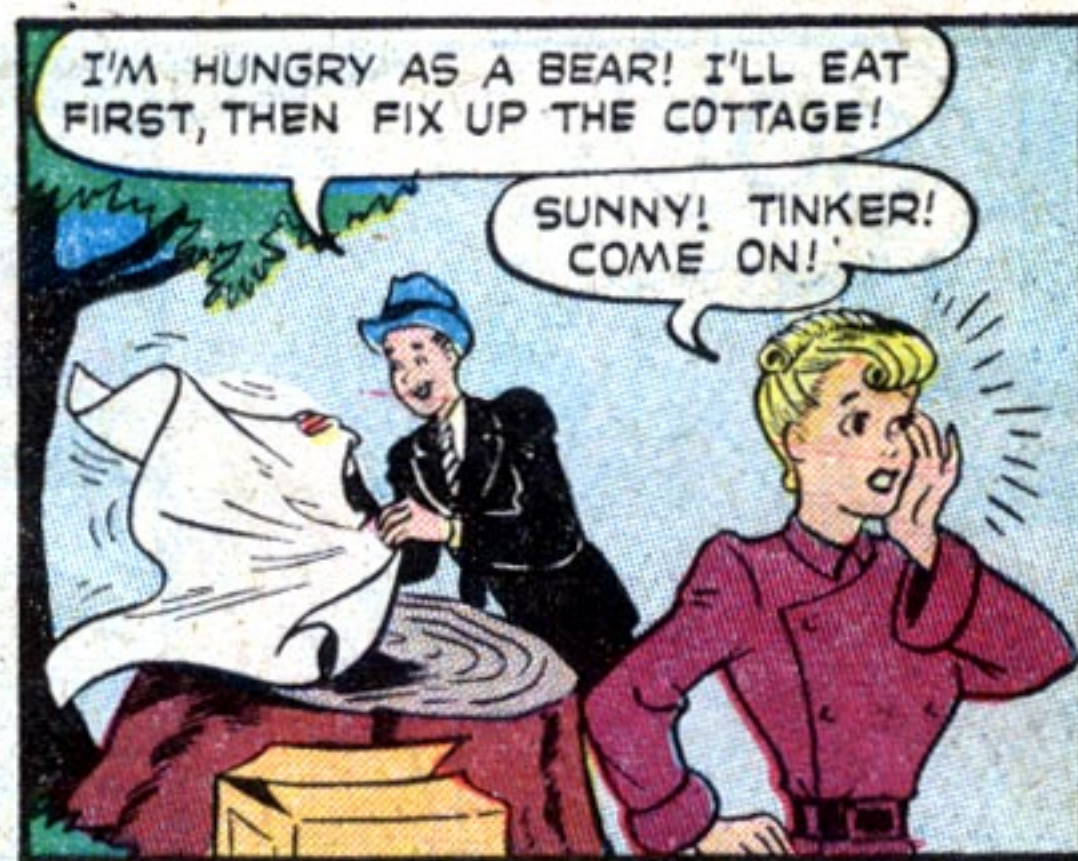
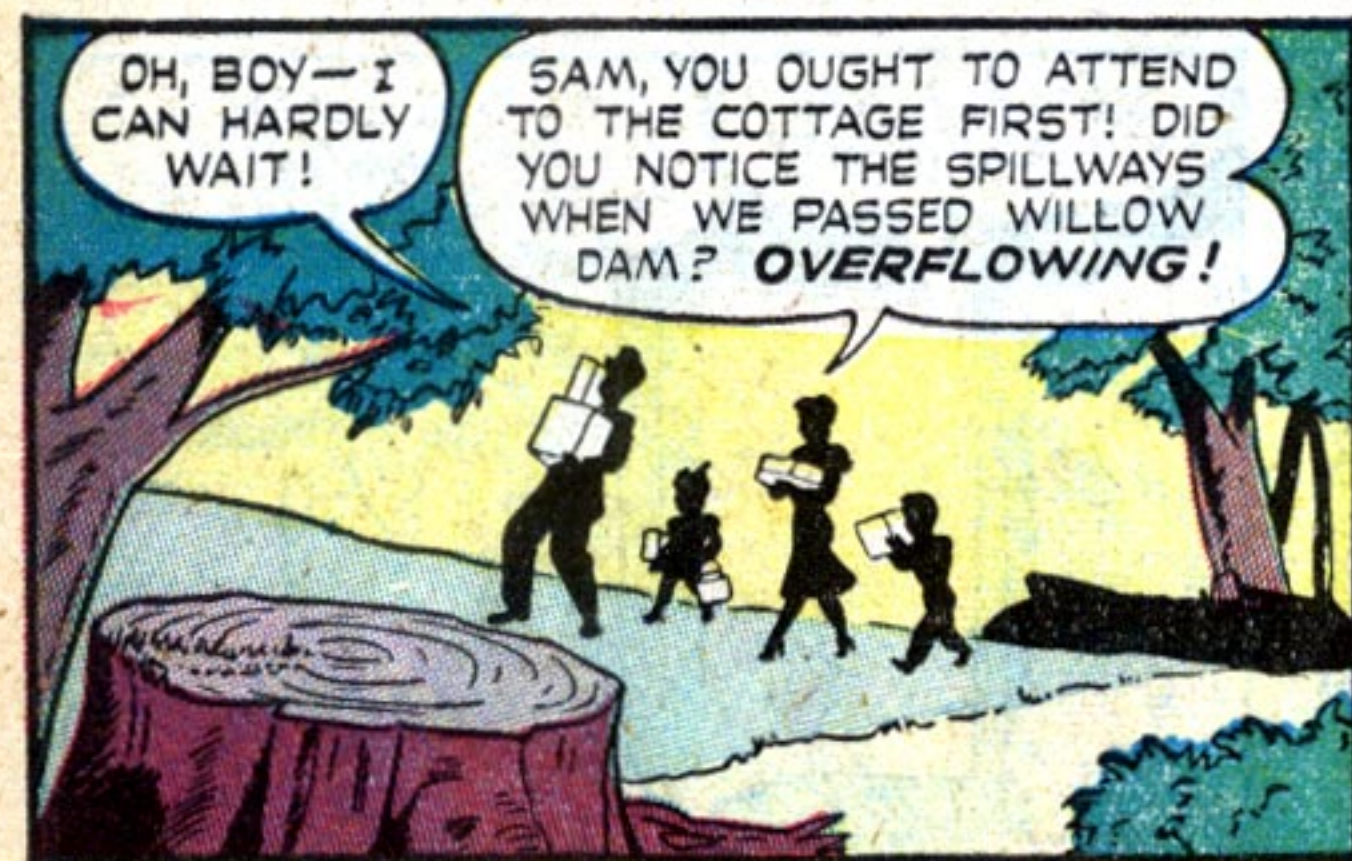
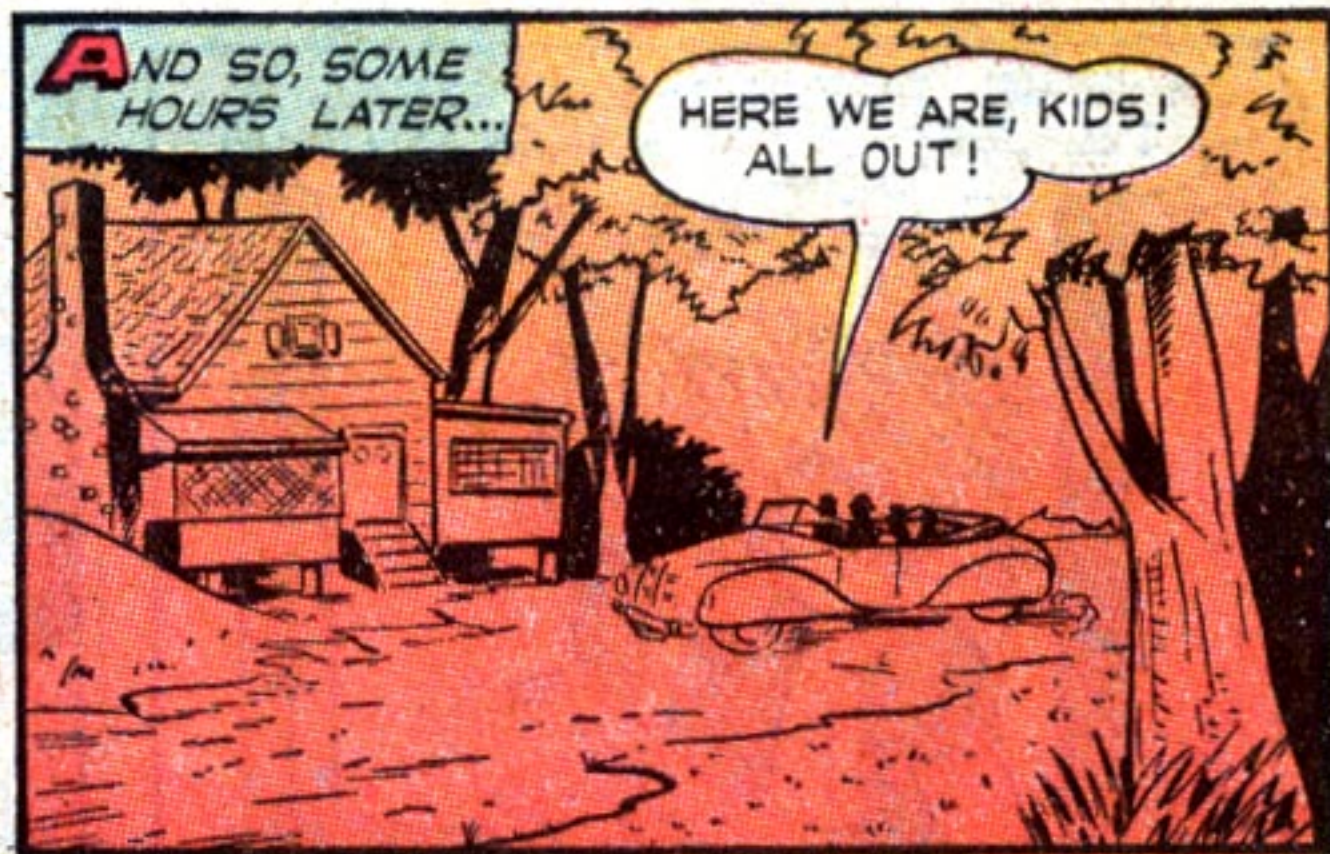
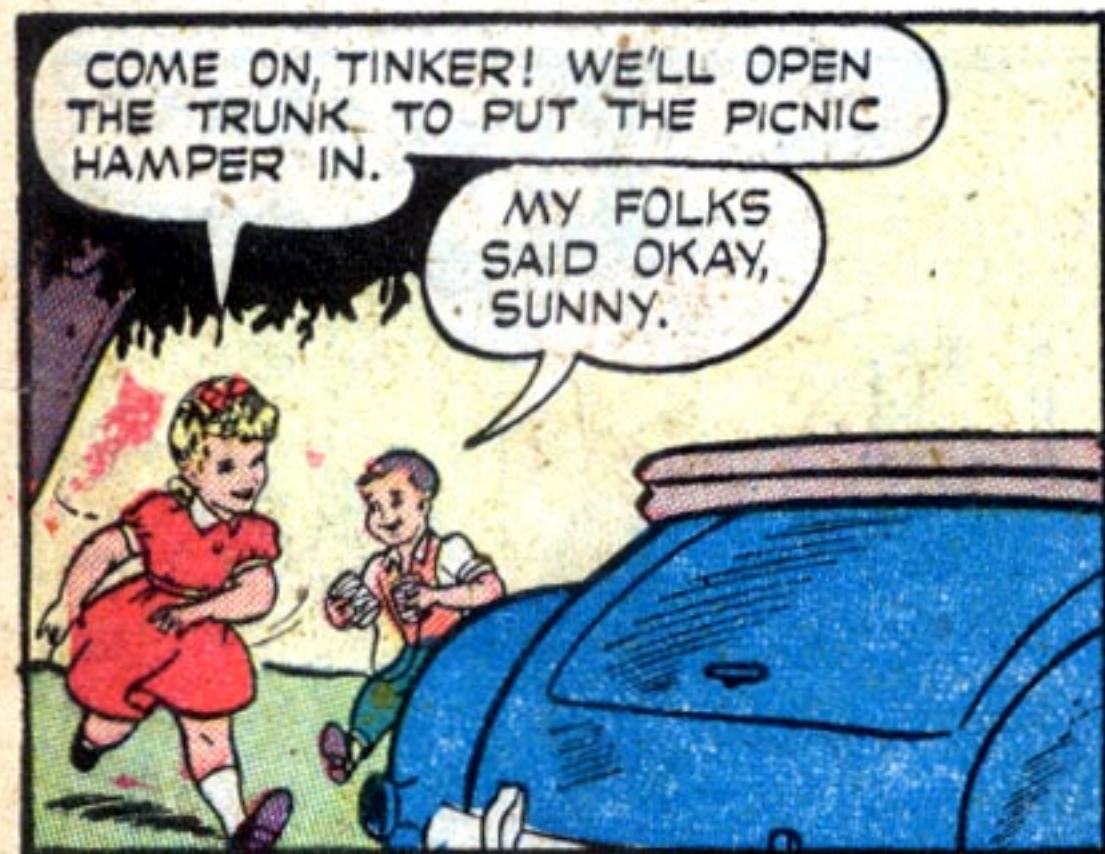
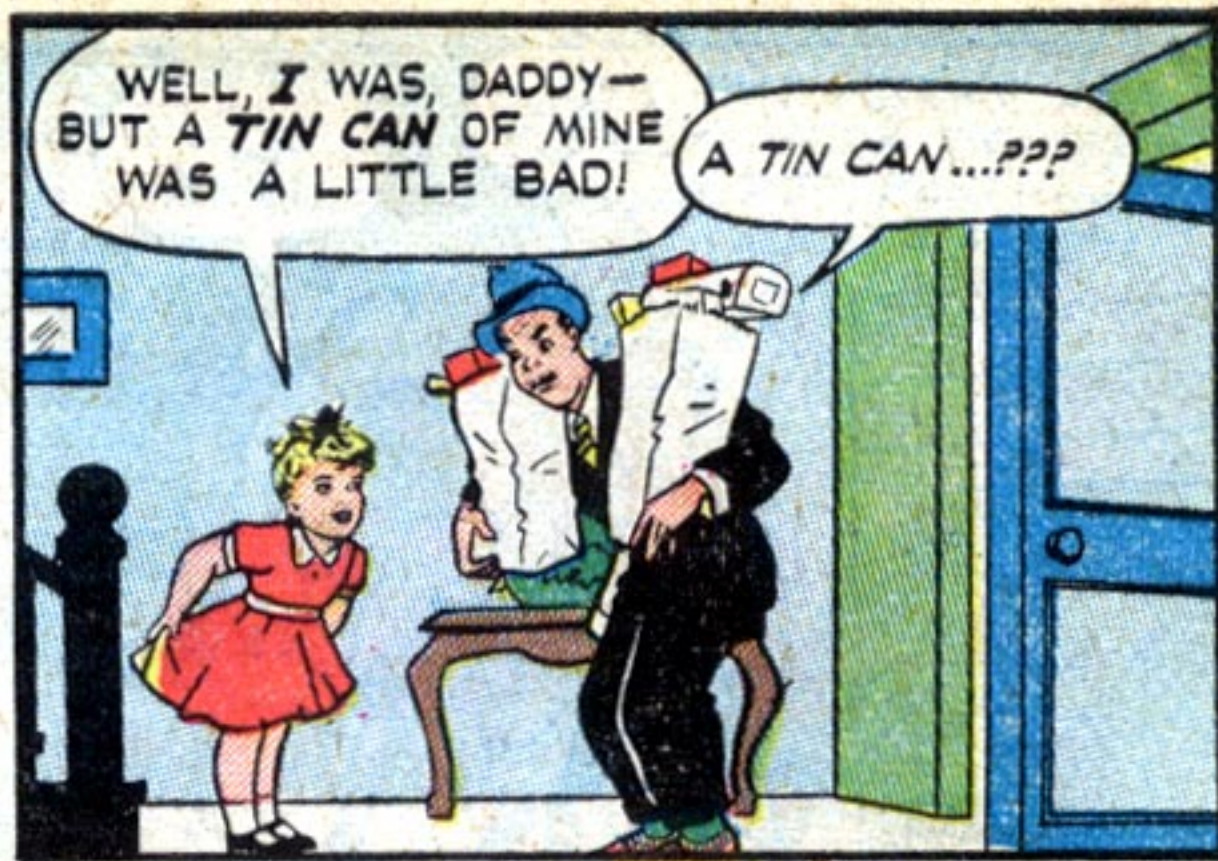
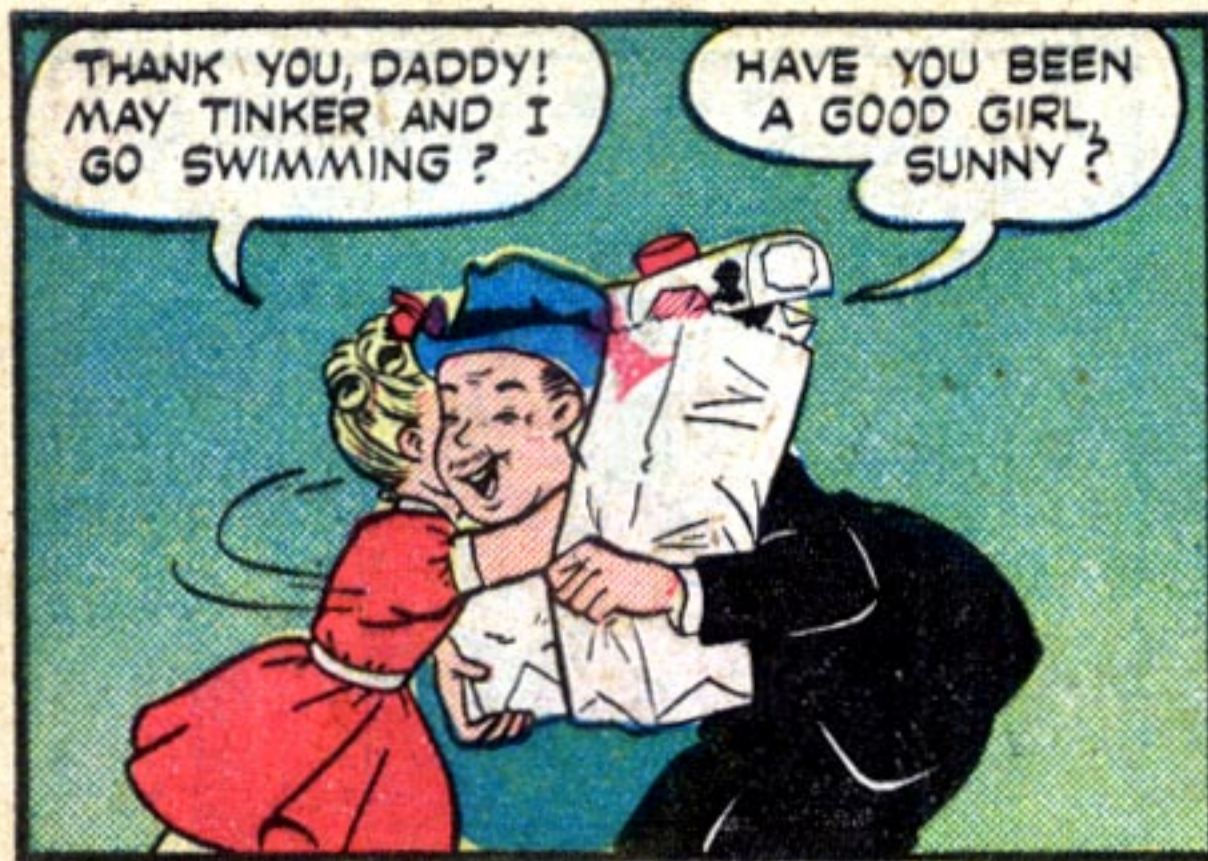
WELL, YOU CAN TELL TINKER TO **TAKE IT DOWN** RIGHT AWAY! NOW GO SEE WHO THAT IS RINGING THE DOOR BELL!



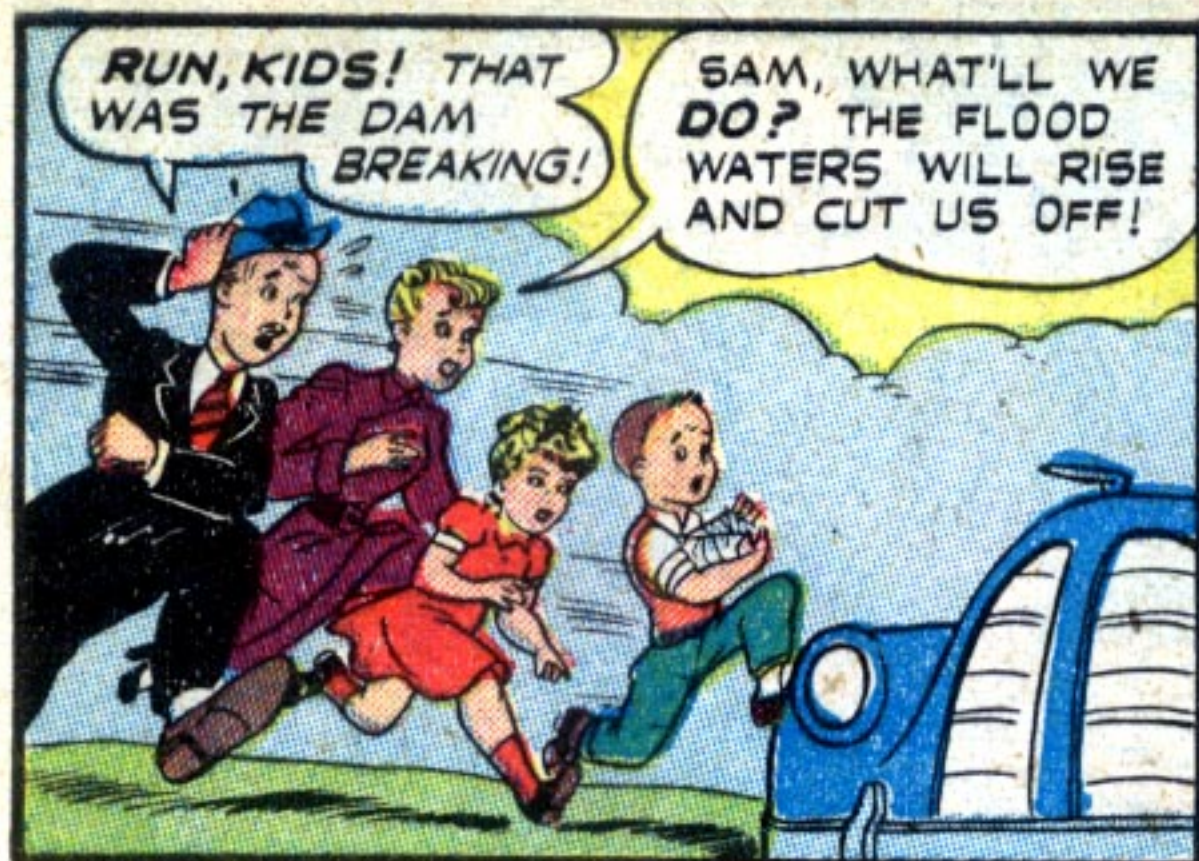
WHAT KEPT YOU, SUNNY? I'VE BEEN RINGING AND RINGING! WE'RE GOING UP TO NORTH LAKE THIS AFTERNOON FOR THE WEEKEND. TINKER IS OUTSIDE. ASK HIM IF HE CAN GO TOO. WE'LL HAVE A PICNIC.

OH, GOODY.



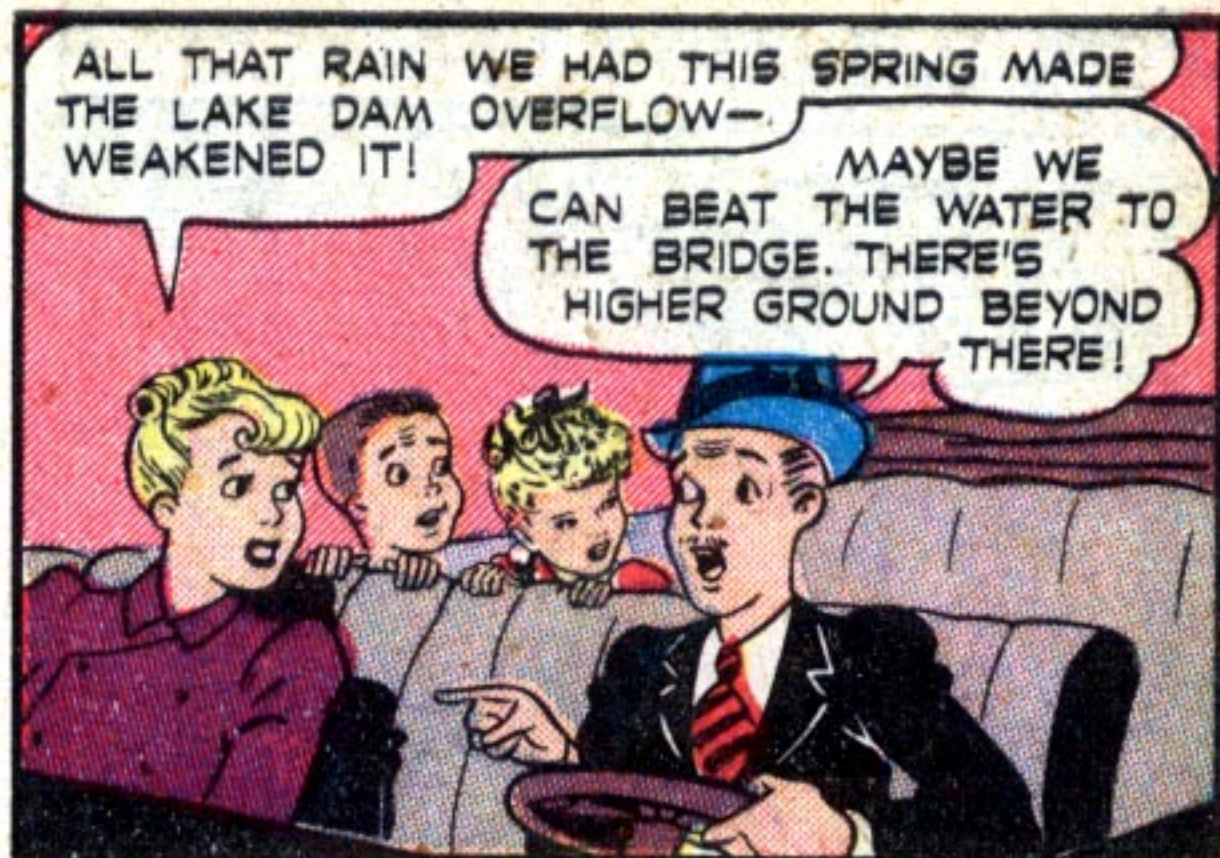






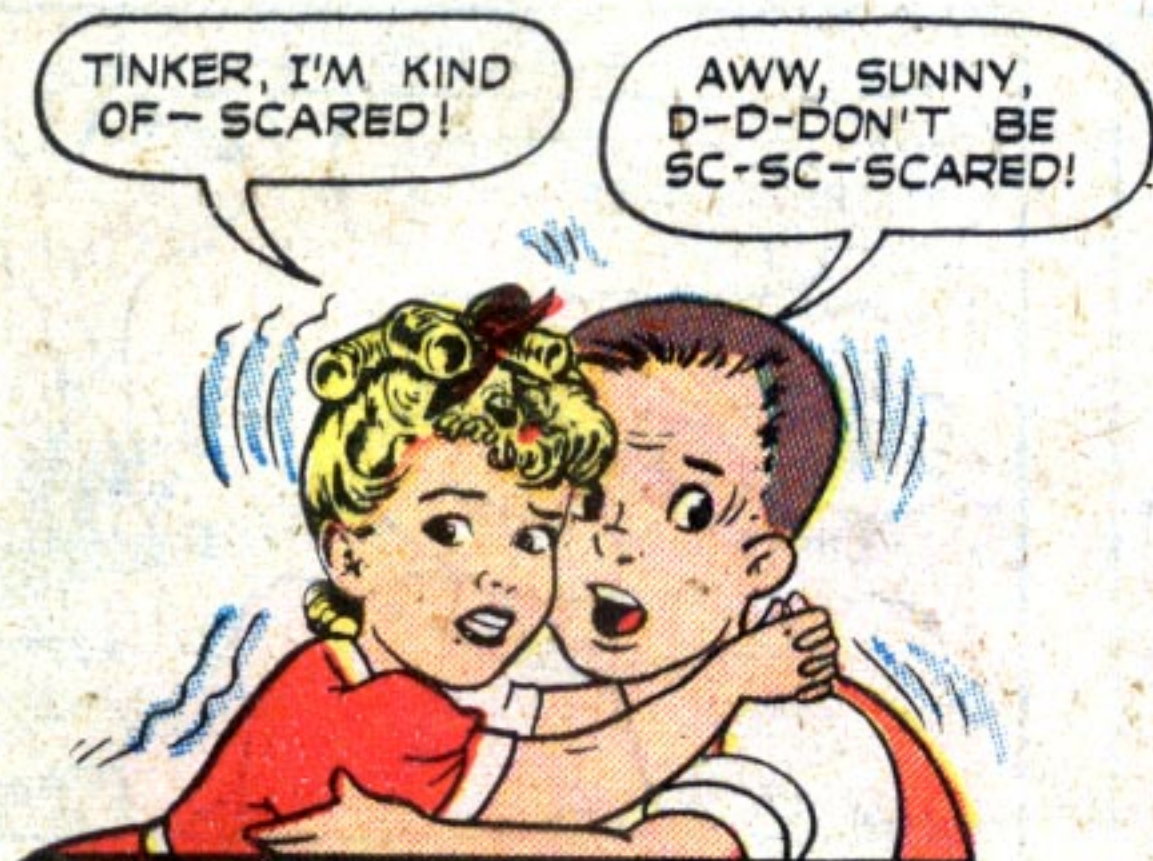
RUN, KIDS! THAT WAS THE DAM BREAKING!

SAM, WHAT'LL WE DO? THE FLOOD WATERS WILL RISE AND CUT US OFF!



ALL THAT RAIN WE HAD THIS SPRING MADE THE LAKE DAM OVERFLOW—WEAKENED IT!

MAYBE WE CAN BEAT THE WATER TO THE BRIDGE. THERE'S HIGHER GROUND BEYOND THERE!



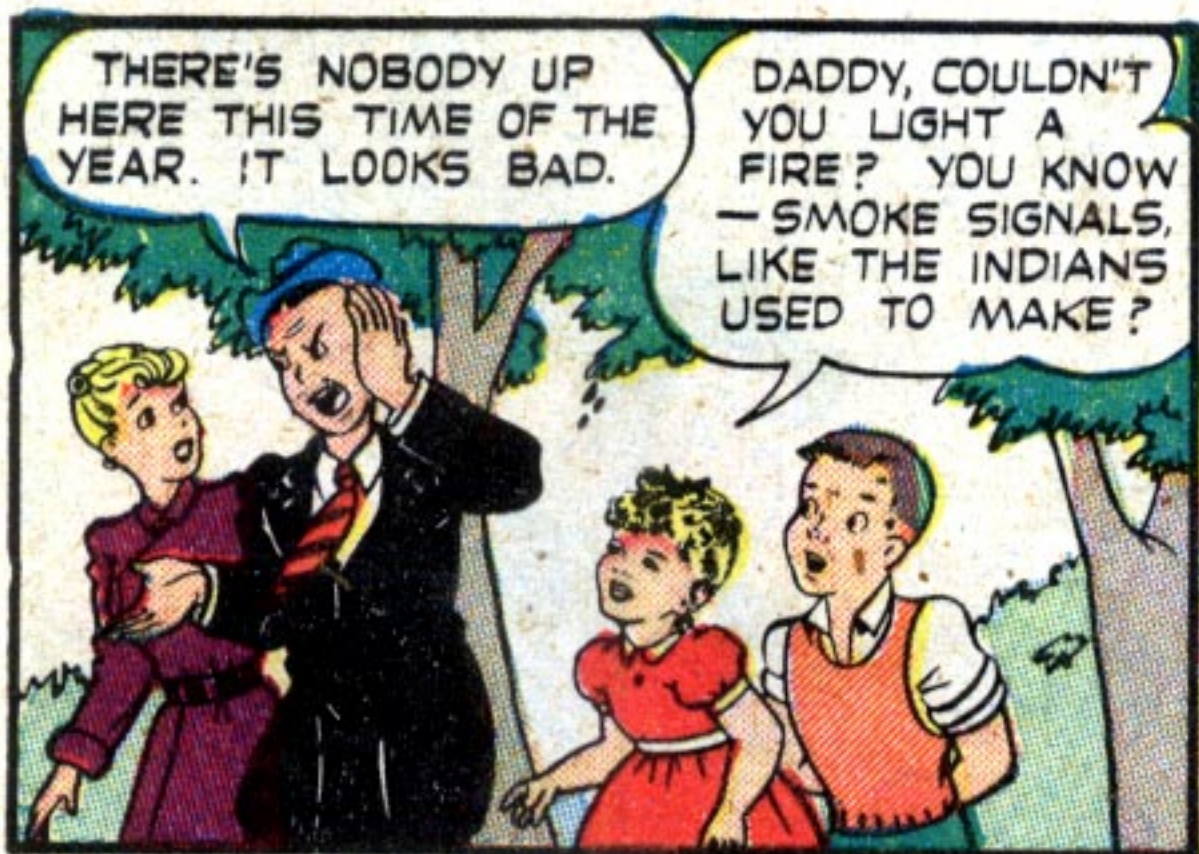
TINKER, I'M KIND OF—SCARED!

AWW, SUNNY, D-D-DON'T BE SC-SC-SCARED!



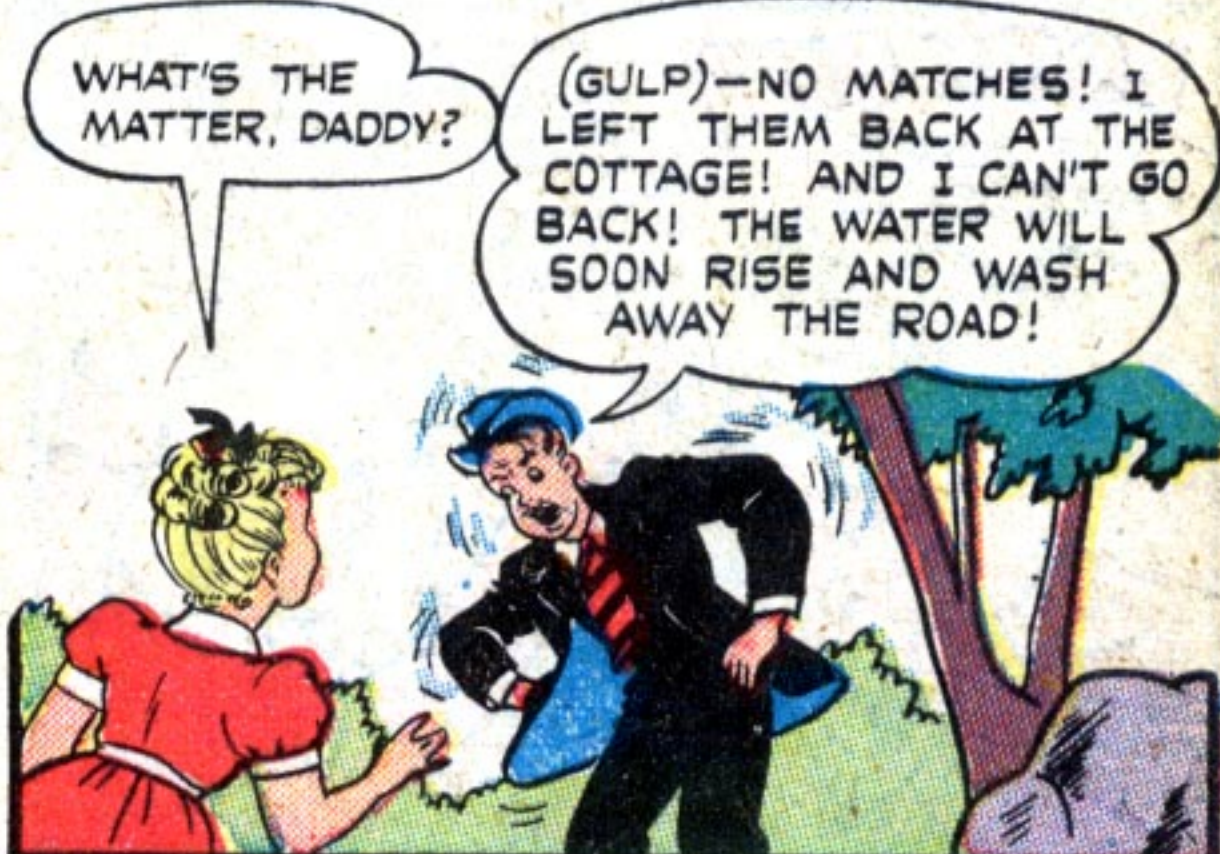
SAM, THE BRIDGE IS OUT! THIS IS AWFUL!

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SWIM! WHAT ABOUT THE KIDS?



THERE'S NOBODY UP HERE THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. IT LOOKS BAD.

DADDY, COULDN'T YOU LIGHT A FIRE? YOU KNOW—SMOKE SIGNALS, LIKE THE INDIANS USED TO MAKE?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY?

(GULP)—NO MATCHES! I LEFT THEM BACK AT THE COTTAGE! AND I CAN'T GO BACK! THE WATER WILL SOON RISE AND WASH AWAY THE ROAD!



HERE, DADDY! TAKE MY MAGNIFYING GLASS. THE SUN IS STILL SHINING. I'VE SEEN TINKER'S BOY SCOUT LEADER START A FIRE THAT WAY.

SUNNY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

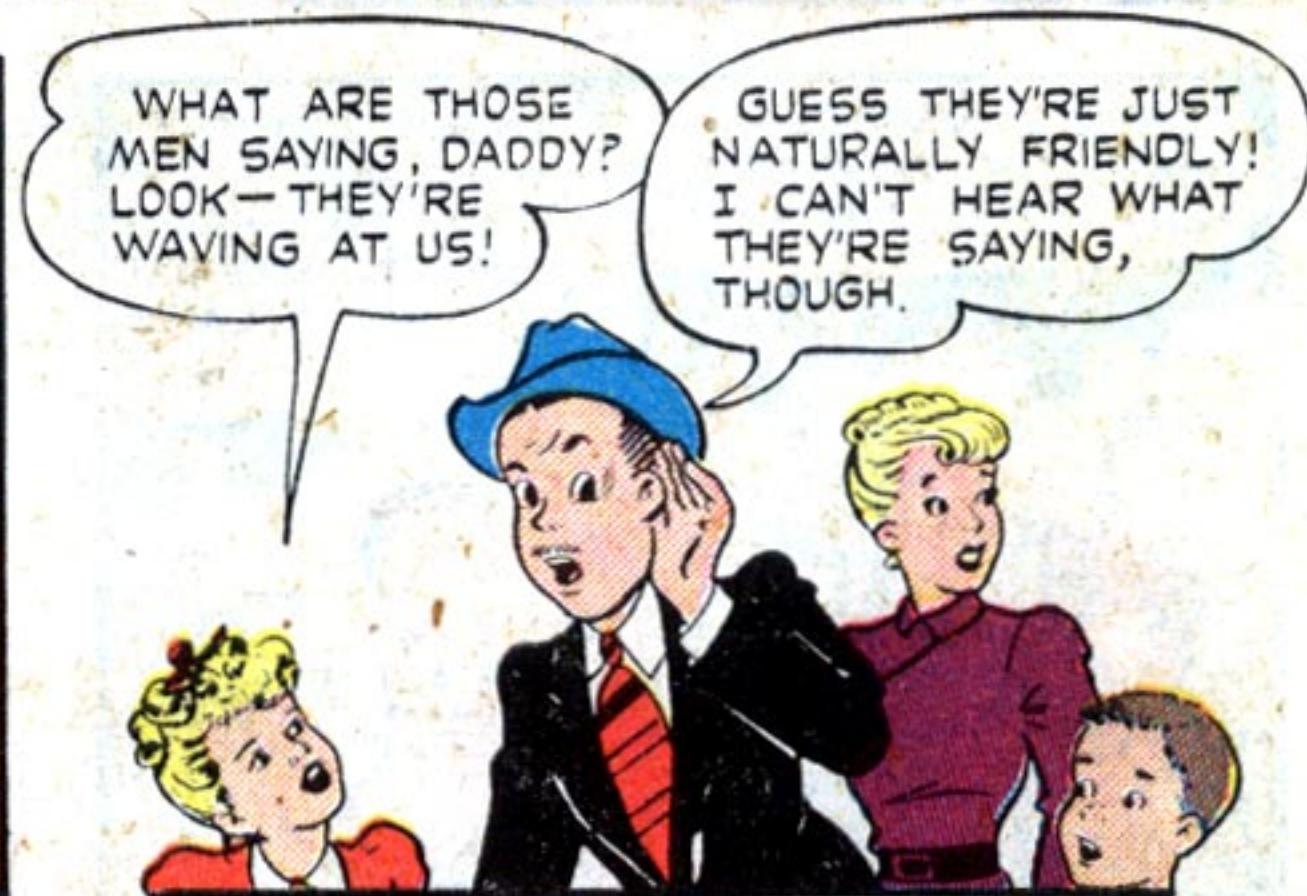
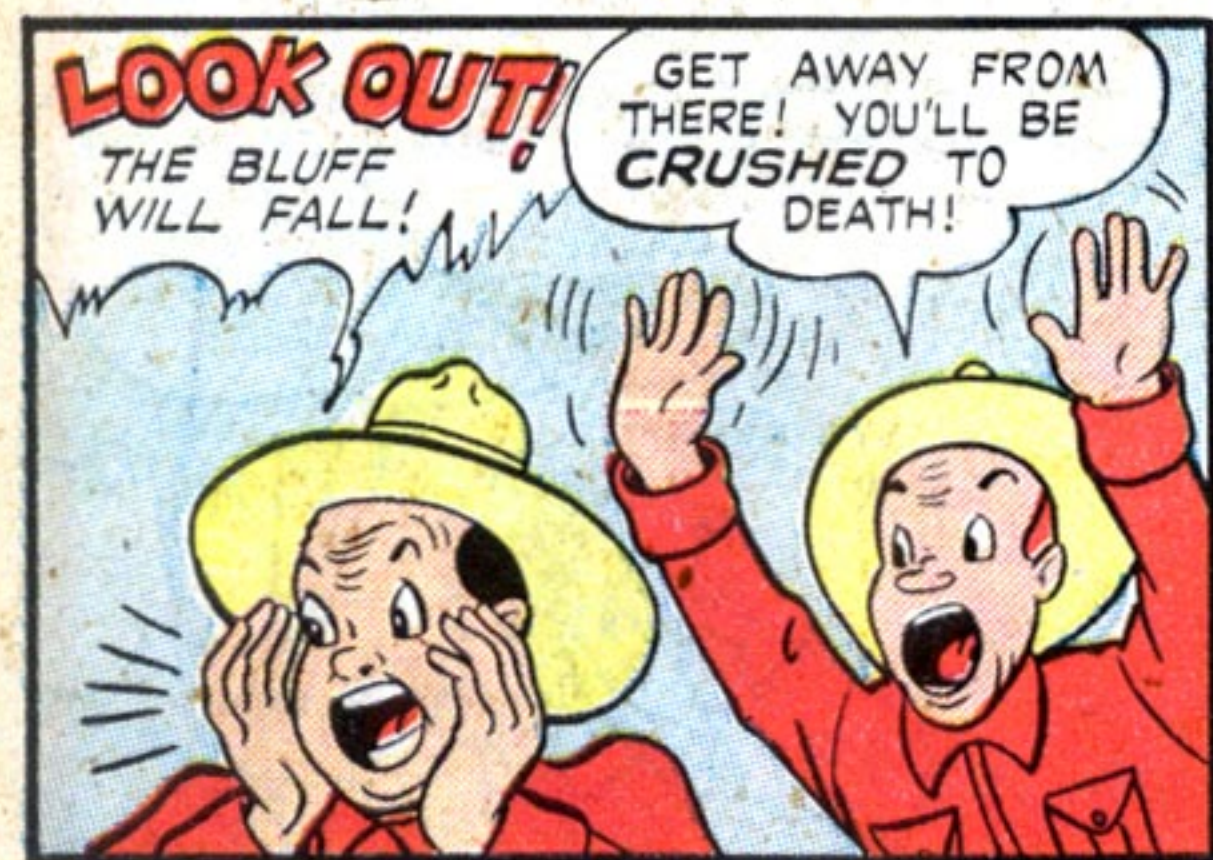
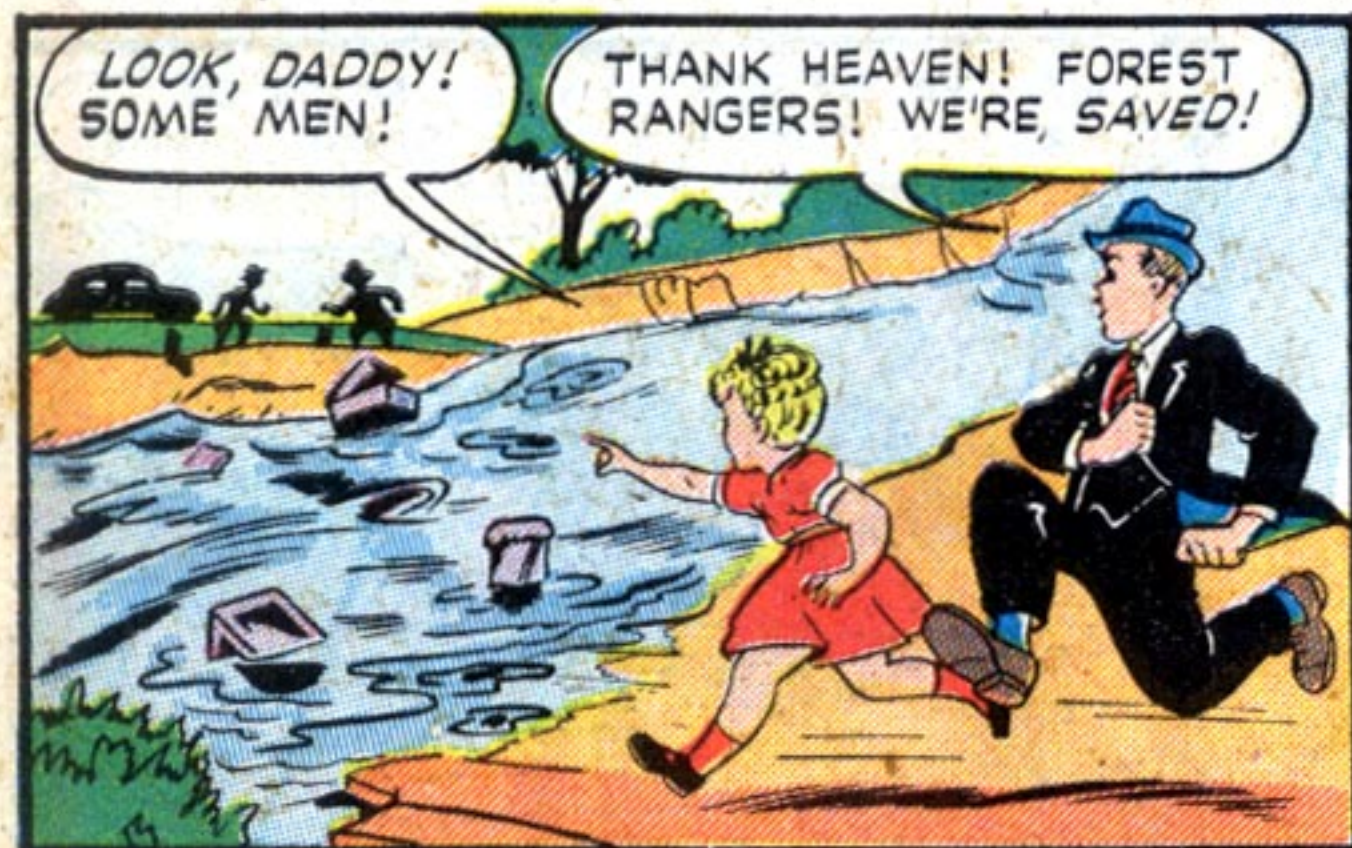


I JUST HOPE THIS WORKS!

IT HAS TO WORK, DADDY! IT HAS TO!



**S**OME MILES AWAY IN A FOREST RANGER LOOKOUT POST...

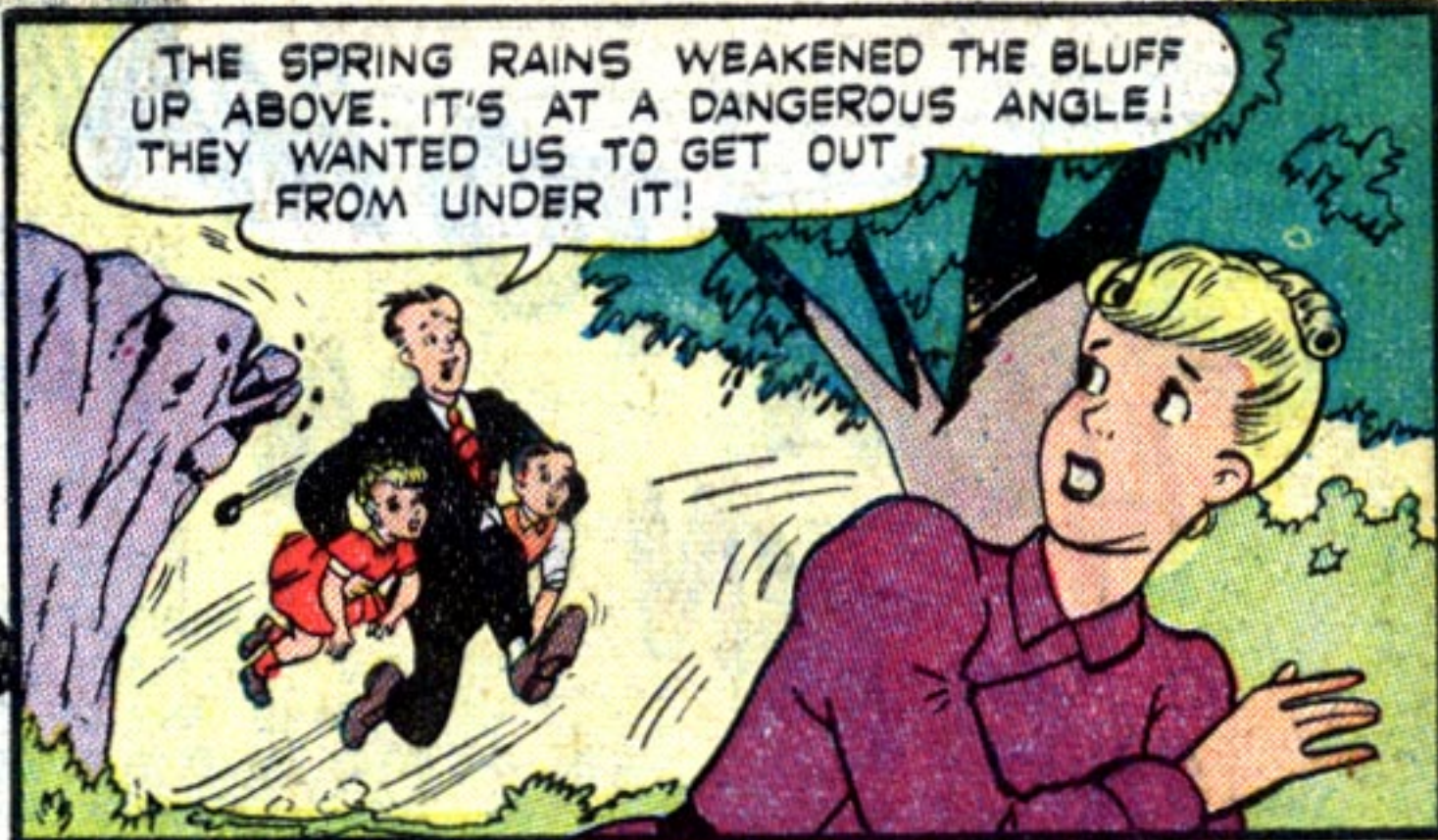




**THIRTY SECONDS LATER—**

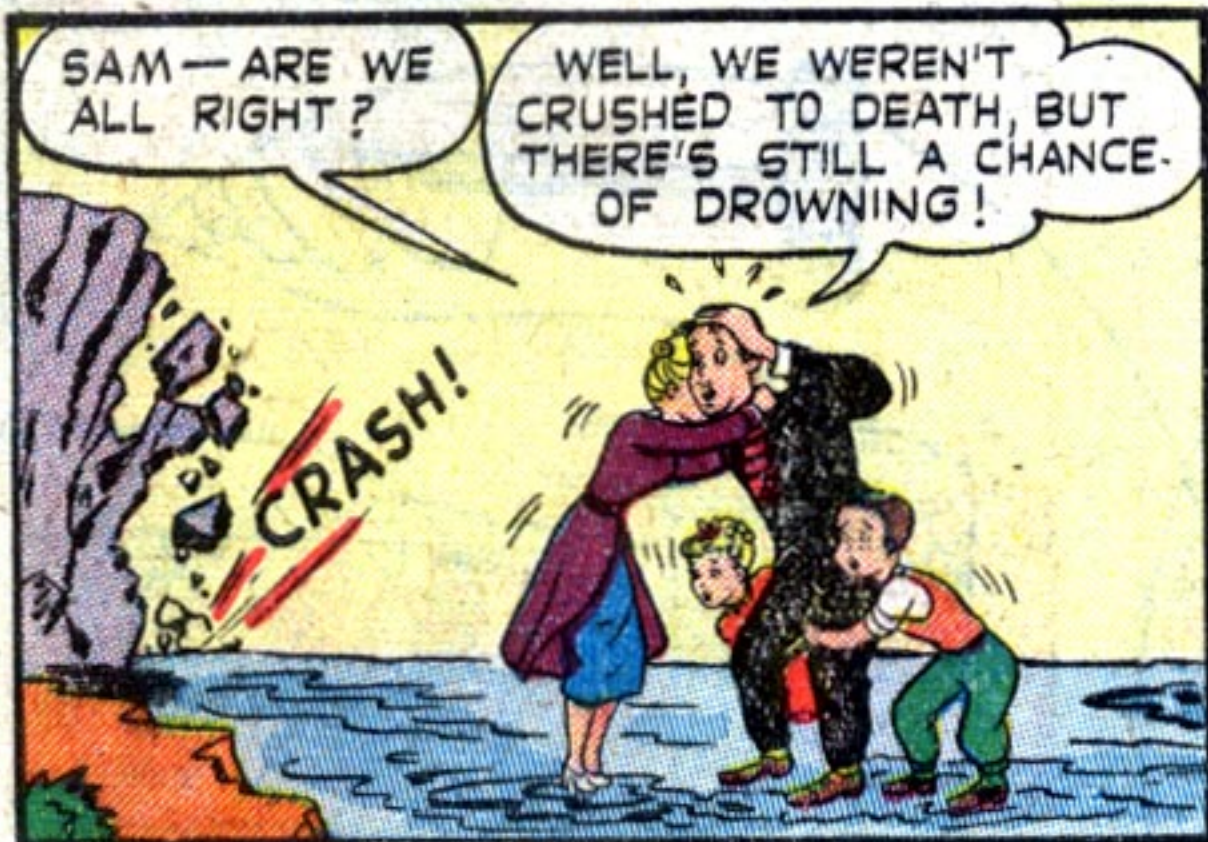


THE SPRING RAINS WEAKENED THE BLUFF UP ABOVE. IT'S AT A DANGEROUS ANGLE! THEY WANTED US TO GET OUT FROM UNDER IT!



SAM—ARE WE ALL RIGHT?

WELL, WE WEREN'T CRUSHED TO DEATH, BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE OF DROWNING!



BOY, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DON'T SLIP!



OH, MOMMY, MOMMY—WE HAVE TO GO BACK!

WE CAN'T DEAR! WE'RE ALL IN THE BOAT, SAFE AND SOUND!



BUT WE FORGOT TINKER'S TELEPHONE!



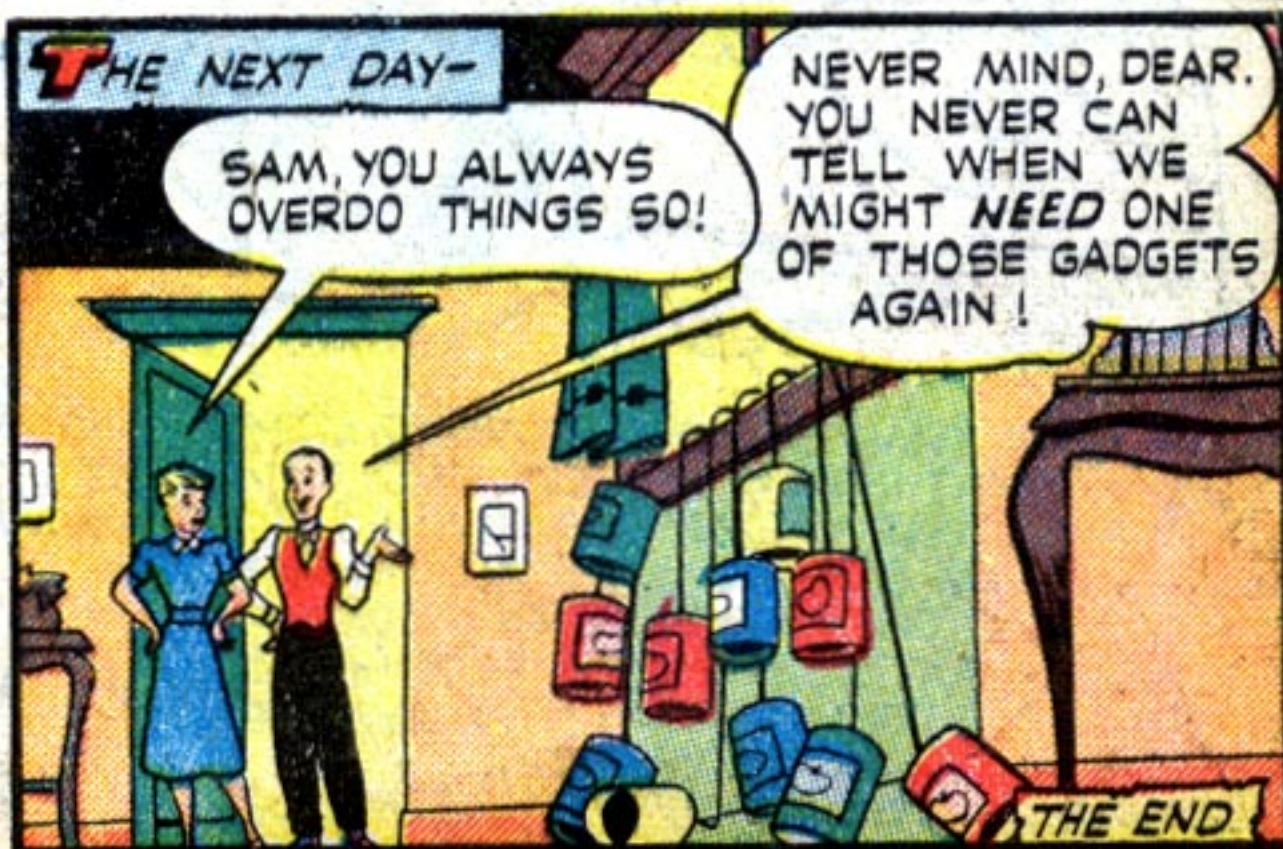
DON'T WORRY, SUNNY! YOUR FATHER WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT! I'LL MAKE HIM ALL THE TELEPHONES HE CAN USE!



**THE NEXT DAY—**

SAM, YOU ALWAYS OVERDO THINGS SO!

NEVER MIND, DEAR. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN WE MIGHT NEED ONE OF THOSE GADGETS AGAIN!



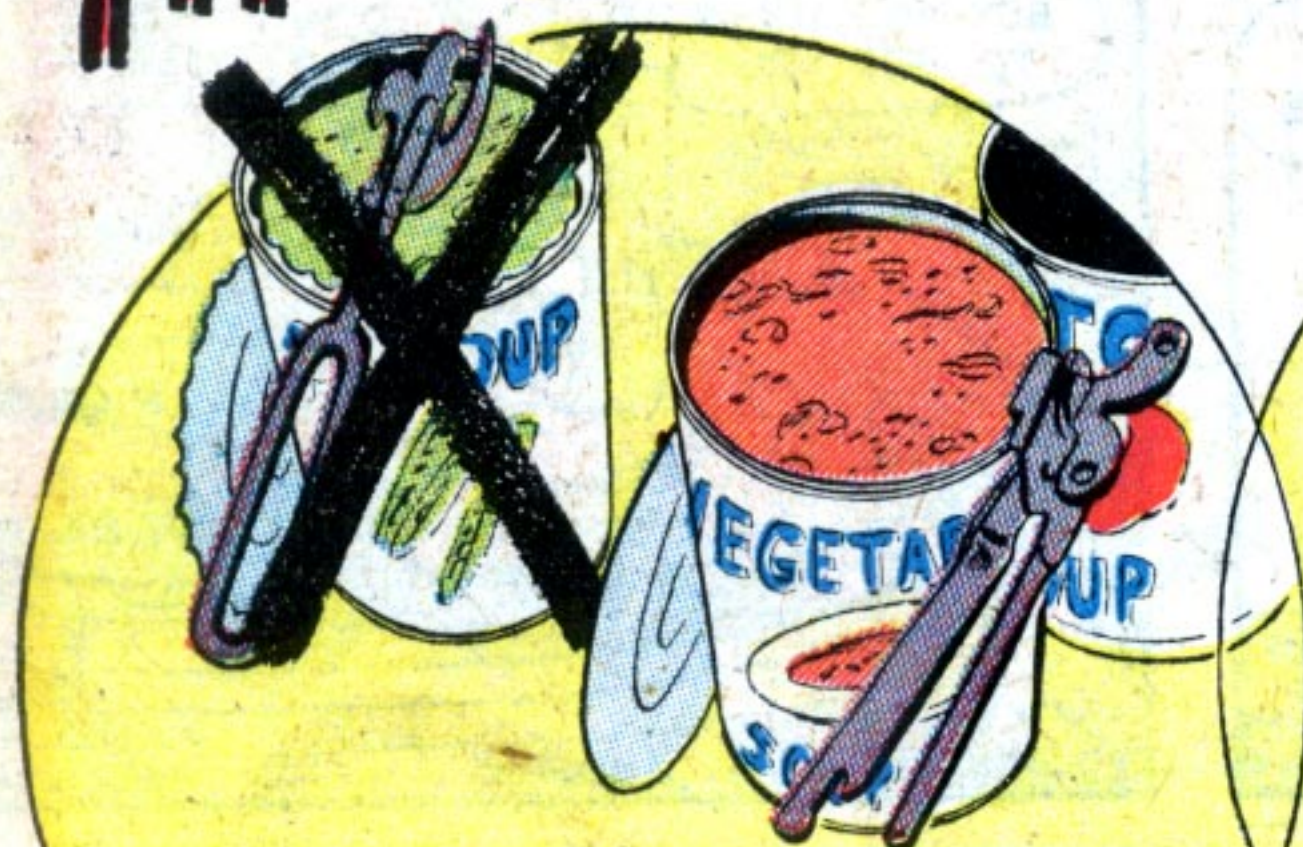




# HOW TO MAKE THE TIN CAN TELEPHONE



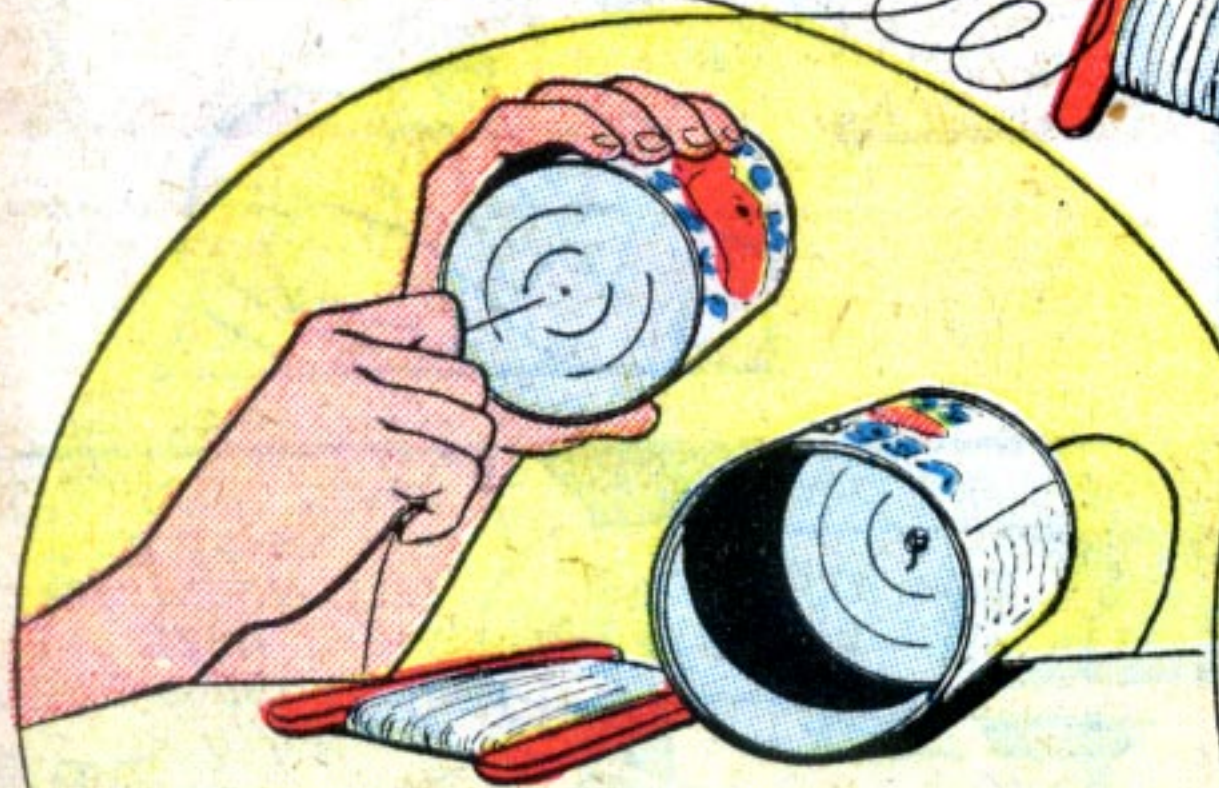
SUNNY ASKED TINKER TO EXPLAIN HOW THE TINCAN TELEPHONE IS MADE—IN CASE ANY OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THE STORY WANTED TO MAKE ONE—AND TINKER OBLIGED. HERE ARE HIS DIRECTIONS...



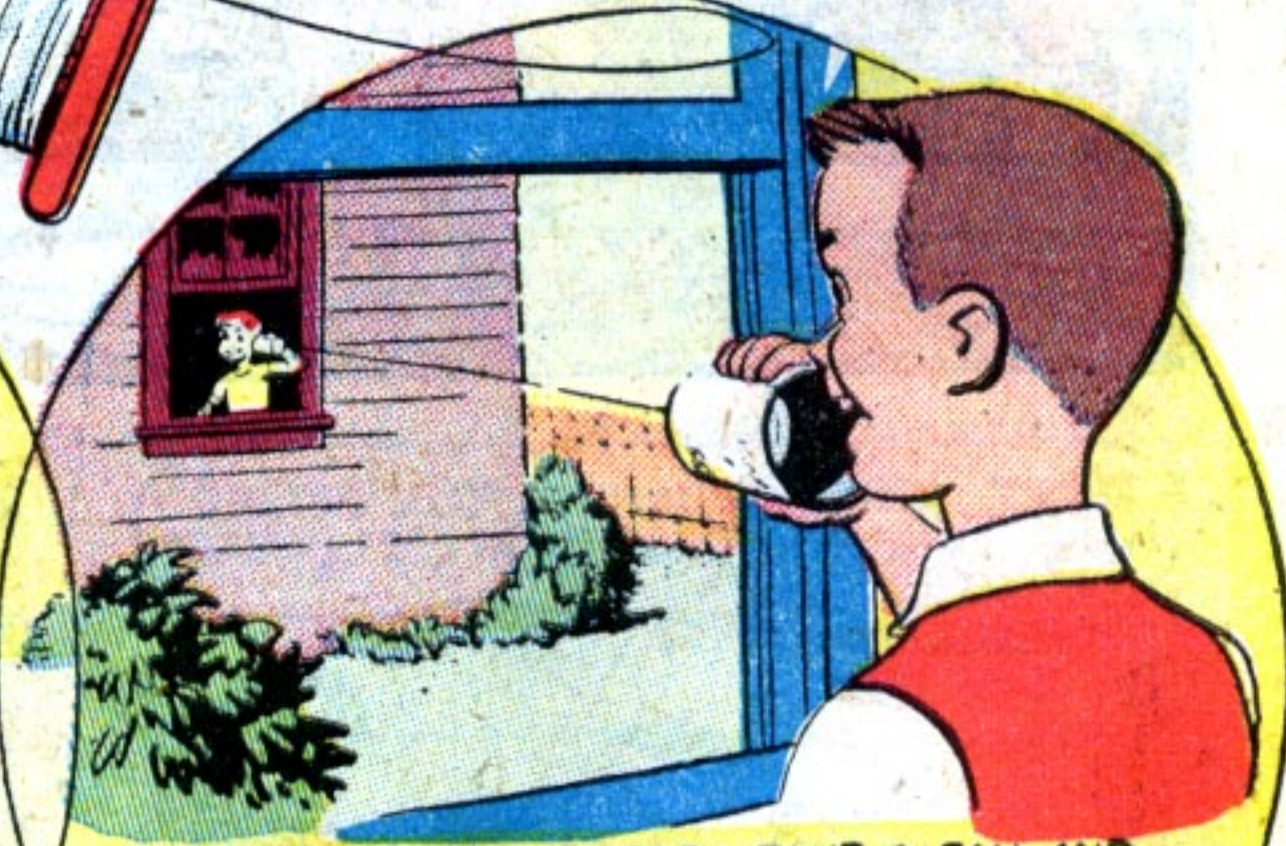
1. ASK YOUR MOTHER TO SAVE TWO CANNED-SOUP CANS, AFTER THE SOUP HAS BEEN USED. THE TOPS OF THE CANS SHOULD BE COMPLETELY REMOVED—PREFERABLY BY A MECHANICAL OPENER LIKE THE ONE SHOWN HERE—BECAUSE THE EDGES OF THE CAN SHOULD BE SMOOTH, NOT JAGGED.



2. WITH A SMALL NAIL, PUNCH A LITTLE HOLE IN THE CENTER OF THE BOTTOM OF EACH CAN. THE HOLE SHOULD BE JUST BIG ENOUGH TO LET A STRING PASS THROUGH IT AND FIT SNUGLY AGAINST THE TIN.



3. TAKE ABOUT 30 FEET OF **STRONG, LIGHT** STRING—FISHING CORD IS PERFECT. PUSH ONE END OF THE STRING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF ONE CAN, AND MAKE A BIG KNOT **INSIDE** THE CAN—SO THE STRING WON'T PULL OUT. DO THE SAME WITH THE OTHER END OF THE STRING AND THE OTHER CAN.



4. YOU AND A FRIEND EACH TAKE A CAN AND STAND APART THE FULL LENGTH OF THE STRING. THE STRING **MUST BE STRETCHED TIGHT** BETWEEN THE TWO CANS OR THE TELEPHONE WON'T WORK. SPEAK INTO ONE CAN WHILE YOUR FRIEND LISTENS WITH THE OTHER CAN. TAKE TURNS SPEAKING AND LISTENING. NOW YOU HAVE YOUR OWN **TIN CAN TELEPHONE!**



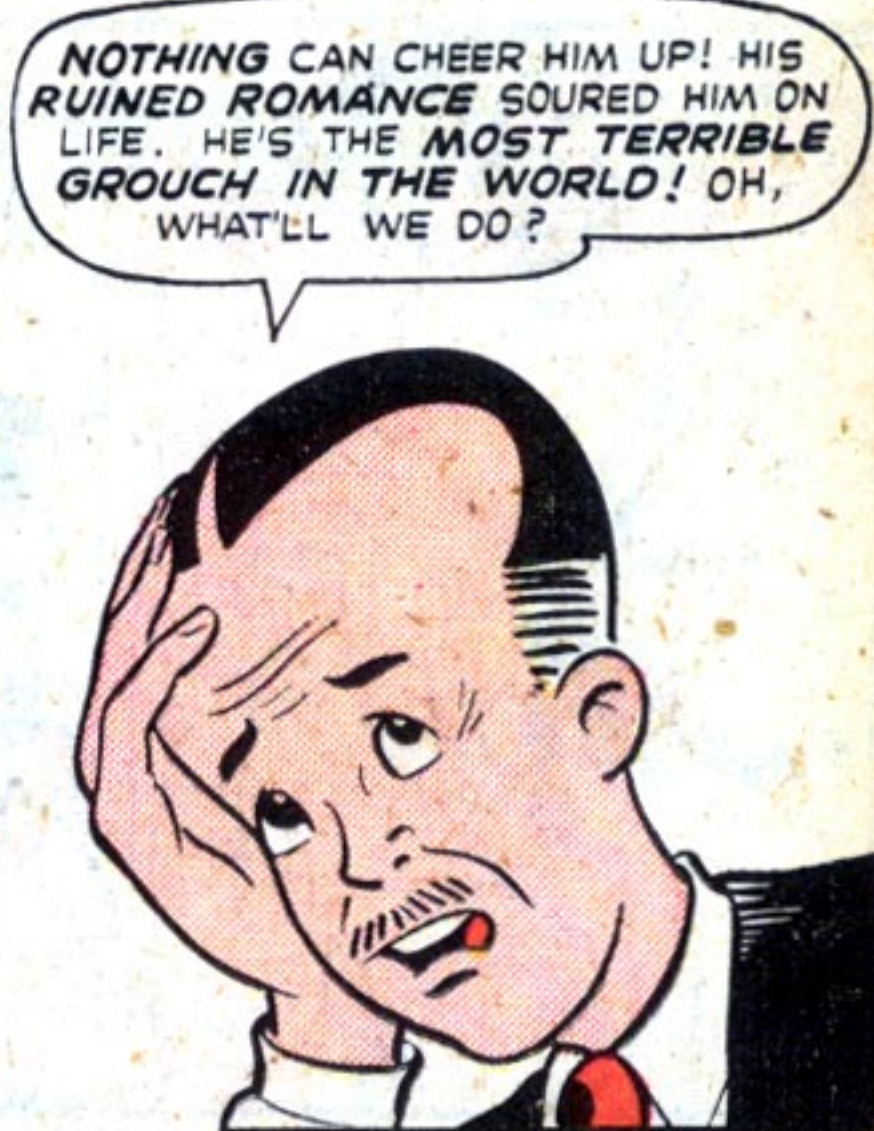
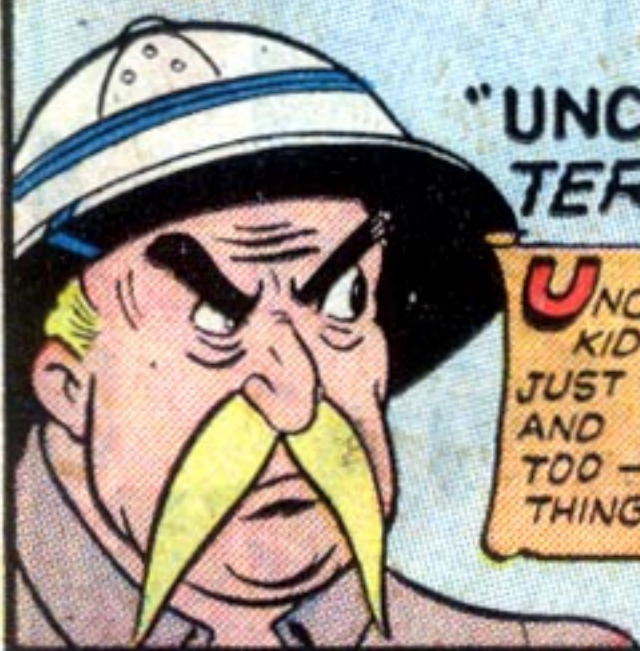
# Little Miss Sunbeam

INTRODUCING  
HER GANG...  
**MUNCH  
TILLY  
WEEGEE  
GOOGY  
AND  
TINKER**

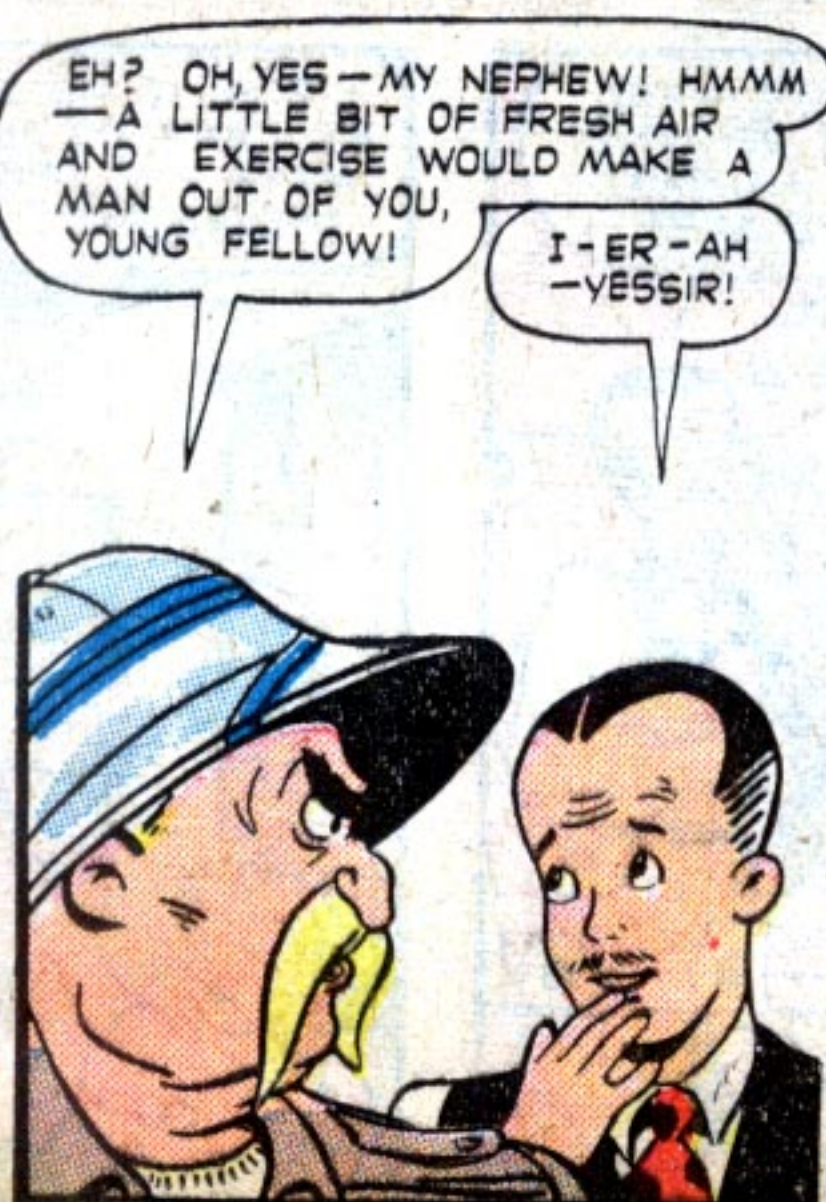
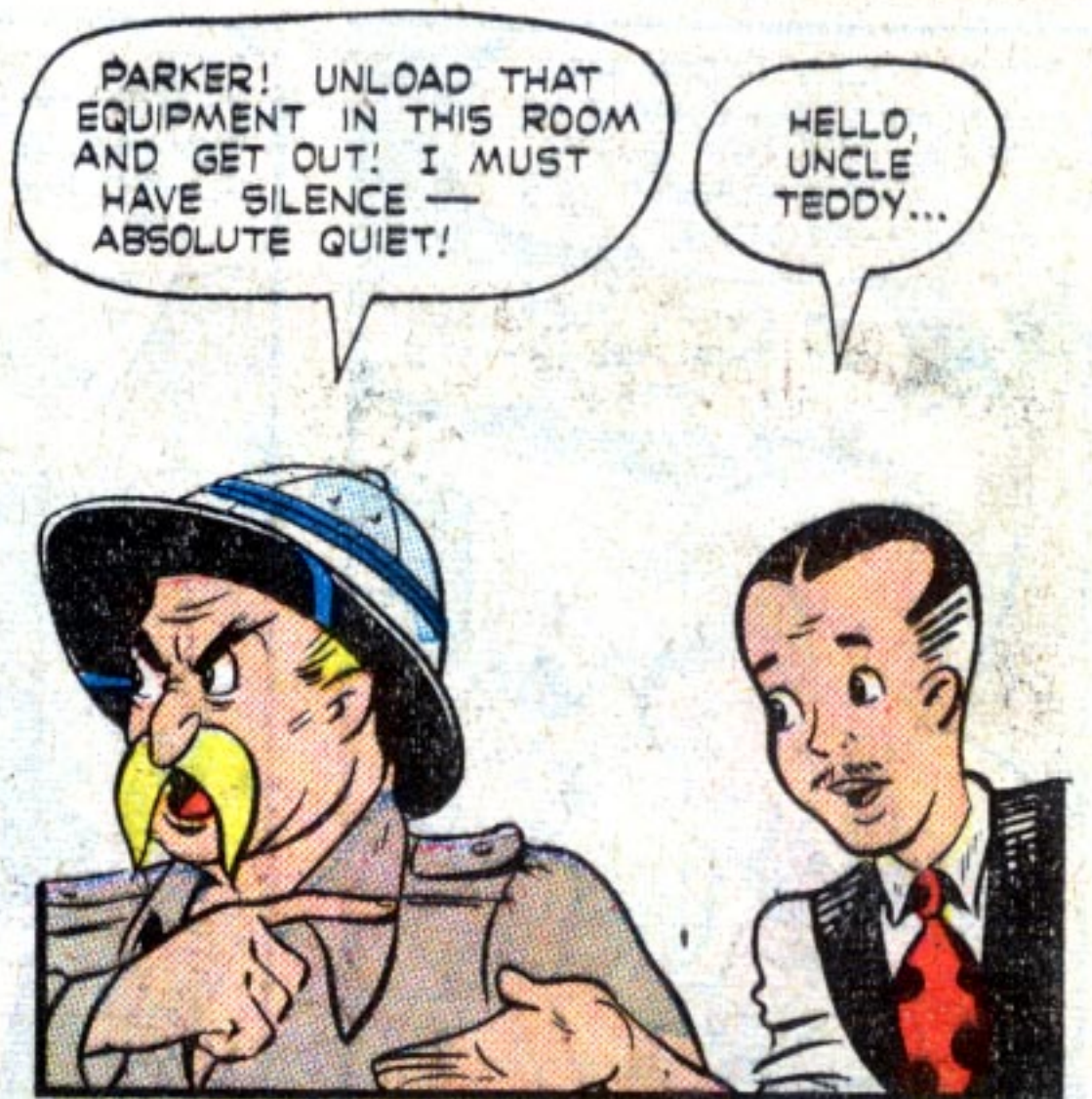
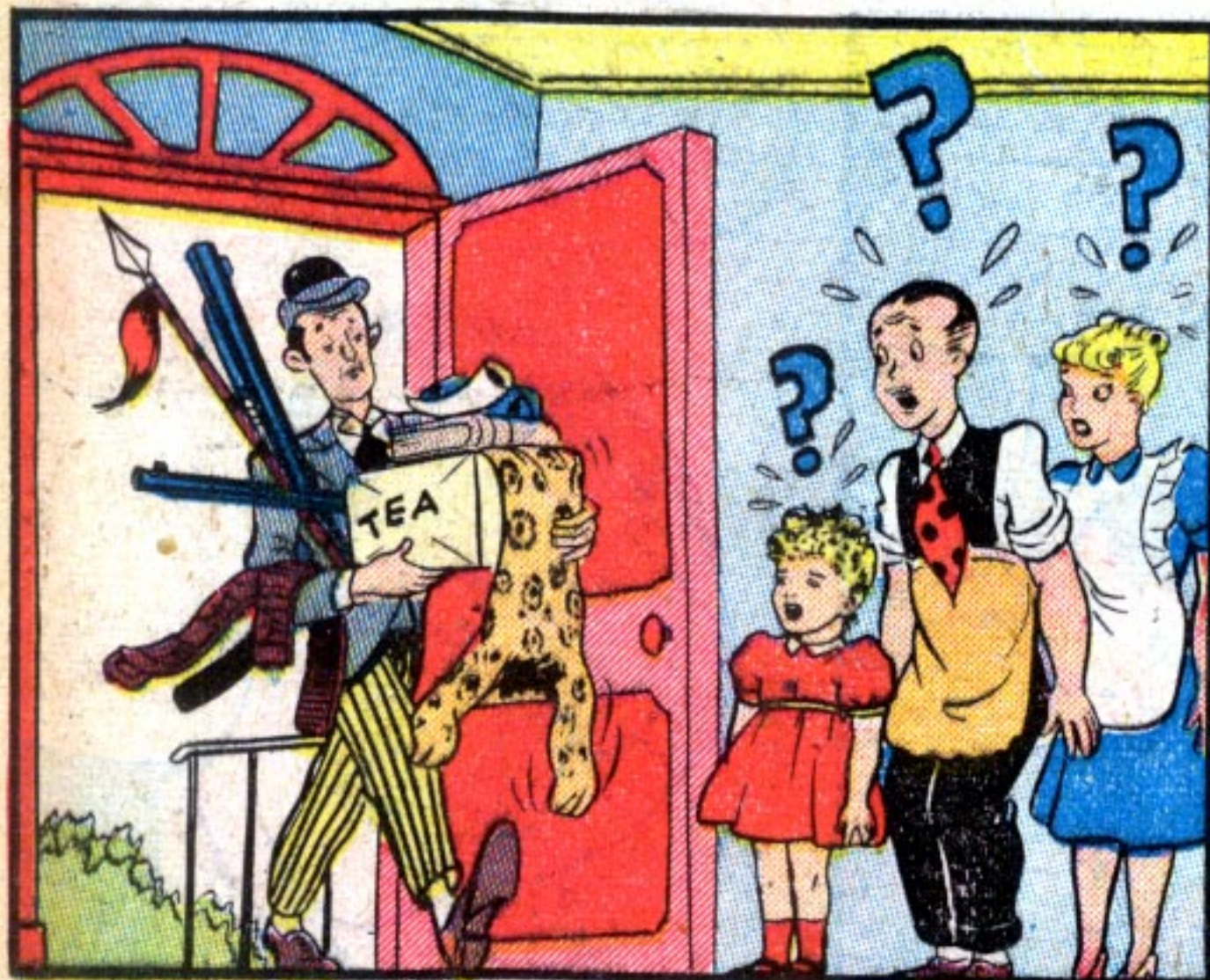
IN  
"UNCLE TEDDY'S  
TERRIBLE TEMPER!"

**U**NCLE TEDDY DIDN'T LIKE KIDS! IMPOSSIBLE? THAT'S JUST WHAT SUNNY SUNBEAM AND HER FRIENDS THOUGHT, TOO — AND THEY DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

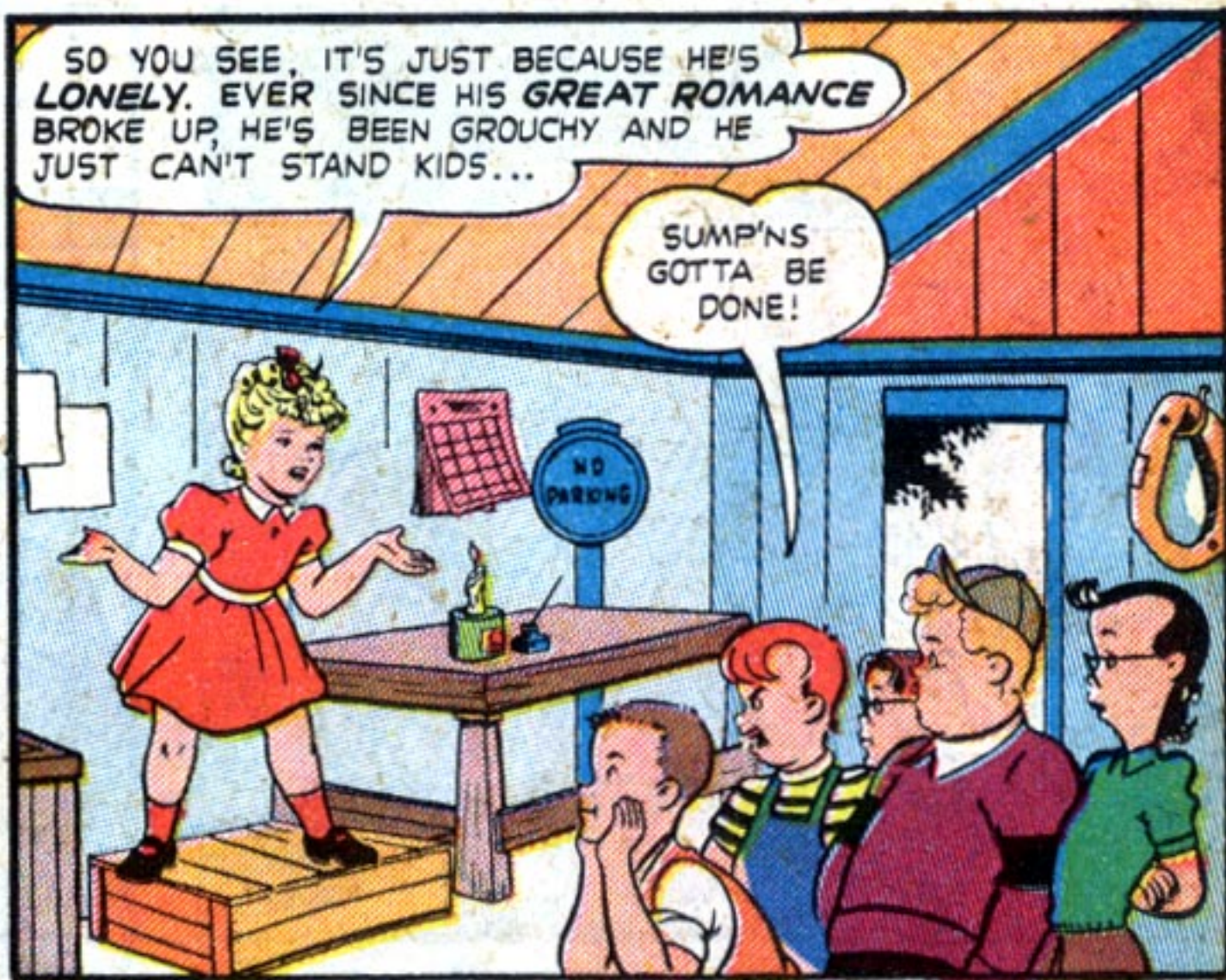
UNCLE TEDDY'S COMING!  
HE'LL BE HERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



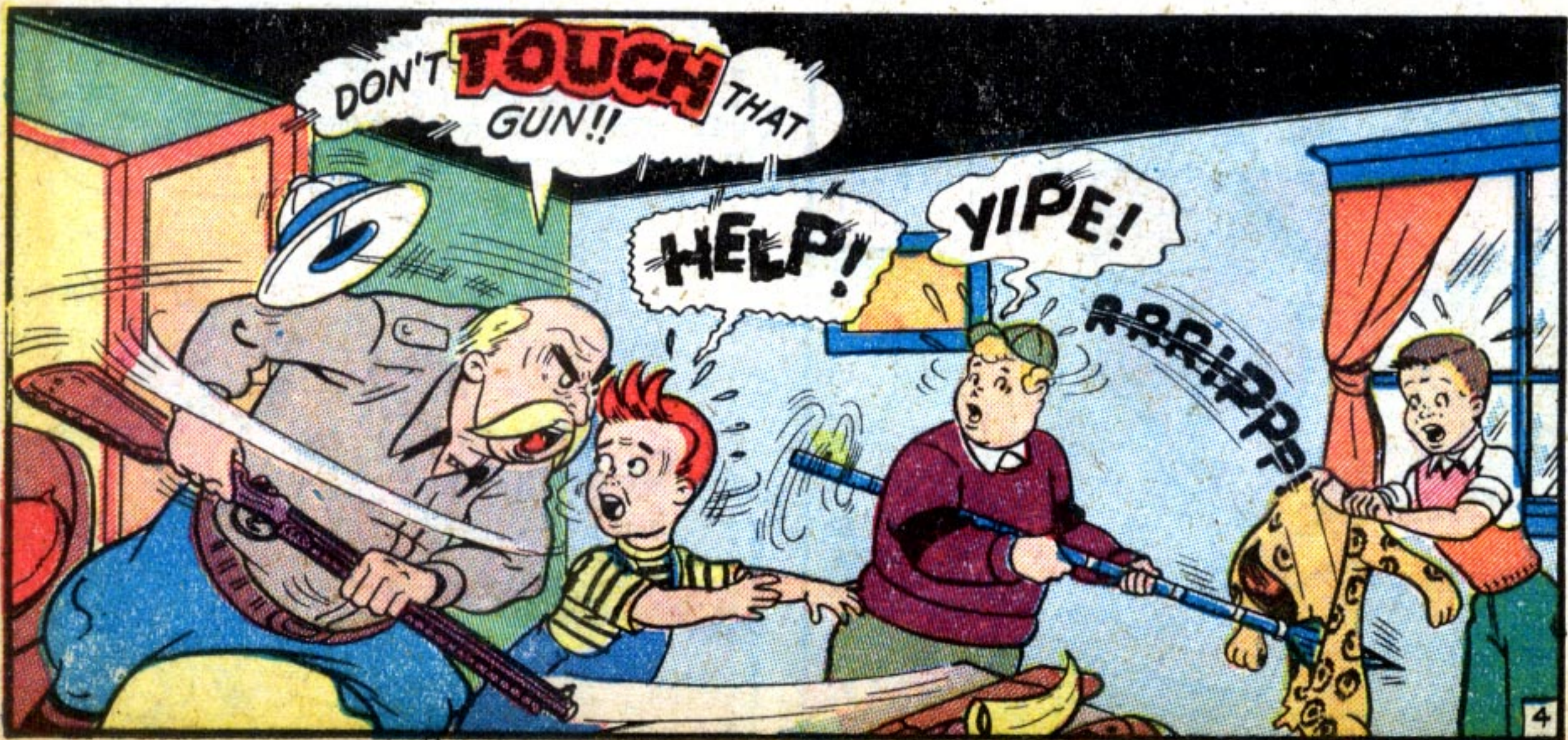
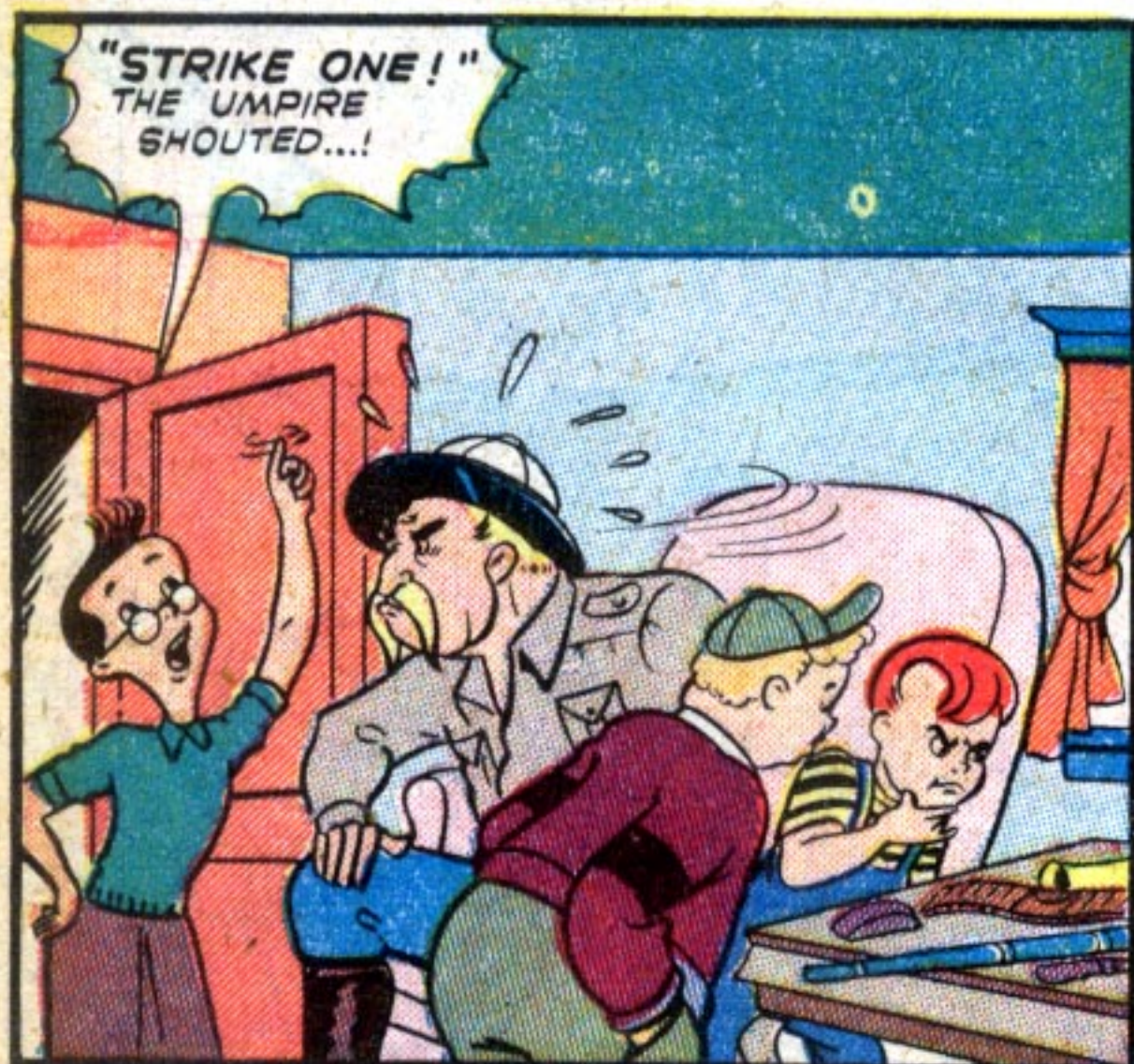
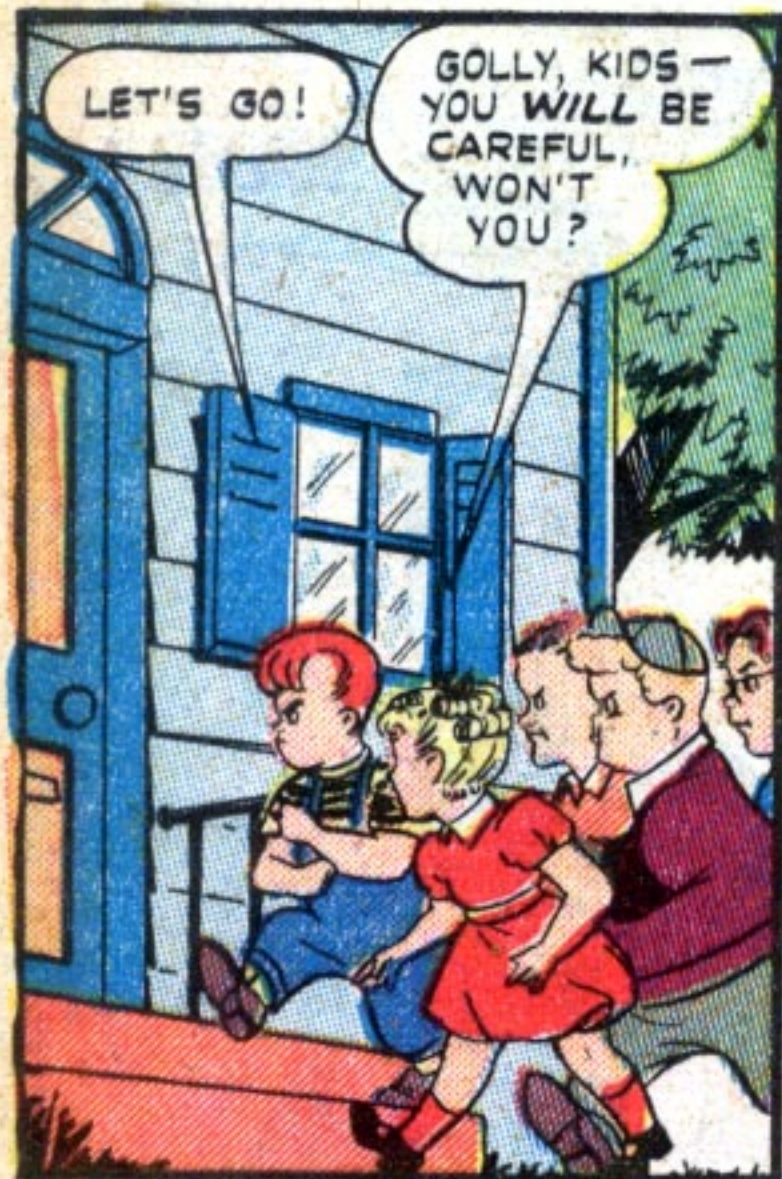




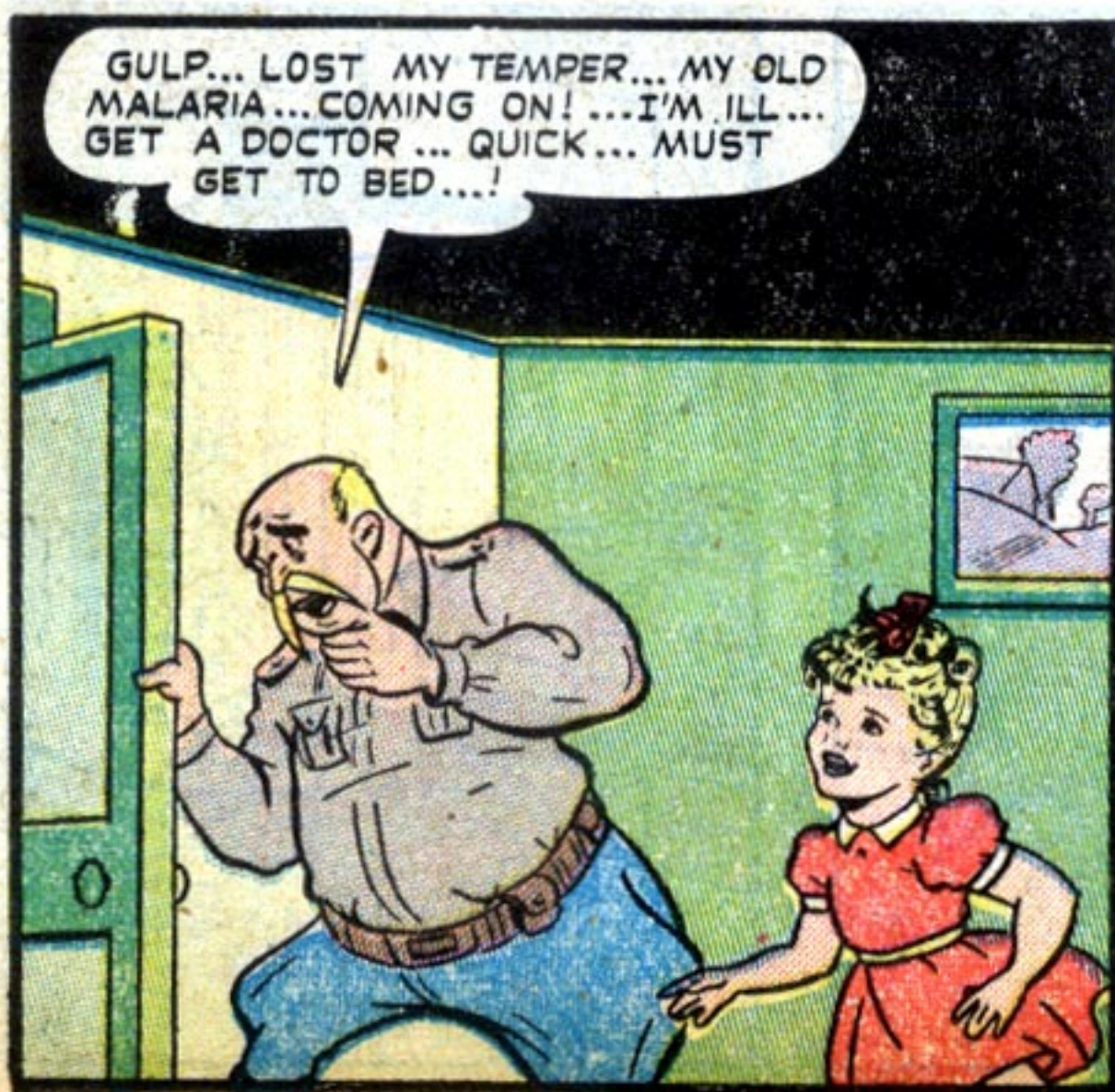




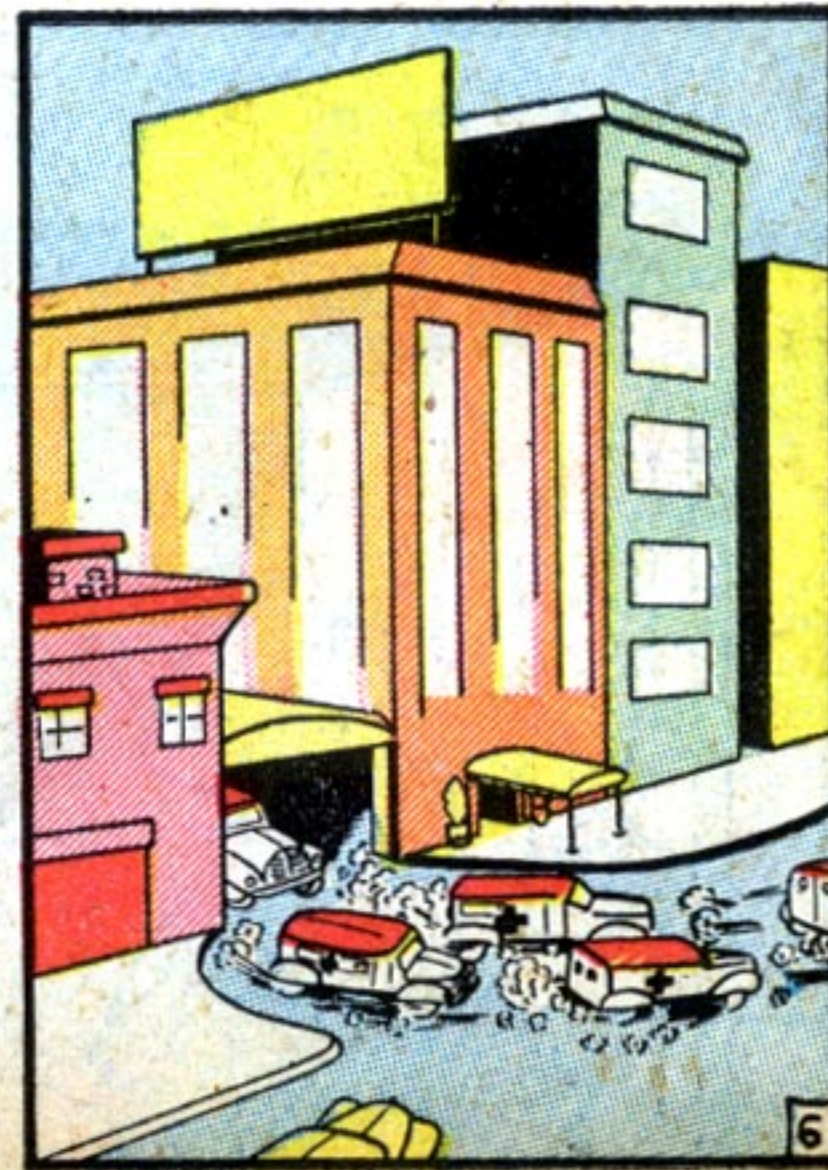
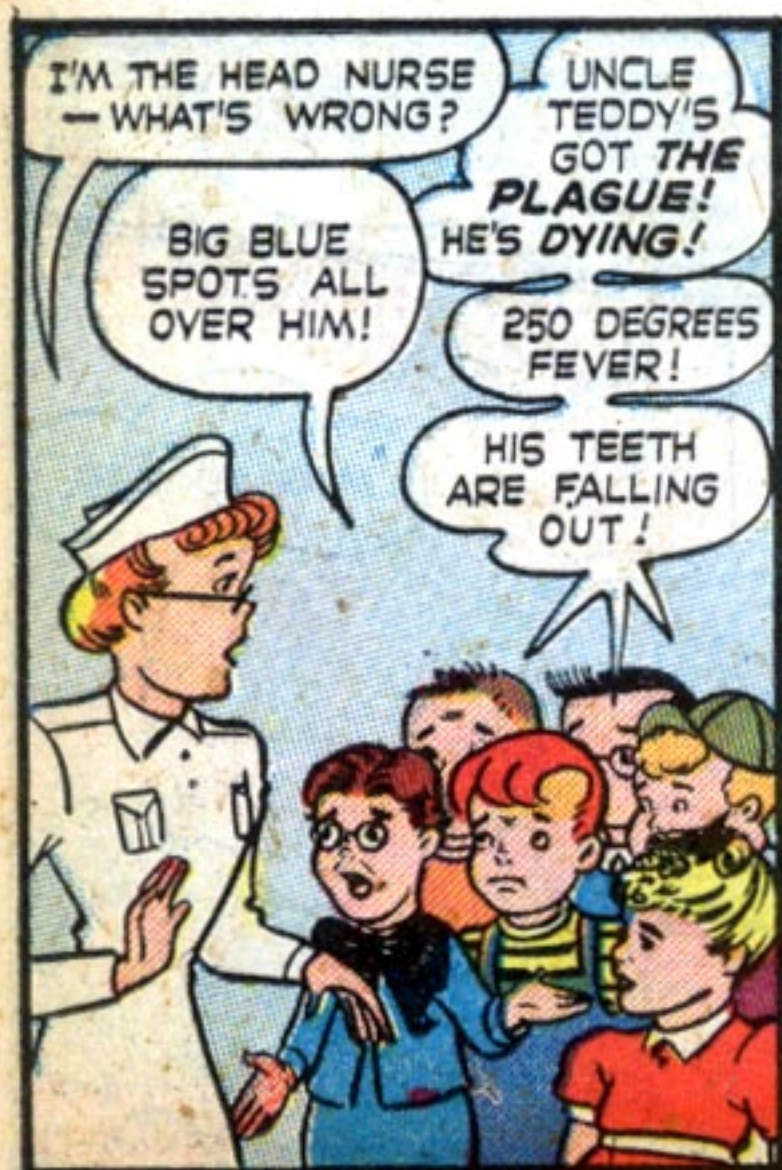
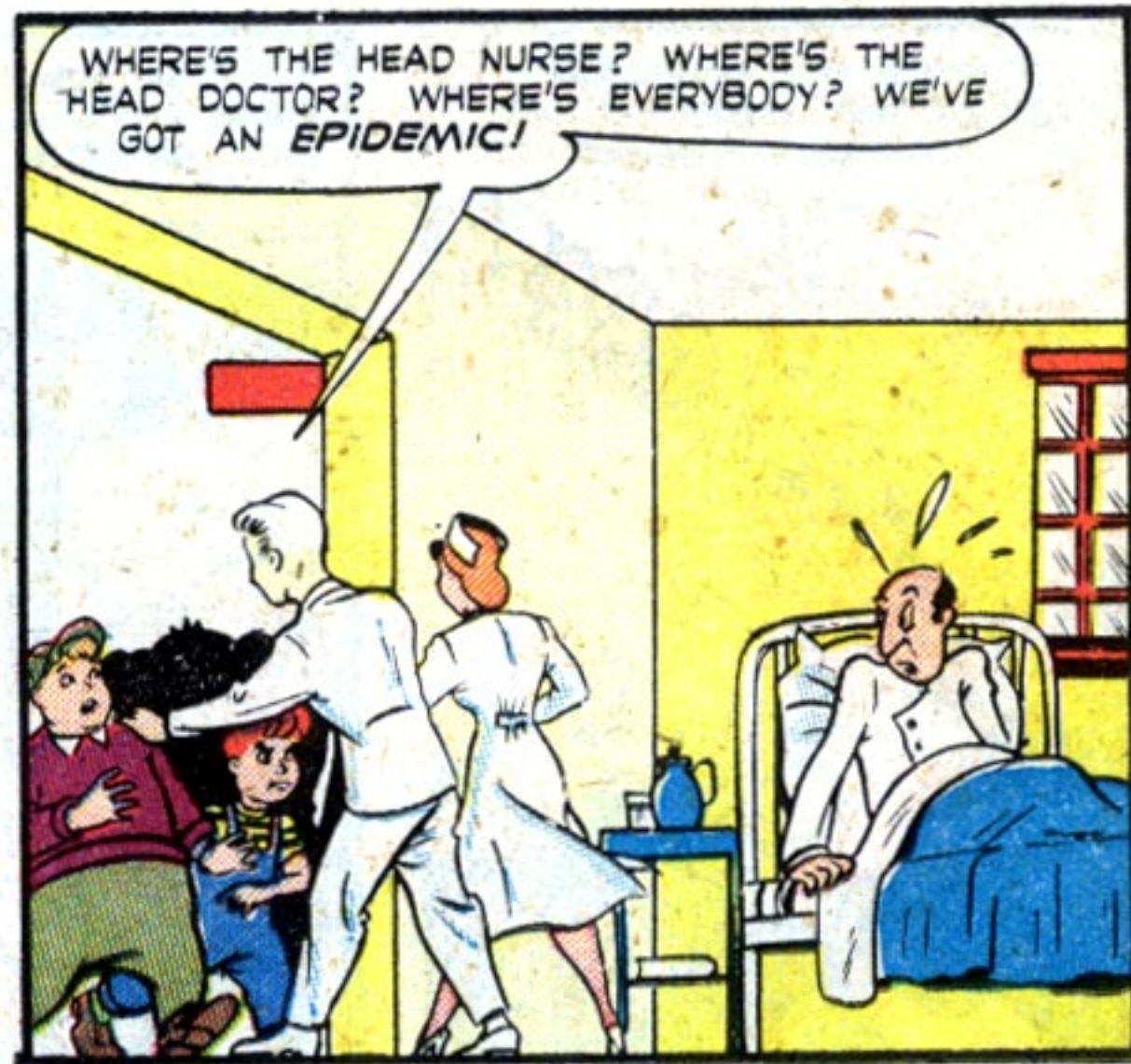
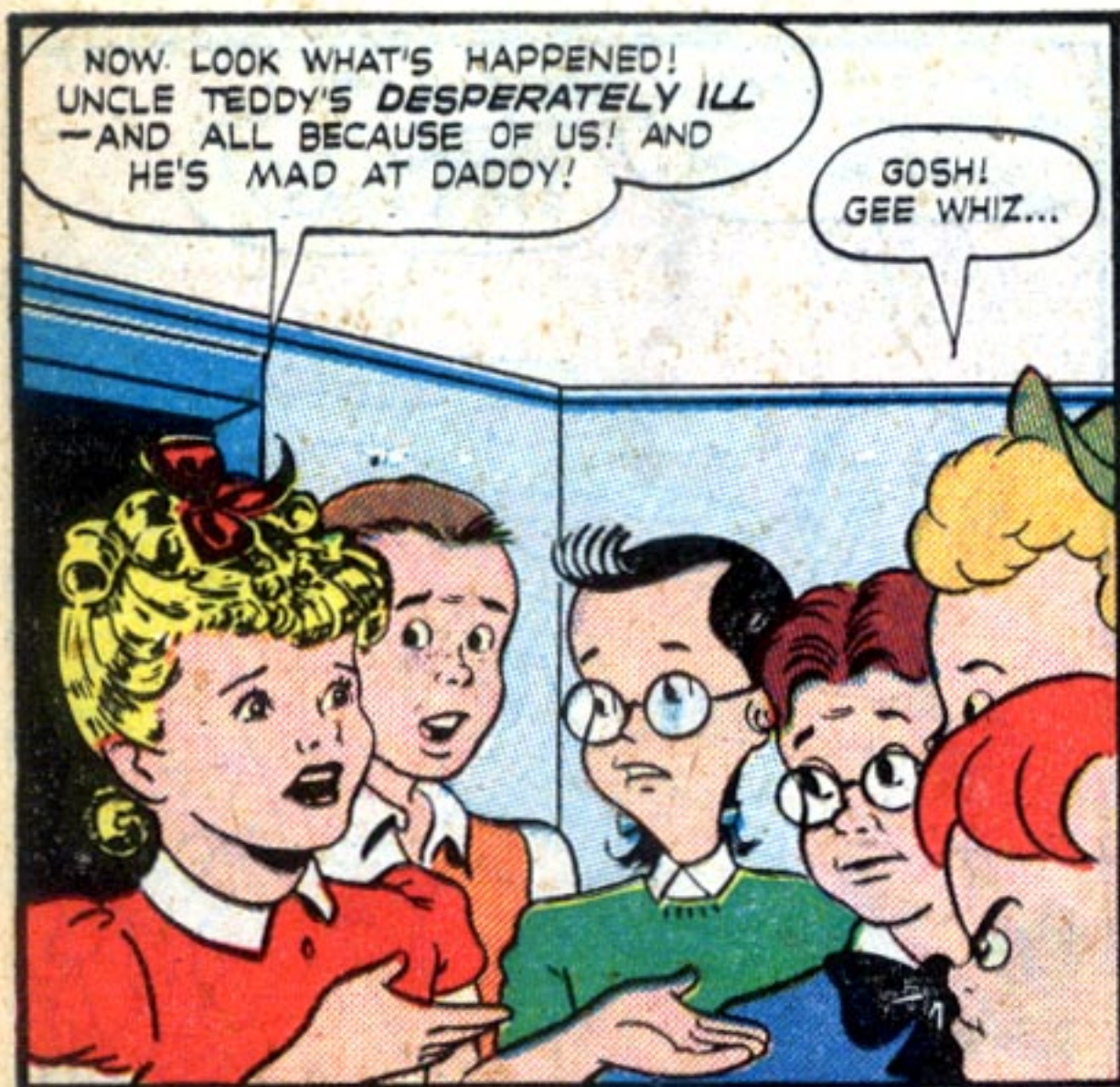




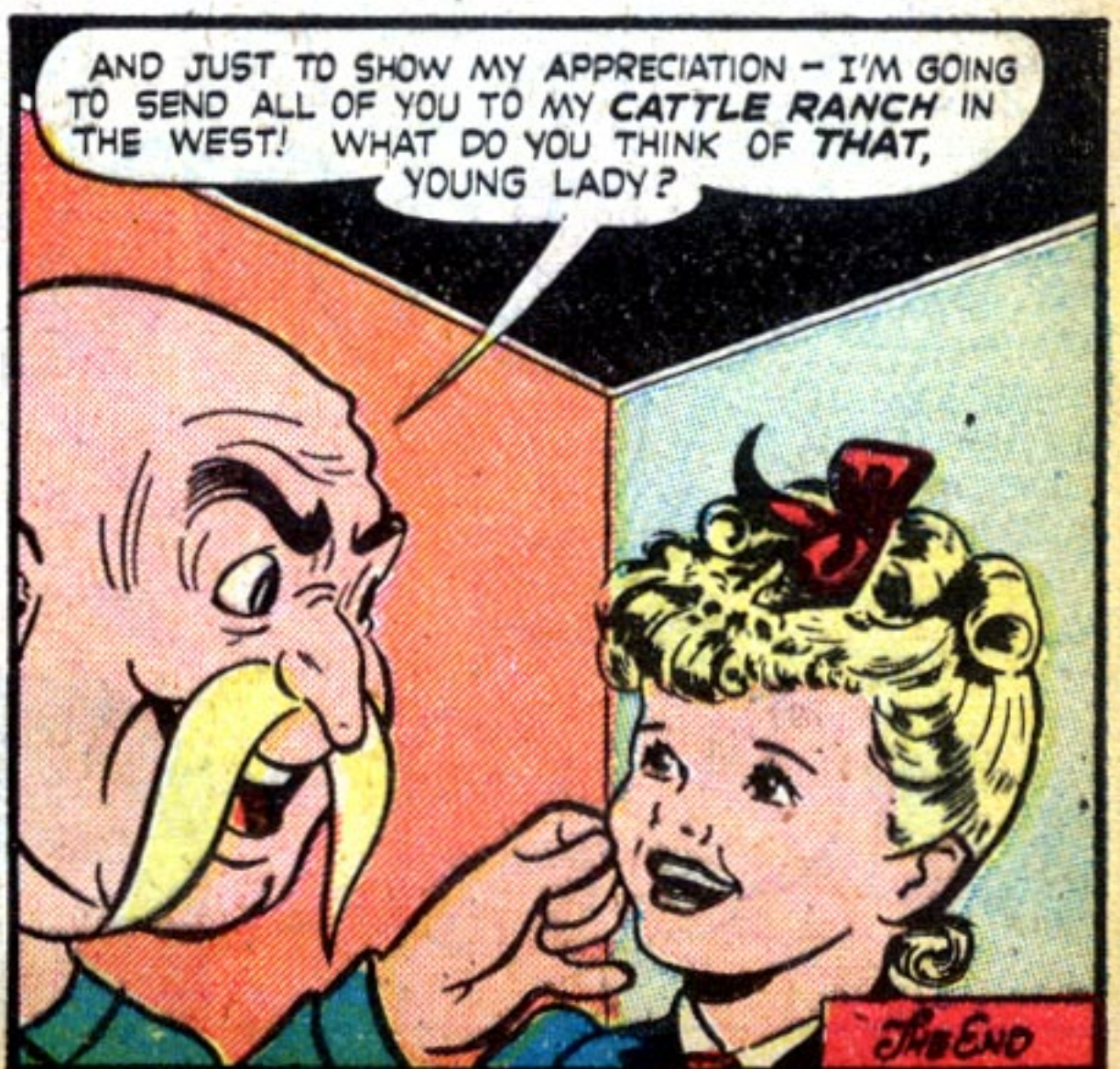
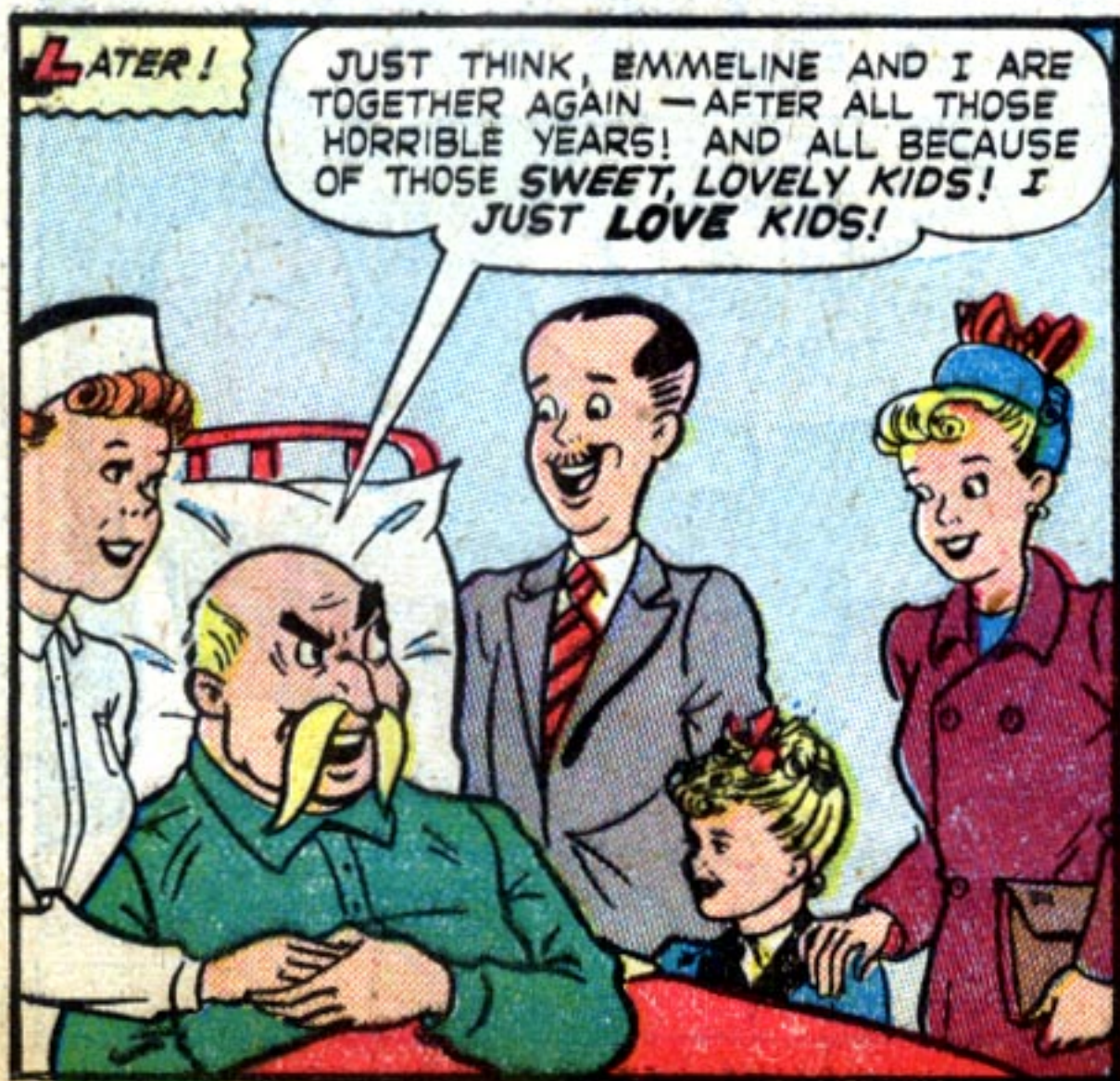
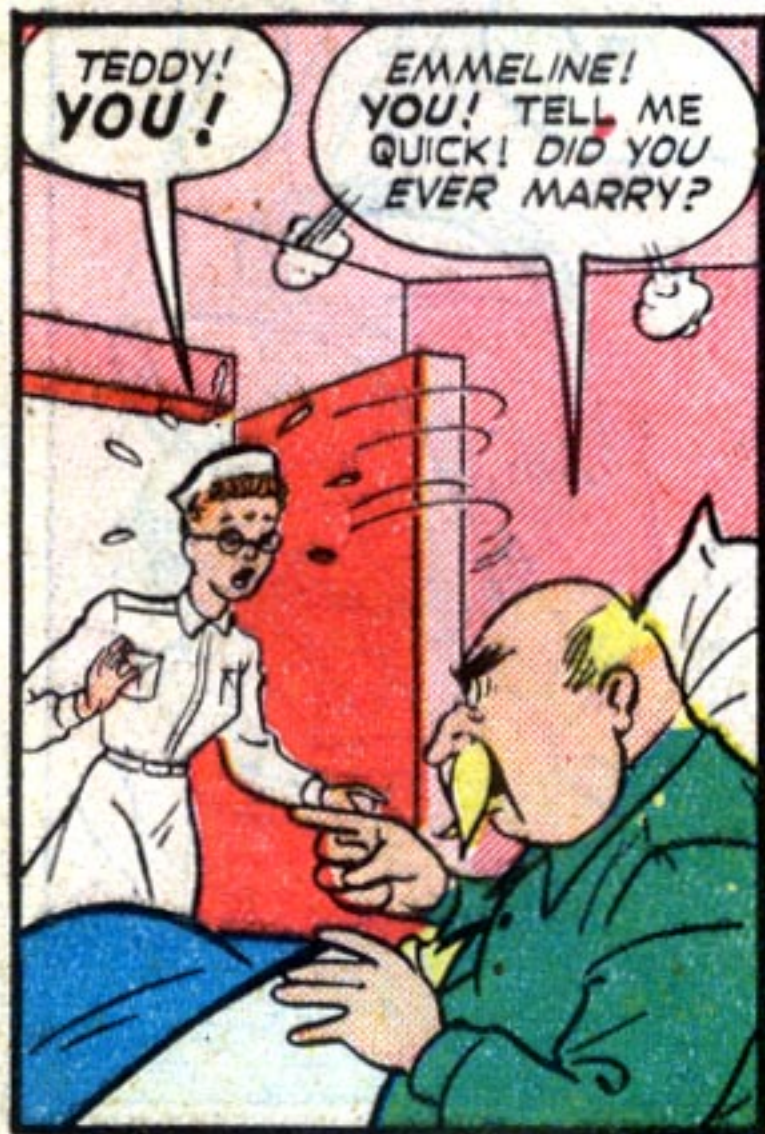
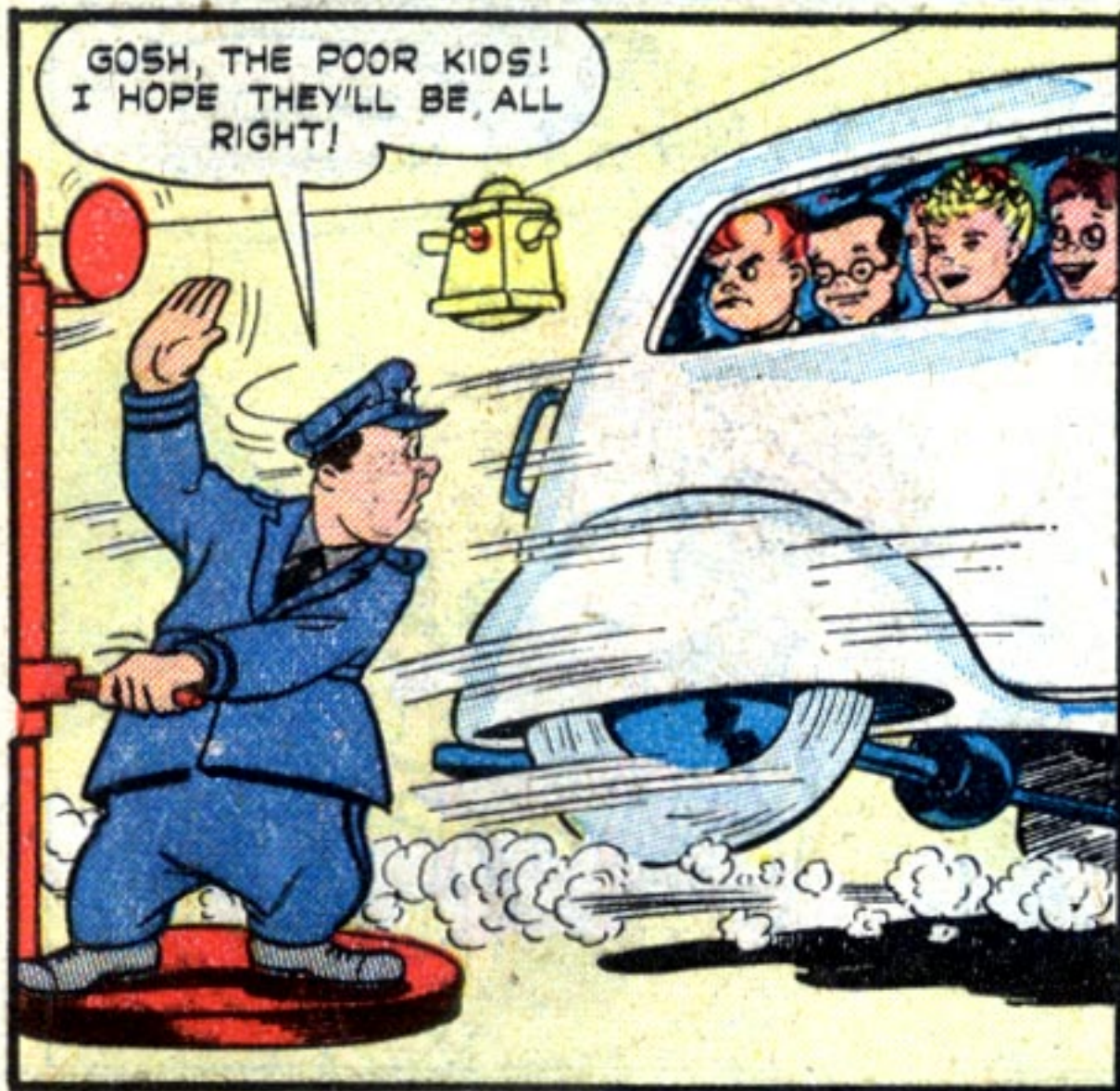










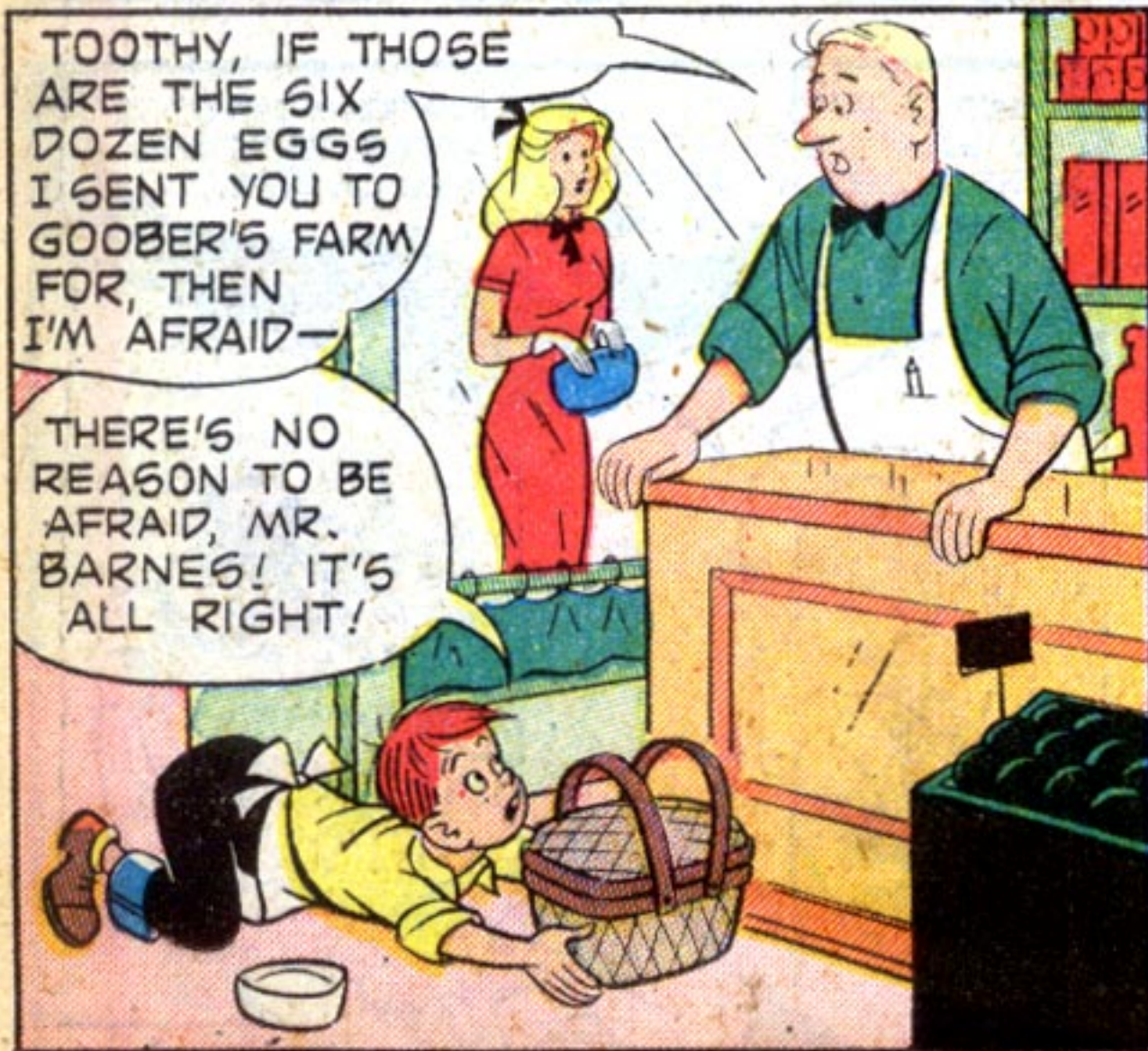
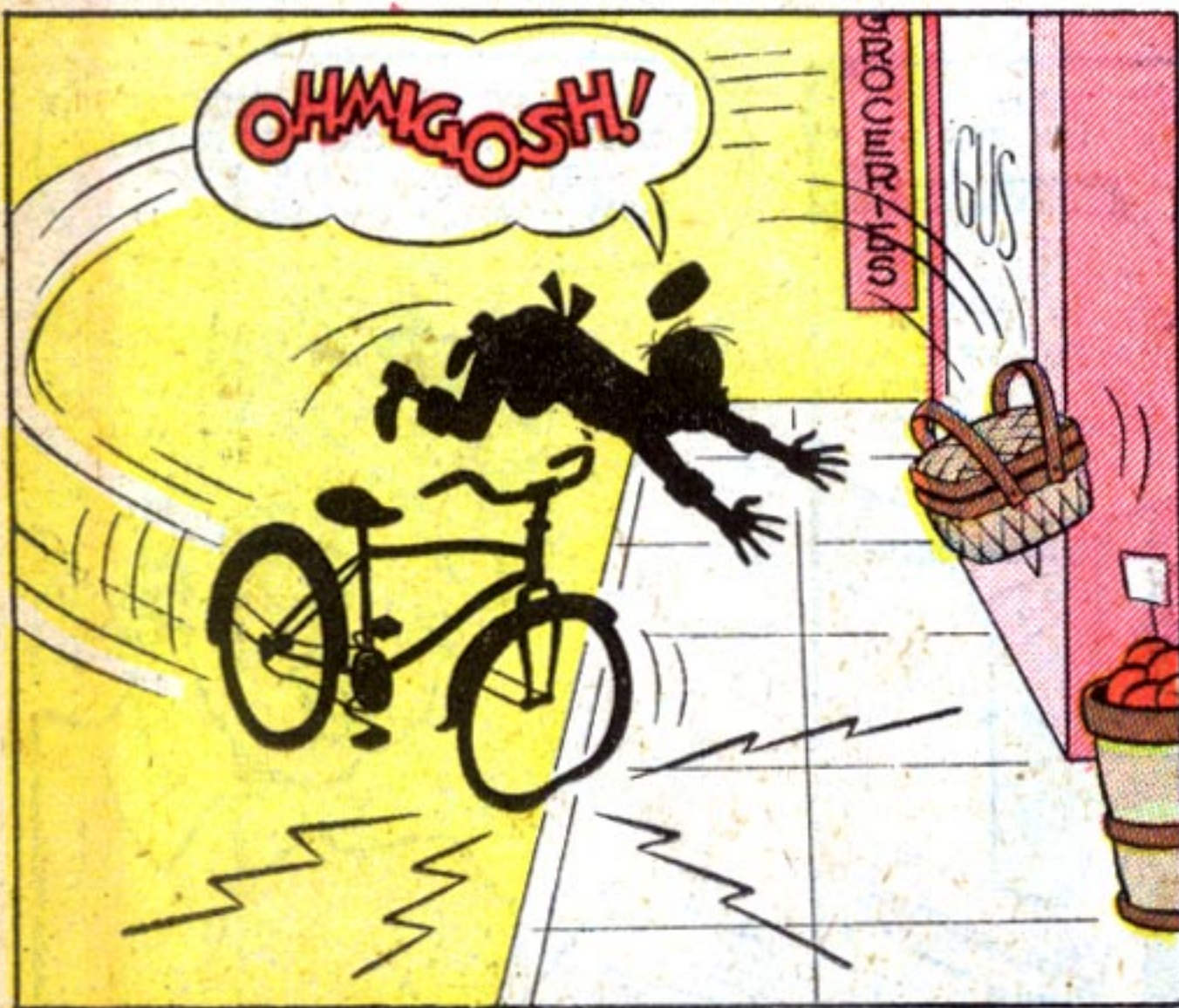
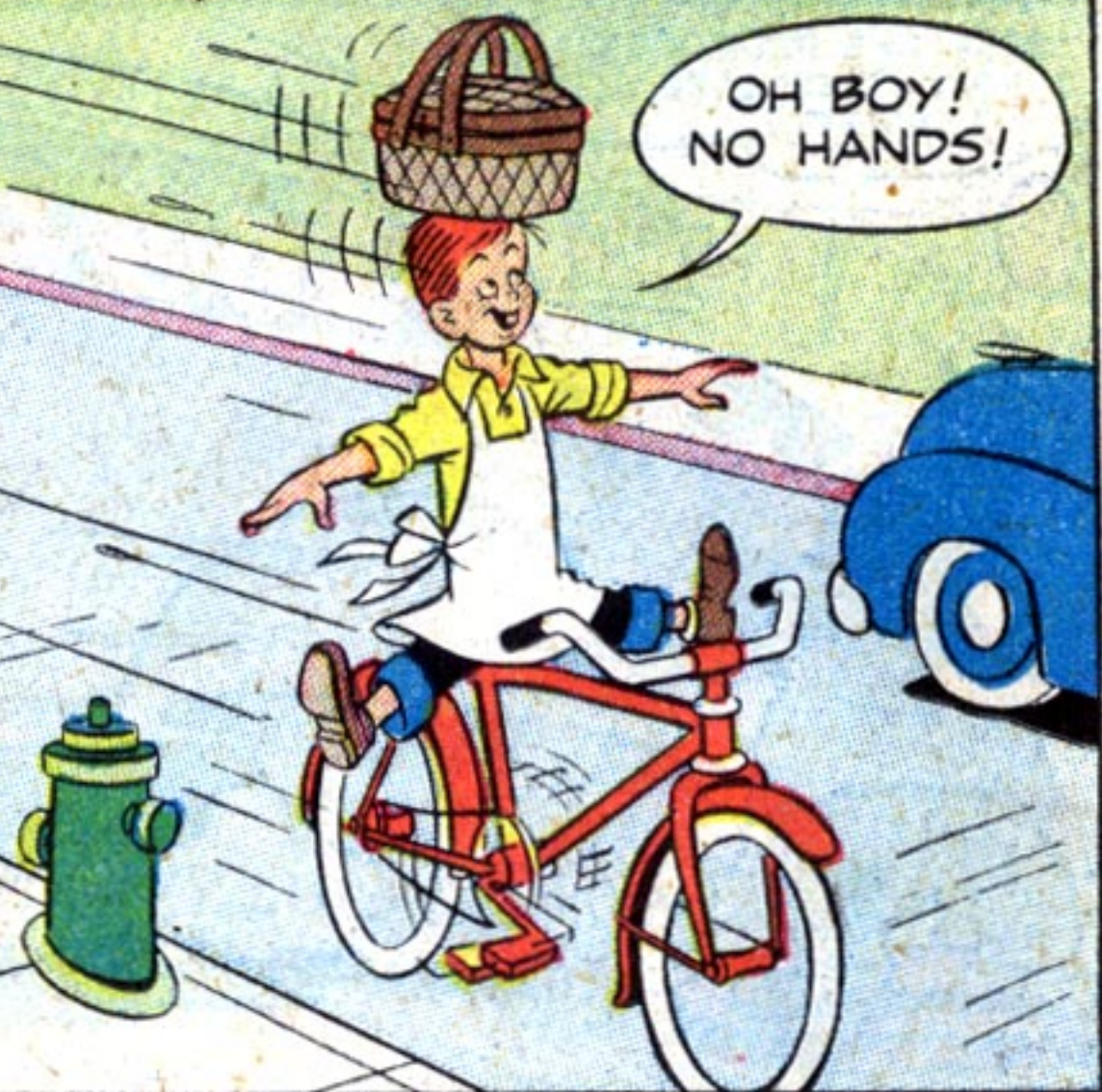




# TOOTHY SNYDER,

Delivery Boy

in "WHAT'S COOKING?"







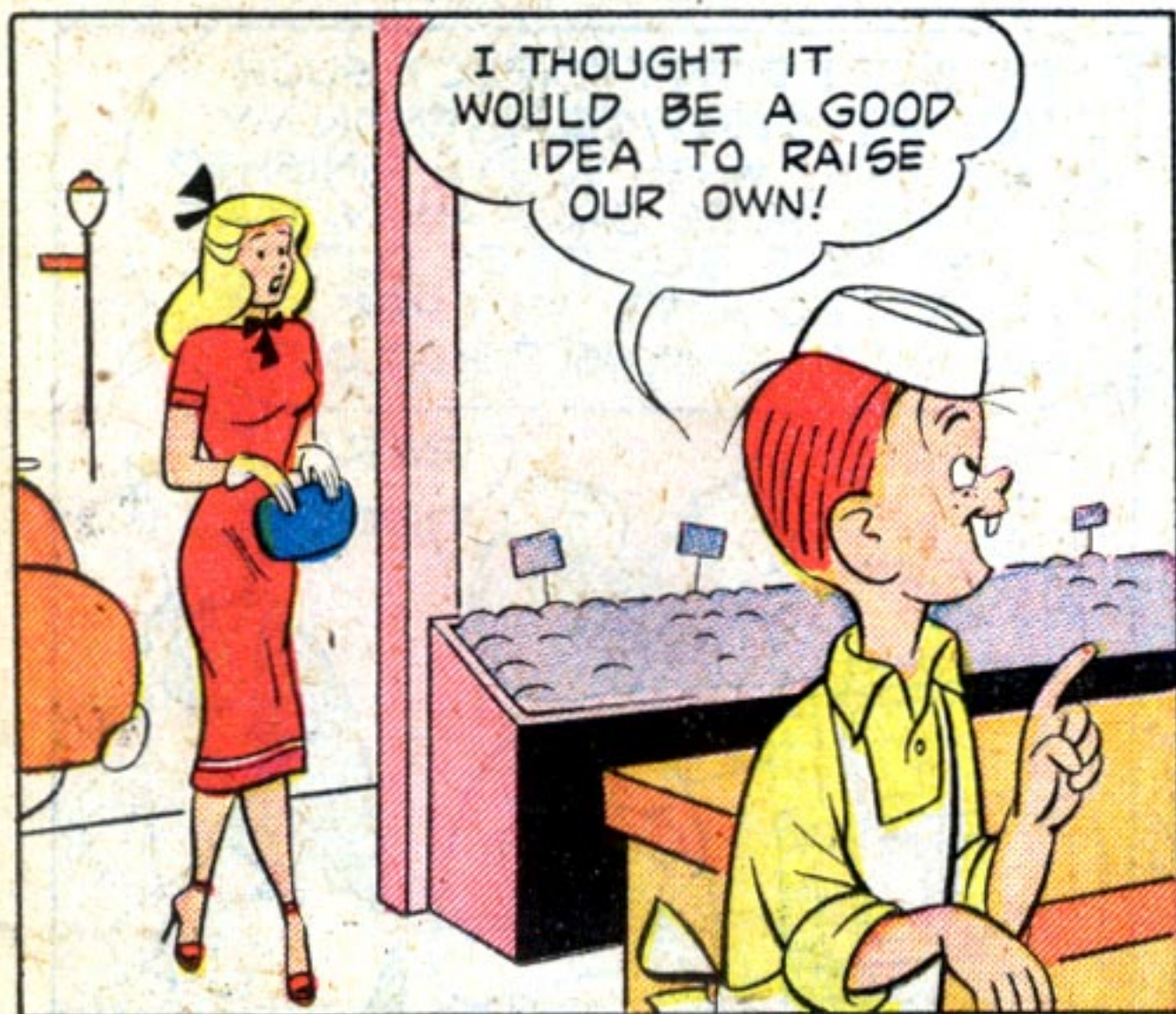
...THESE LITTLE GUYS BROKE OUT ALL BY THEMSELVES!

CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!



I DON'T GET IT, TOOTHY—I SEND FOR **EGGS**, AND GET **CHICKENS**!

AND CHICKENS GET EGGS, MR. BARNES! YOU'RE ALWAYS SENDING TO THE FARM FOR FRESH EGGS—SO...



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO RAISE OUR OWN!



OH, DEAR! SOMETHING DREADFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN! I JUST KNOW IT!

THEN WHY LET IT? IF IT'S **GOING** TO HAPPEN, YOU CAN **STOP** IT!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I **WANT** THIS TO HAPPEN!

OH... HUH?



YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS BRINGING HIS **BOSS** HOME TO DINNER AND THIS IS THE **FIRST** TIME I'VE EVER HAD TO **COOK** A MEAL! I'M SO UPSET, I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT!

WHY NOT LET **ME** PLAN YOUR MEAL? AFTER ALL, THIS IS MY BUSINESS. I'LL SELECT FOODS VERY EASY TO COOK!



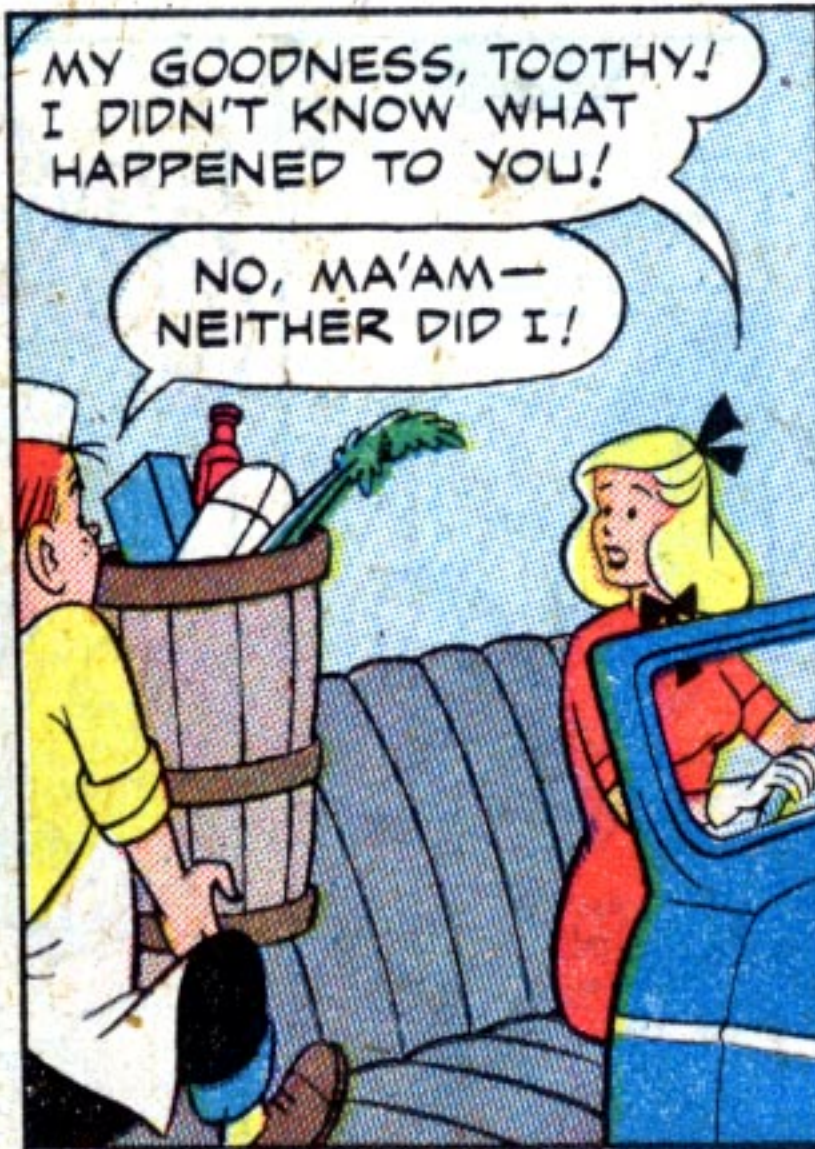
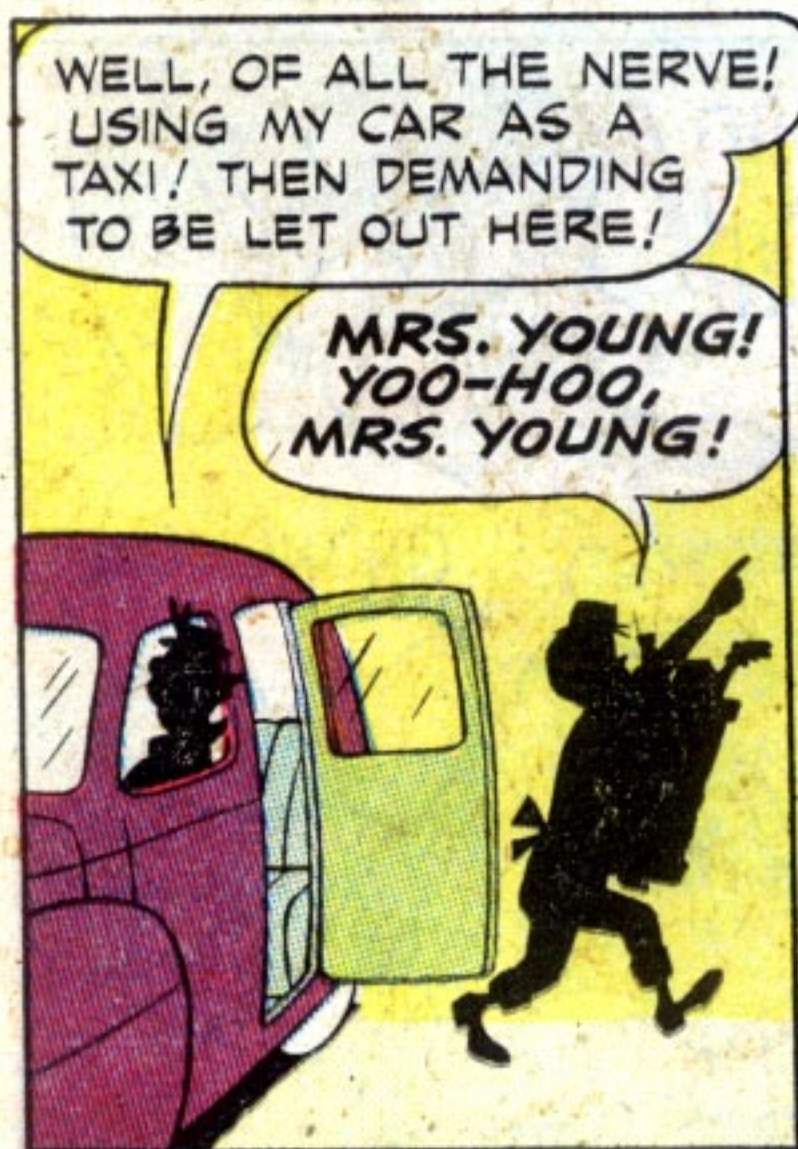
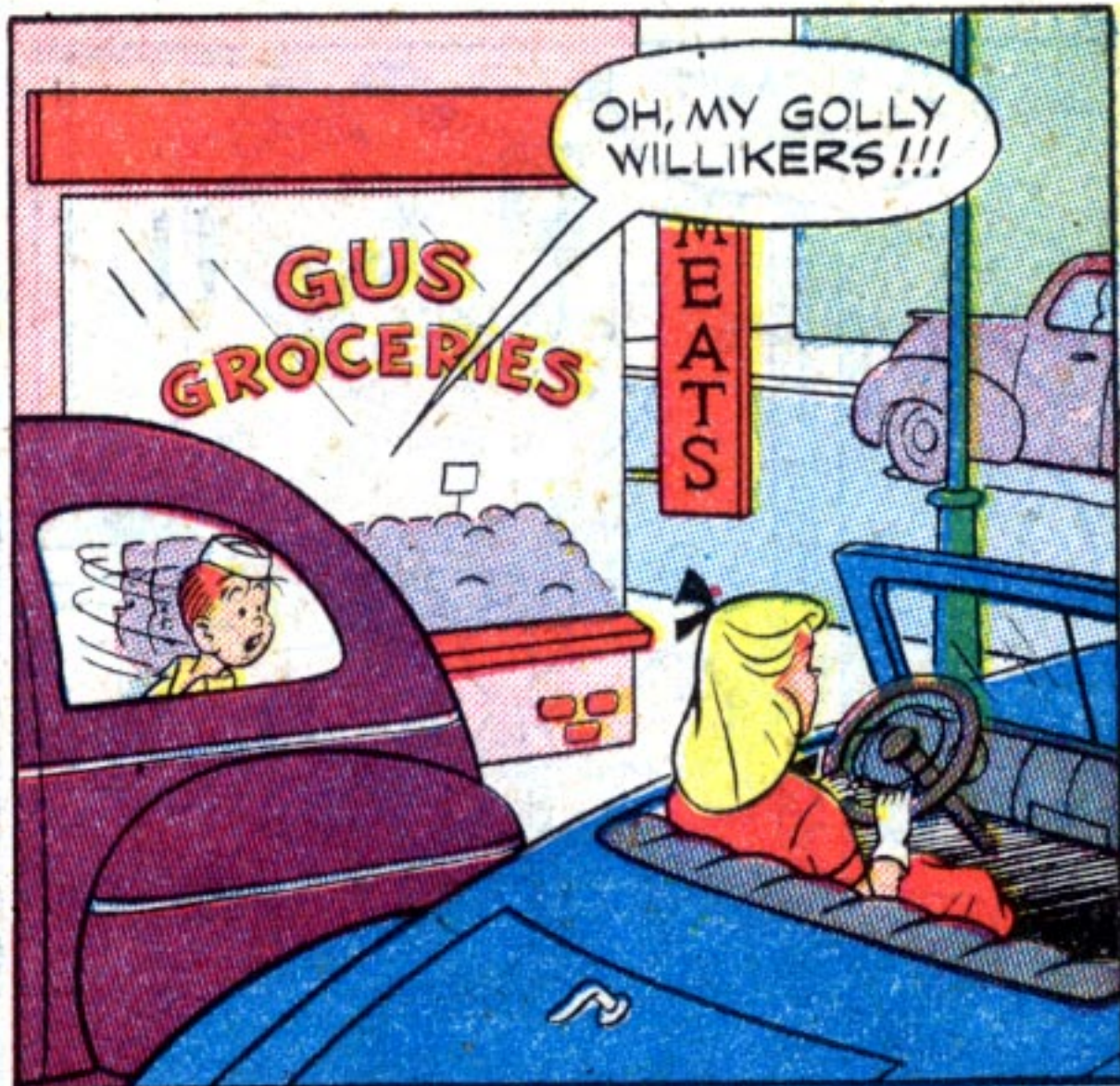
OH... **WOULD** YOU? THAT WOULD BE SIMPLY WONDERFUL! I'LL LEAVE IT **ENTIRELY** IN YOUR HANDS!

I'LL EVEN LEND YOU TOOTHY! HE ISN'T VERY BUSY RIGHT NOW, ANYHOW!





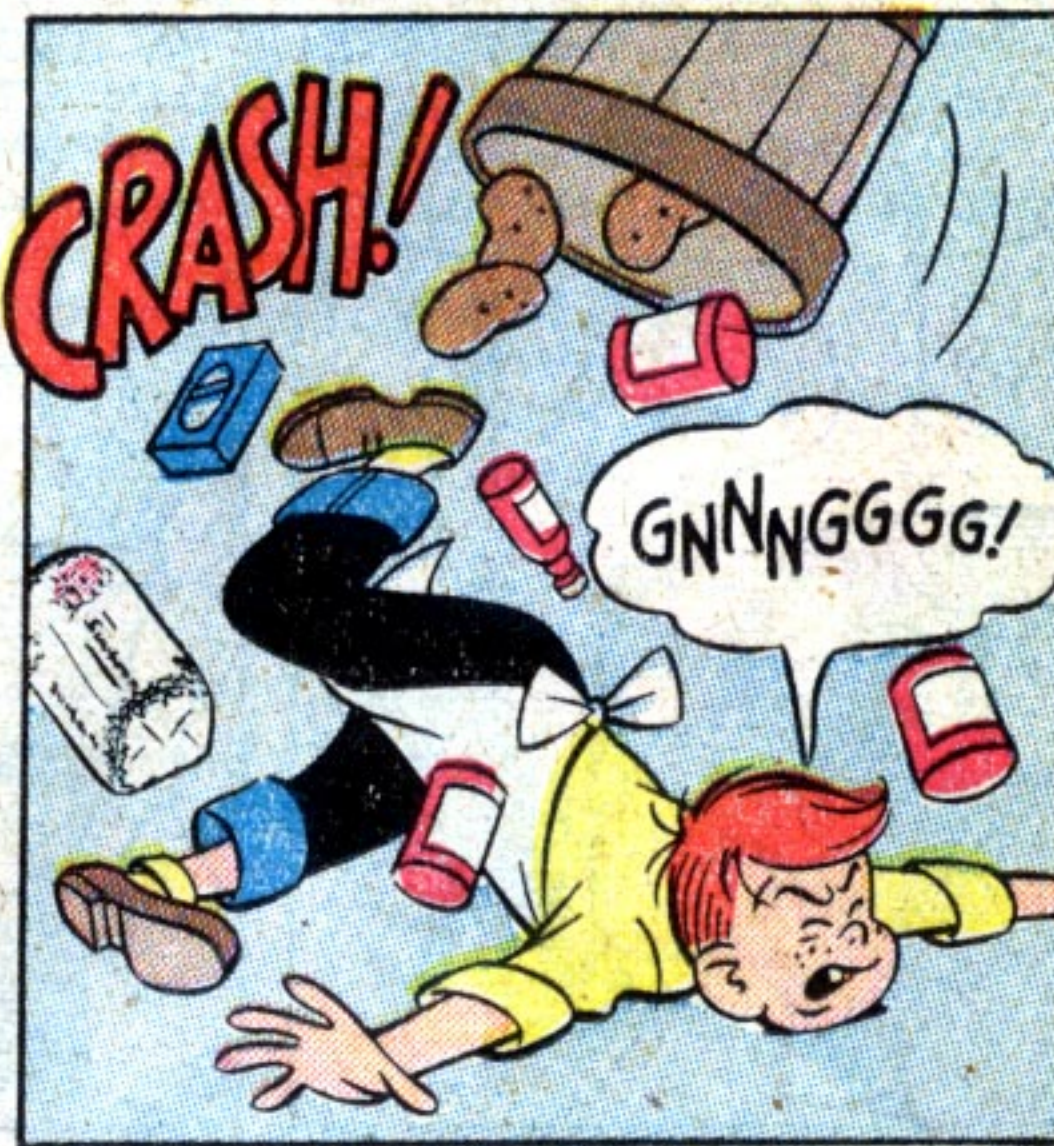
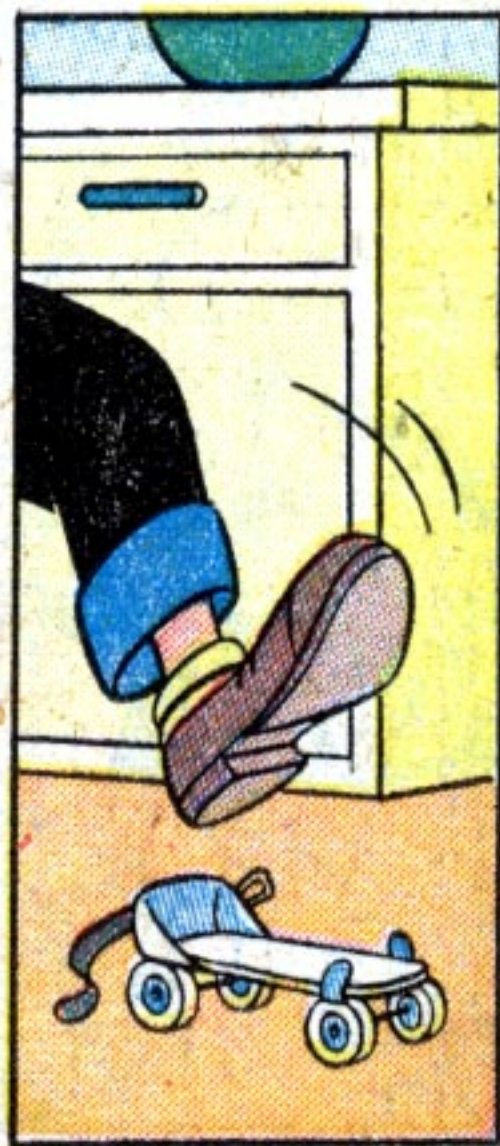
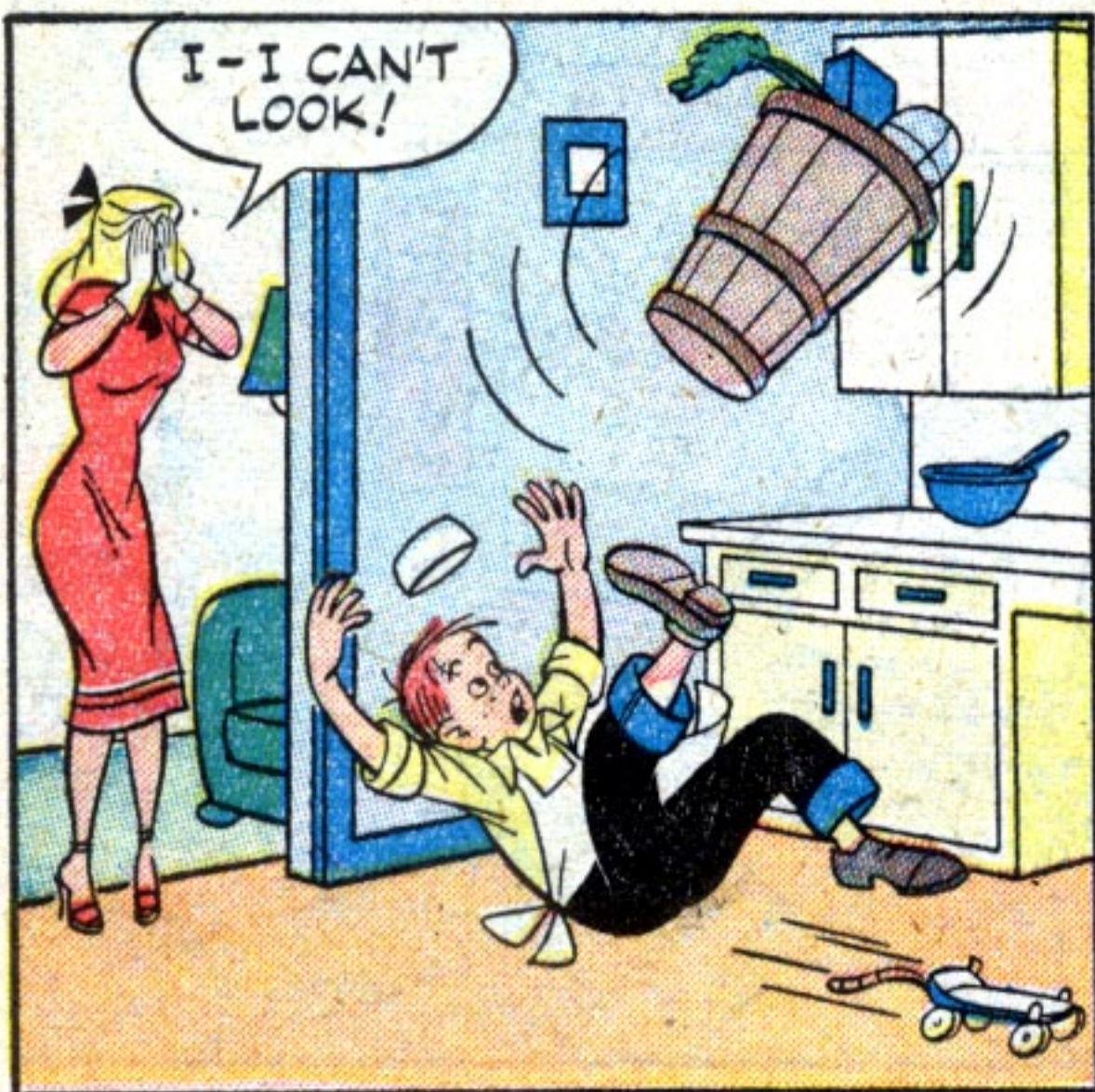




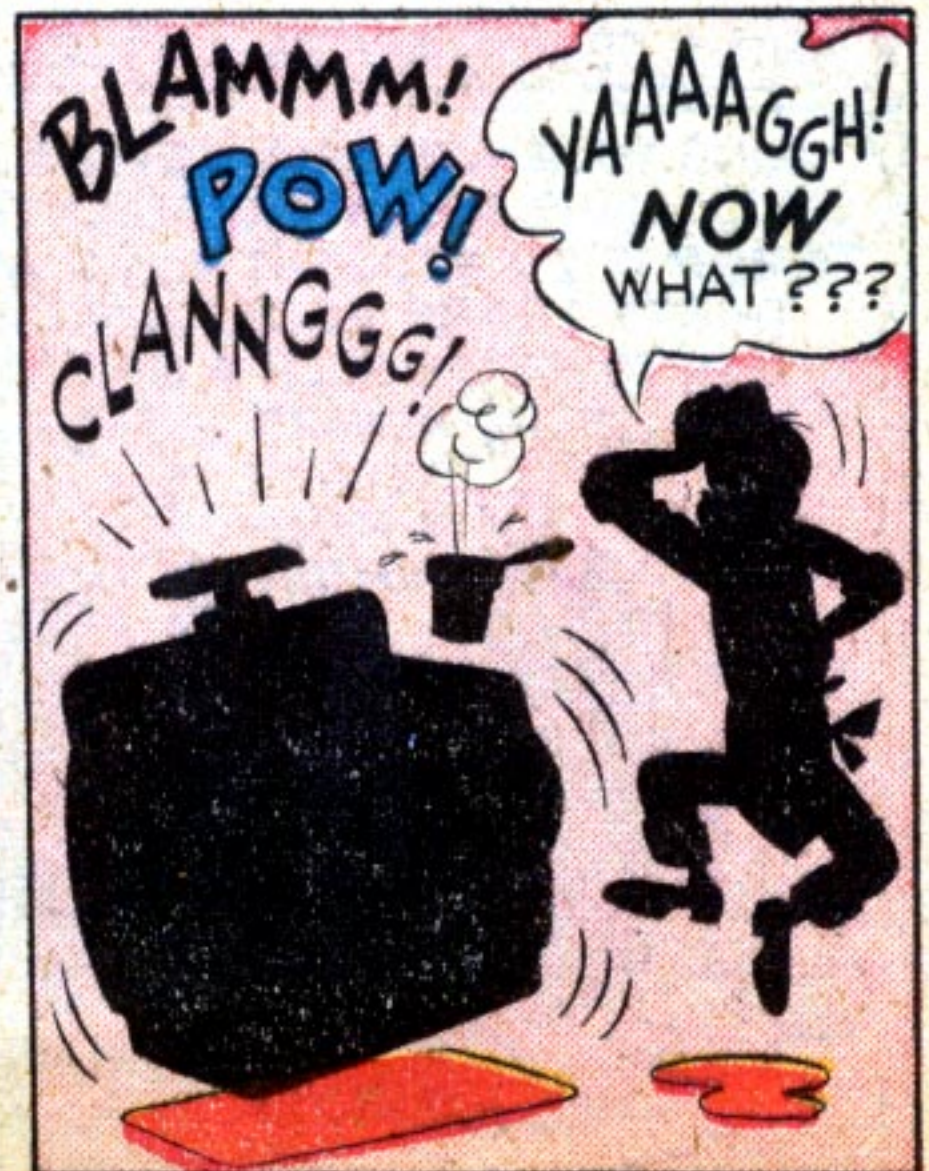
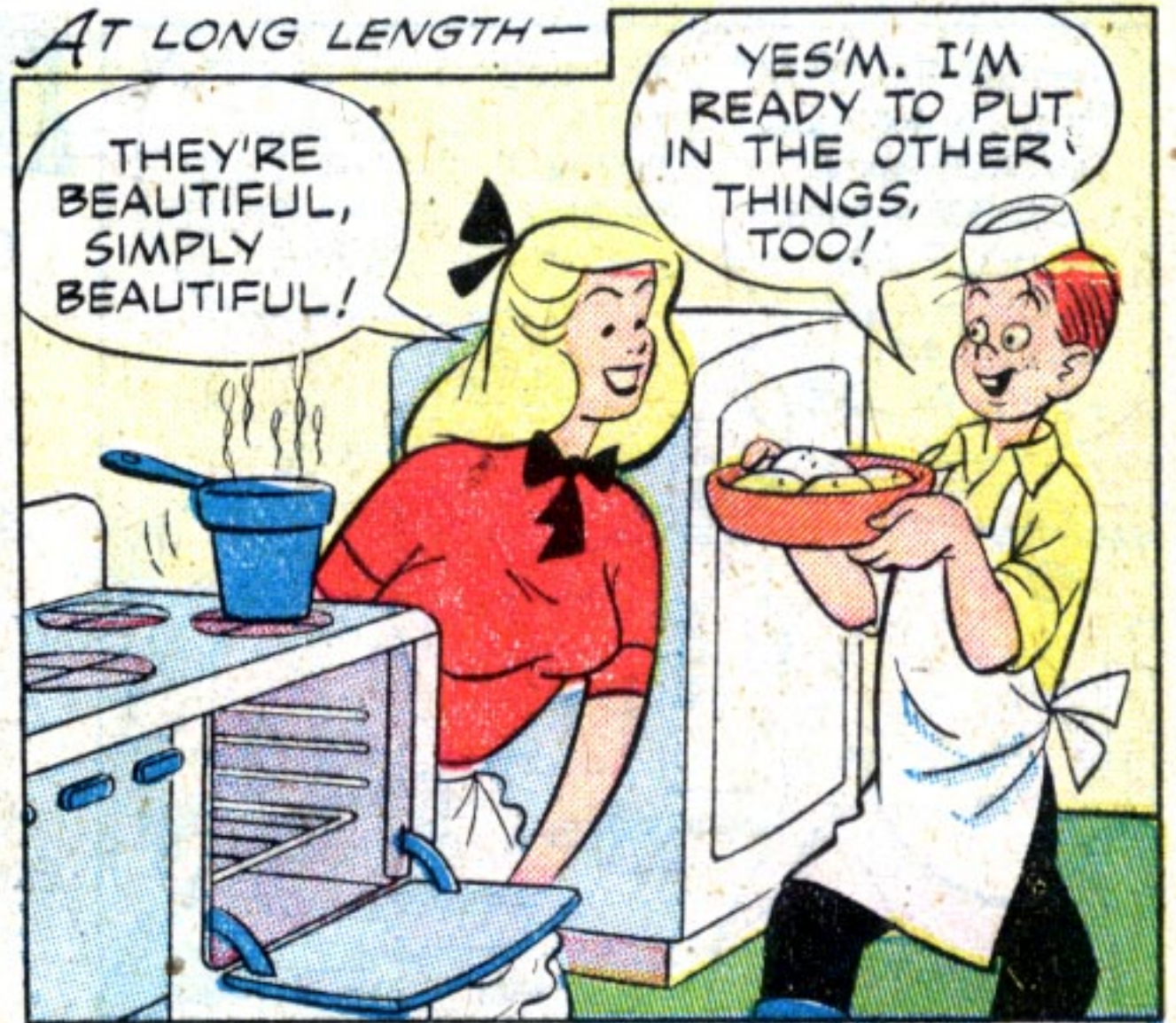
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AT MRS. YOUNG'S APARTMENT...













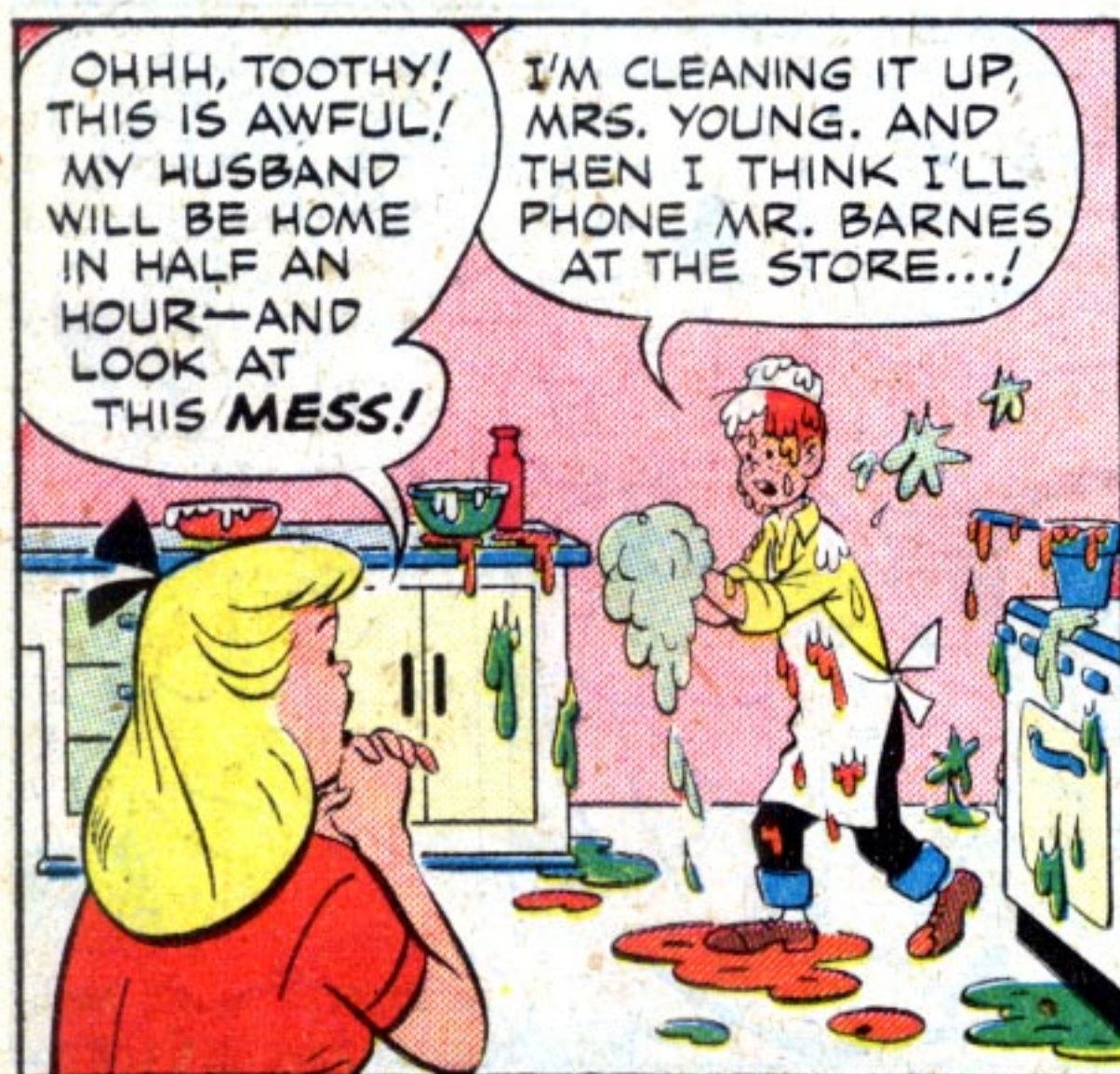
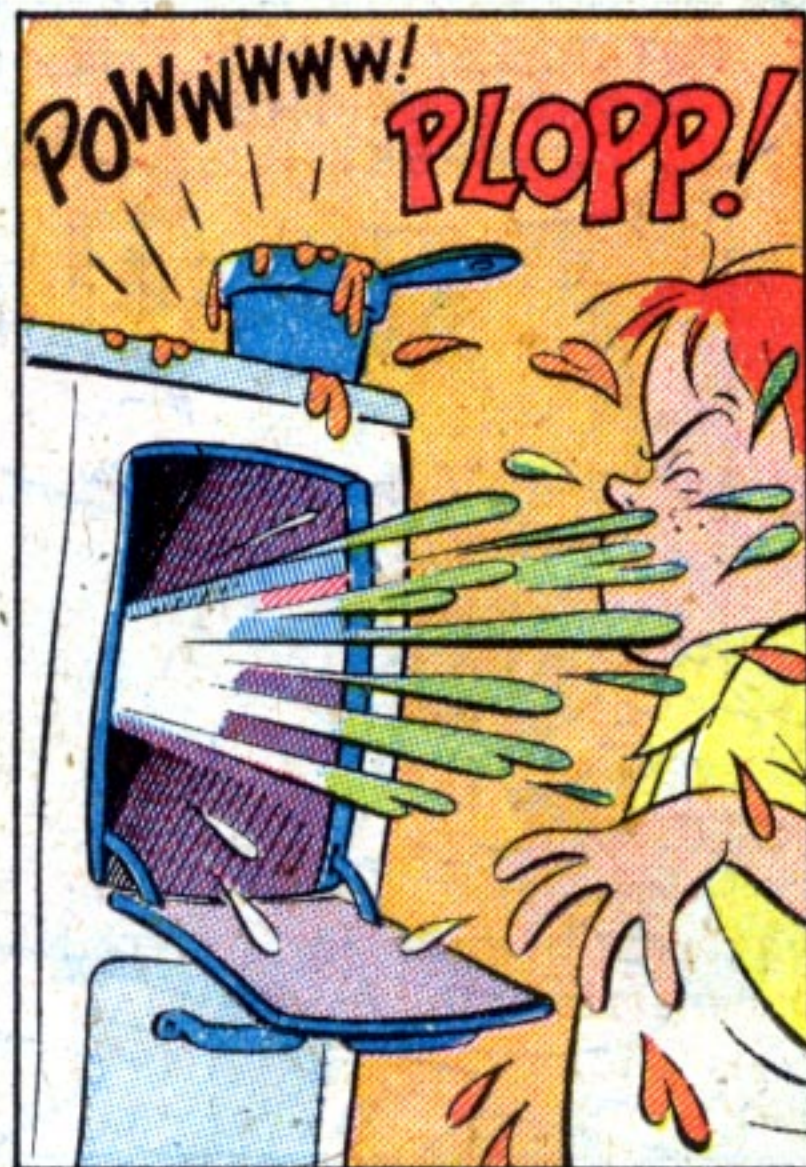


WHA-WHAT **WAS** IT, TOOTHY?  
IT SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED  
BY NOW.

YES'M. I'LL TAKE  
A LOOK! MAYBE I  
PUT TOO MUCH  
**YEAST** IN THAT  
DISH!



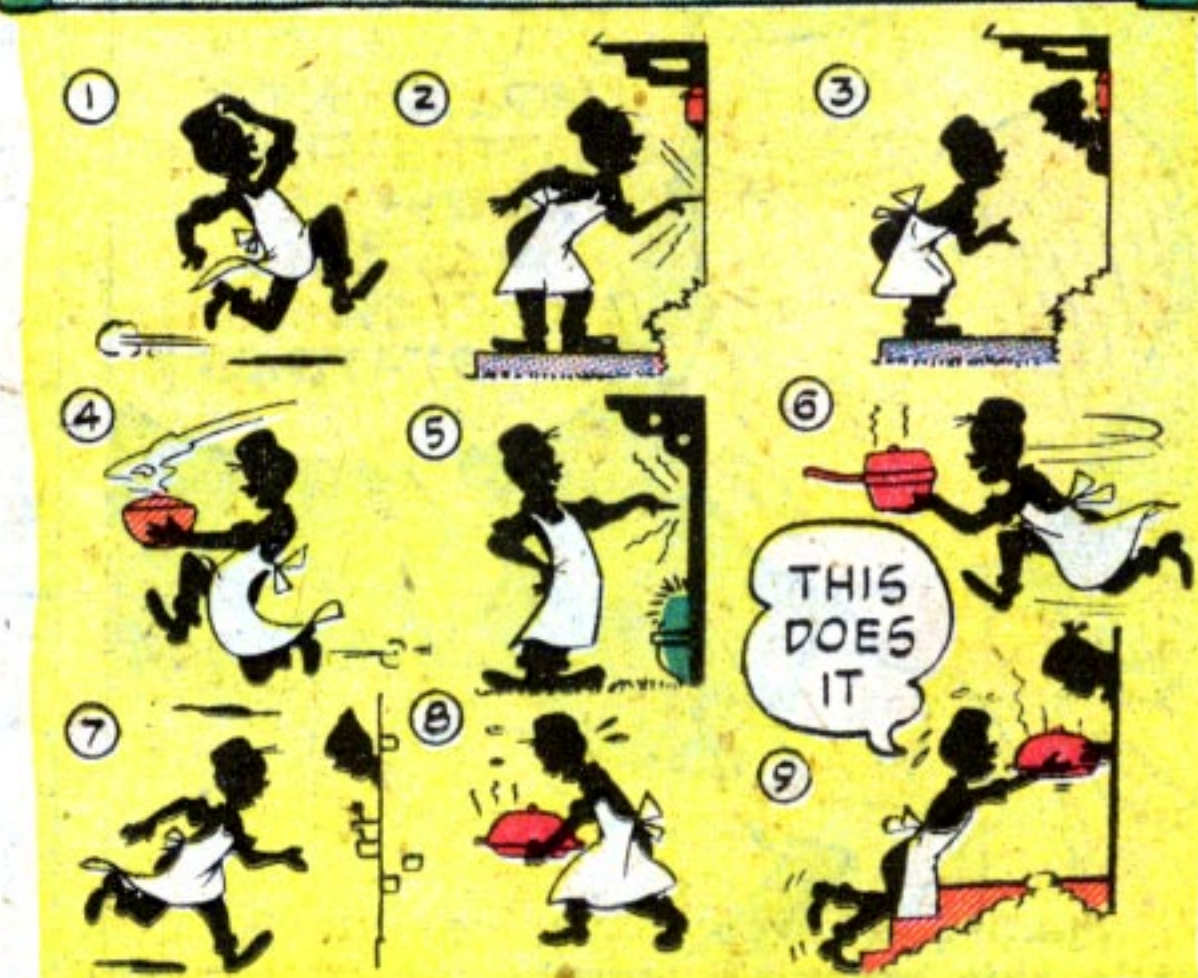
IT'S OKAY  
NOW, MA'AM.  
YOU CAN COME  
OUT. EVERYTHING'S  
**QUIET!**



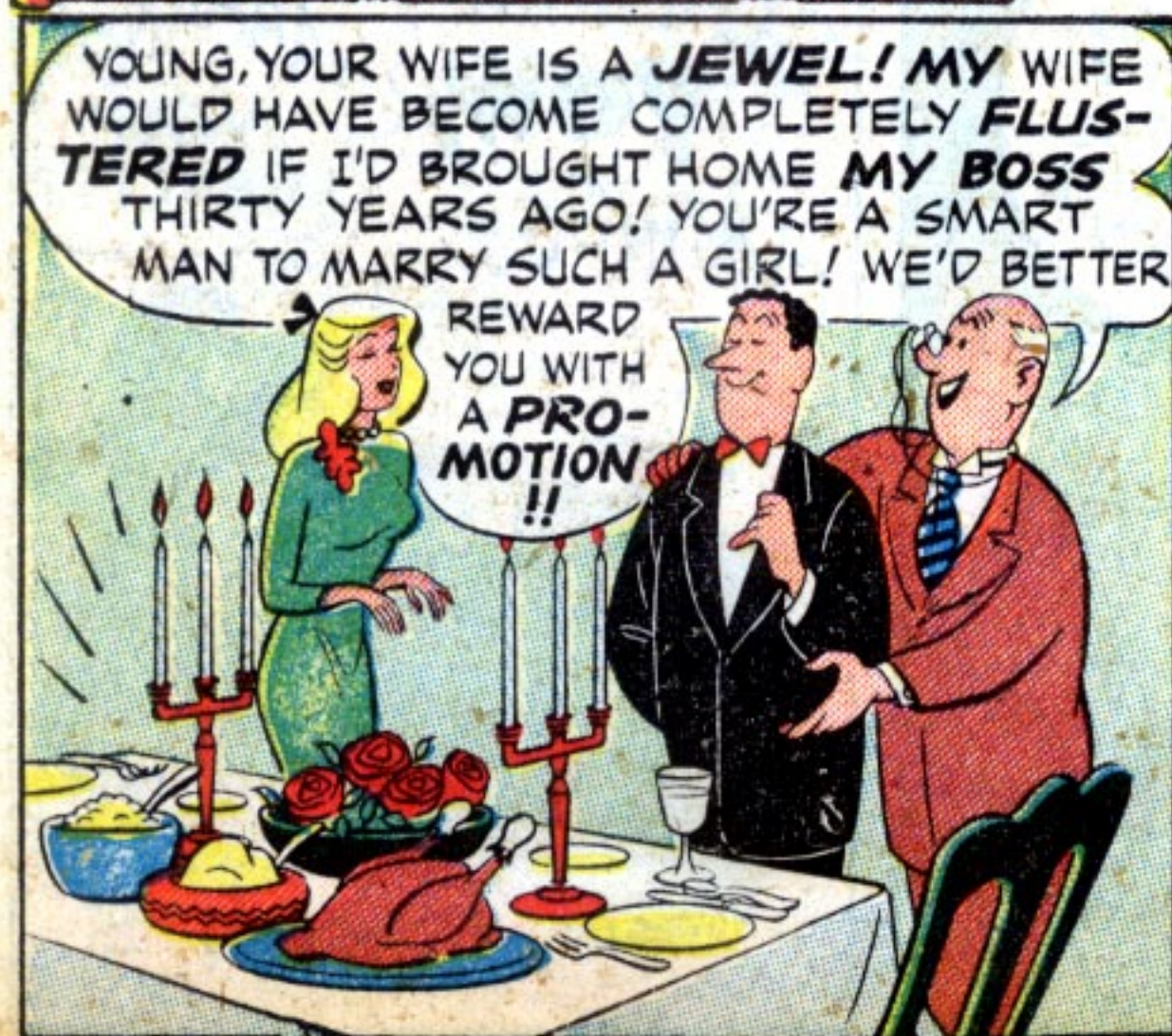
OH HH, TOOTHY!  
THIS IS AWFUL!  
MY HUSBAND  
WILL BE HOME  
IN HALF AN  
HOUR—AND  
LOOK AT  
THIS **MESS!**

I'M CLEANING IT UP,  
MRS. YOUNG. AND  
THEN I THINK I'LL  
PHONE MR. BARNES  
AT THE STORE...!

AS A RESULT OF HIS TALK WITH  
GUS, THE GROCER, TOOTHY HAS A  
BUSY HALF HOUR...



AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



YOUNG, YOUR WIFE IS A **JEWEL!** MY WIFE  
WOULD HAVE BECOME COMPLETELY **FLUS-**  
**TERED** IF I'D BROUGHT HOME **MY BOSS**  
THIRTY YEARS AGO! YOU'RE A SMART  
MAN TO MARRY SUCH A GIRL! WE'D BETTER

REWARD  
YOU WITH  
A **PRO-**  
**MOTION**  
**!!**

TOOTHY, IF THAT  
NICE MR. BARNES  
HADN'T SUGGESTED  
THAT YOU GO  
AROUND TO ALL  
YOUR CUSTOMERS  
AND ASK THEM FOR  
THEIR BEST DISHES  
FOR DINNER, I'D  
NEVER HAVE MADE  
IT! AND YOU-YOU'VE  
BEEN **WONDERFUL!**



**OH, BOY!**  
ME AND  
**OSCAR**  
OF THE  
**WALDORF!**



# CINDERELLA'S SISTER

SUNNY'S blue eyes were blurred with sandman's dust, but she was still half-awake—or, half-asleep, you might say. The green-covered book she had been reading was closed over the fingers of her right hand, and her other hand was curled over the top of her golden hair.

"I wonder," she muttered drowsily, "—whatever became of Cinderella's sisters, after she married the Prince . . .?"

Sunny yawned — and even though she was now more asleep than awake, she remembered to put her hand over her mouth, the way Mommy had taught her to do. Then she wriggled to a more comfortable position on the couch, and before another minute had passed she was in dreamland.

The next thing she knew, somebody was shaking her shoulder, none too gently, and a harsh voice was saying to her:

"Cinderella! Cinderella! Get up out of those ashes and comb my hair! And wash your hands first!"

Sunny blinked her eyes. Then she opened them wide. Then she sat up. And then she sneezed.

"See?" the unpleasant voice said. "That's what happens when you sleep in those cinders! They make you sneeze!"

"So they do, so they do." Sunny sneezed again. "But why did you call me Cinderella? My name is Sunny."

"Hmmm!" sniffed the voice. "It was Cinderella this morning, and it was Cinderella this afternoon; I don't see why it shouldn't be Cinderella this evening! Sunny! Sunny indeed!"

"Not Sunny *Indeed*," replied Sunny. "Sunny *Sunbeam*." For the first time, she turned her head and looked directly at the person with whom she had been having this baffling and rather unsatisfactory conversation. And then Sunny's eyes *really* opened wide!

Standing over her (and Sunny was startled to discover that she was indeed sitting on the hearthstones of a great, open fireplace) was a tall, thin, angular girl with a pinched, frowning face. Sunny had never seen a weasel, and did not know what one looked like, but for some reason the word popped into her head.

"Ohmigoodness!" she exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" the other piped. "Who do you suppose I am? I was Lena this morning, and I was Lena this afternoon; I don't see any rea-

son why I shouldn't be Lena this evening!"

Sunny, understandingly enough, was still somewhat confused, so it was perfectly natural for her to think that the other girl meant "*leaner*" when she said "Lena."

"Gracious!" cried Sunny. "If you keep on getting leaner, you'll soon be no wider than a shadow!"

"That's enough of that, you little snipe!" Lena snapped. "Now get up and help me pretty myself for the Ball!"

Sunny, as a rule, was not in the habit of entertaining unkind thoughts about anyone, but she could not help thinking that it might be rather difficult for Lena to "pretty" herself. A more important and personal problem immediately occupied her mind, however, for, looking down at herself, she saw that she was wearing a plain, somewhat threadbare, grey dress, ragged at hemline and sleeves, and covered by a thin dust of ashes; on her feet, instead of her usual slippers, were wooden shoes, something like the kind worn by Dutch children.

"Goodness!" she said to herself. "Somehow or other, it seems that I've become Cinderella — or Cinderella's turned into me!"

Sunny generally tried to do everything she was supposed to do, so, accepting the fact that she was now Cinderella (or the other way around), she went right to work doing Cinderella's chores.

First, she briskly brushed off most of the ash dust. Then she washed her hands and face in a big wooden bucket that stood on a bench outside the house, just under one of the kitchen windows. Finally, she went to Lena's bedroom and started to comb Lena's hair.

"Lena," she asked, after awhile, "— where's your other sister?"

"I don't know what's the matter with you today, Cinderella!" Lena declared impatiently. "You know very well that Tena got married right after the last Ball and hasn't been home since!"

"Tena?" Sunny repeated, slowly, thinking about it. "Got married? But — I thought *Cinderella* got married?"

"The first Cinderella, I suppose you mean?" Lena said. "She got married after the Ball the year before."

"The *first* Cinderella?" Sunny asked, more bewildered than ever now. "There was more than one?"

"Of course! What makes you so dull, Cinderella? We got so used to having a good servant around the house that we got another girl to replace Cinderella when that little snip went off and married her Prince. You are the sixth or seventh Cinderella we've had since then."

"I see!" nodded Sunny, working away busily with the hairbrush. "And you call *every one* of us Cinderella?"



"It's easy to remember that way," Lena told her. "What's the sense of learning new names all the time?"

"None, I suppose," Sunny said, agreeably. "What became of all the Cinderellas between the first one and me?"

"They all got married, one after the other," replied Lena; and suddenly, there was a little break in her voice. "Every single one got married. *Everybody* gets married! Even my fat sister Tena got married." Her voice rose and became a heartrending wail: "Everybody gets married except ME!"

And with that, Lena burst into tears.

For a moment, so unexpected was this development, Sunny did not know what to do. Then, quickly sympathetic, she put down the hairbrush and slipped an arm around Lena's thin, shaking shoulders.

"Don't cry, Lena," she said gently. "Lots of people don't get married. Look at me, for instance — *I'm* not married."

"That's a silly thing to say!" cried Lena. "You're only a child — but I'm a full-grown woman! And there must be something wrong with me, if everybody else can get married and I can't!"

"I don't think there's anything wrong with you, Lena," Sunny said. "Though I do imagine that people would like you better if you spoke more pleasantly to them. But, tell me, don't you have a fairy godmother, like Cinderella did? — that's the *first* Cinderella, of course."

"No, I don't have a fairy godmother," Lena wailed. "I don't have anybody to turn pumpkins into coaches, mice into horses, and frogs into footmen!"

"Lena, dear," Sunny soothed, "— nobody needs a fancy coach, or prancing horses, or dressed-up footmen to make people like them. All you need is to be nice yourself. That's what Mommy always told me, and I know it's true."

"Just being nice isn't enough!" argued Lena, sniffing violently. "You have to be pretty — and witty — and a good dancer — and dressed in the latest style . . .!"

"Was your sister Tena pretty and witty, and a good dancer, and dressed in the latest style?" Sunny asked.

"Who — *her*?" squeaked Lena, forgetting her tears for a moment. "I should say not! She was fat, and stupid, and she didn't know one foot from the other! And as for style, *well*! — a scarecrow dressed better than she did!"

"That's not a very nice way to talk about your sister, Lena," Sunny said. "But — if Tena was so unattractive as you say, how is it that anybody liked her well enough to marry her?"

"Wellll, Tena was always a good *listener*," Lena admitted, "— and although she bleated like a sheep when she did talk, she had a fairly nice singing voice. And she was a good cook, too . . ."

"You see, Lena?" And Sunny smiled. "Everybody has something nice about them, if you only look for it. Take yourself, for instance: you have very beautiful hair."

"I do?" Surprise and wonderment blended in Lena's voice — and the harshness was quite gone out of her tone.

"You really do, Lena. I know — because I've been brushing it and combing it, and feeling its softness in my fingers. It's very fine hair, but it's strong; it has a beautiful color and it curls easily. And it smells fresh and sweet."

"I do wash it regularly," Lena said, and now she sounded pleased. "But hair is only hair, after all. Nobody would marry me just because I have nice hair."

"You never can tell why people marry each other," Sunny stated (and she didn't know at all why people *did*). "But I just *know* there must be something else about you that someone would like. Look at those lovely pictures on the wall, now; I think they're very nice, and pretty — so that shows you have good taste, anyway."

"Those pictures?" Lena sounded surprised. "Why, I painted them."

"You did?" Sunny cried. "That's even better!"

There was a small moment of silence after that, then Lena said thoughtfully:

"You know what, Cinderella the Sixth? — or Seventh — whichever you are. You make me feel very good somehow. I think I might really enjoy myself at the Ball tonight!"

"Goodie!" exclaimed Sunny. "Now, let me finish your hair, and then you can put on your prettiest dress and get started."

The minutes flew, and then the hours, and shortly after midnight, Lena was rushing back in the front door, her face radiant with smiling happiness. Sunny, who had gone to sleep on the rag rug in front of the hearth, instead of in the ashes on the hearth itself, raised herself on one elbow, and greeted the returning girl.

"Did you have a nice time, Lena?"

"The best of my whole life, Sunnyella!" Lena cried. "I met the most wonderful Prince — and he loves me — and we're going to be married! Oh, I'm so happy!"

And Lena ran swiftly across the room, bent down, and kissed Sunny hard on the cheek.

"It's time to get up, dear! You have to get into your pajamas and go to bed properly."

"What? What did you say?" Sunny asked, blinking her eyes.

"I said it's bedtime, darling. You don't want to sleep on the couch all night, do you, Sunny?"

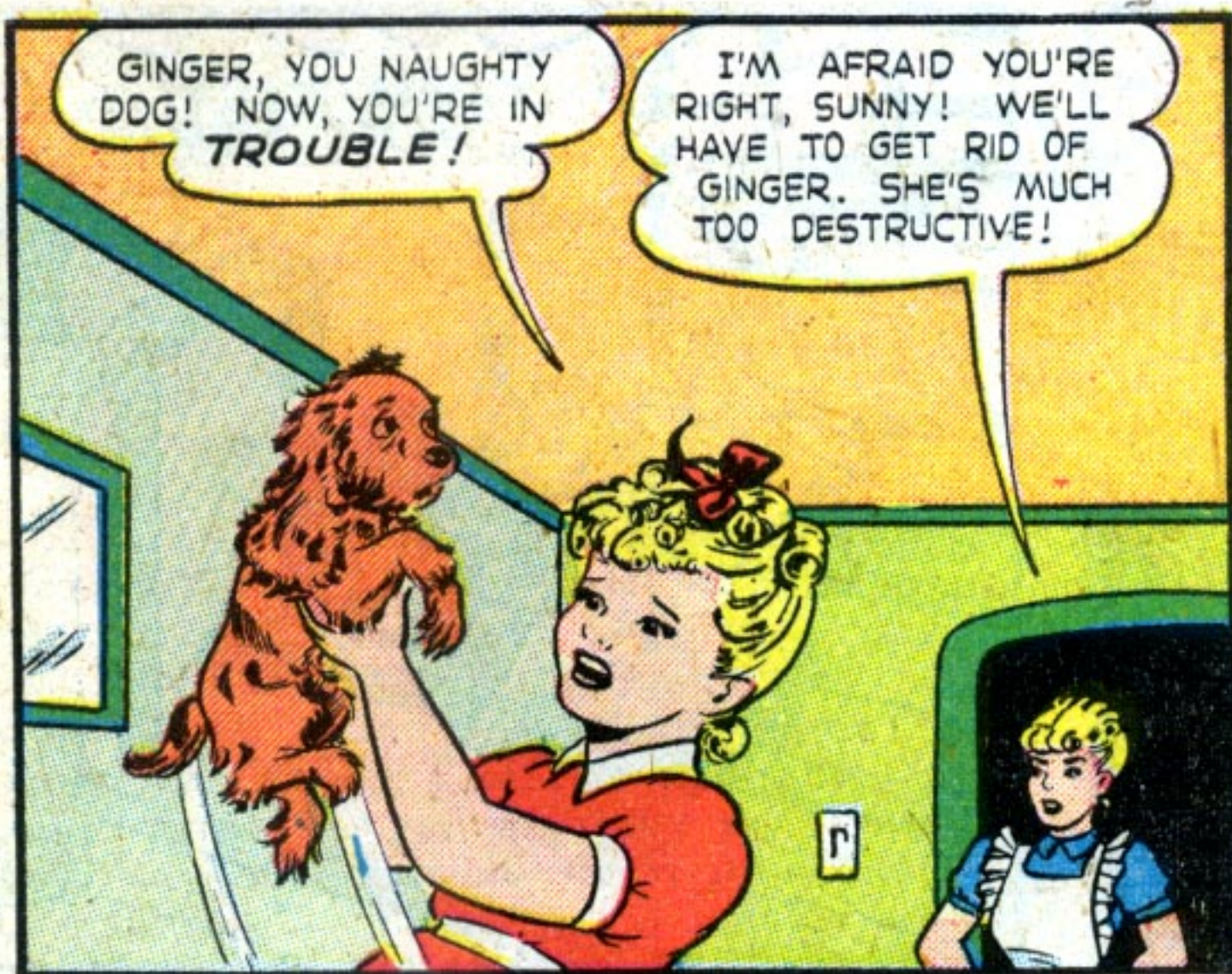
It wasn't Lena; it was Mommy. And Sunny was back in her own home again — but now she knew what had happened to Cinderella's sisters.

THE END.



# Little Miss Sunbeam

IN  
"LITTLE DOG GONE!"



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE  
RIGHT, SUNNY! WE'LL  
HAVE TO GET RID OF  
GINGER. SHE'S MUCH  
TOO DESTRUCTIVE!



DADDY,  
PLEASE...





NOW, NOW, SUNNY! DON'T CRY, SWEETHEART... I THINK WE CAN KEEP GINGER! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS BUY MOMMY A NEW CUSHION! ...HOW ABOUT IT, DEAR?

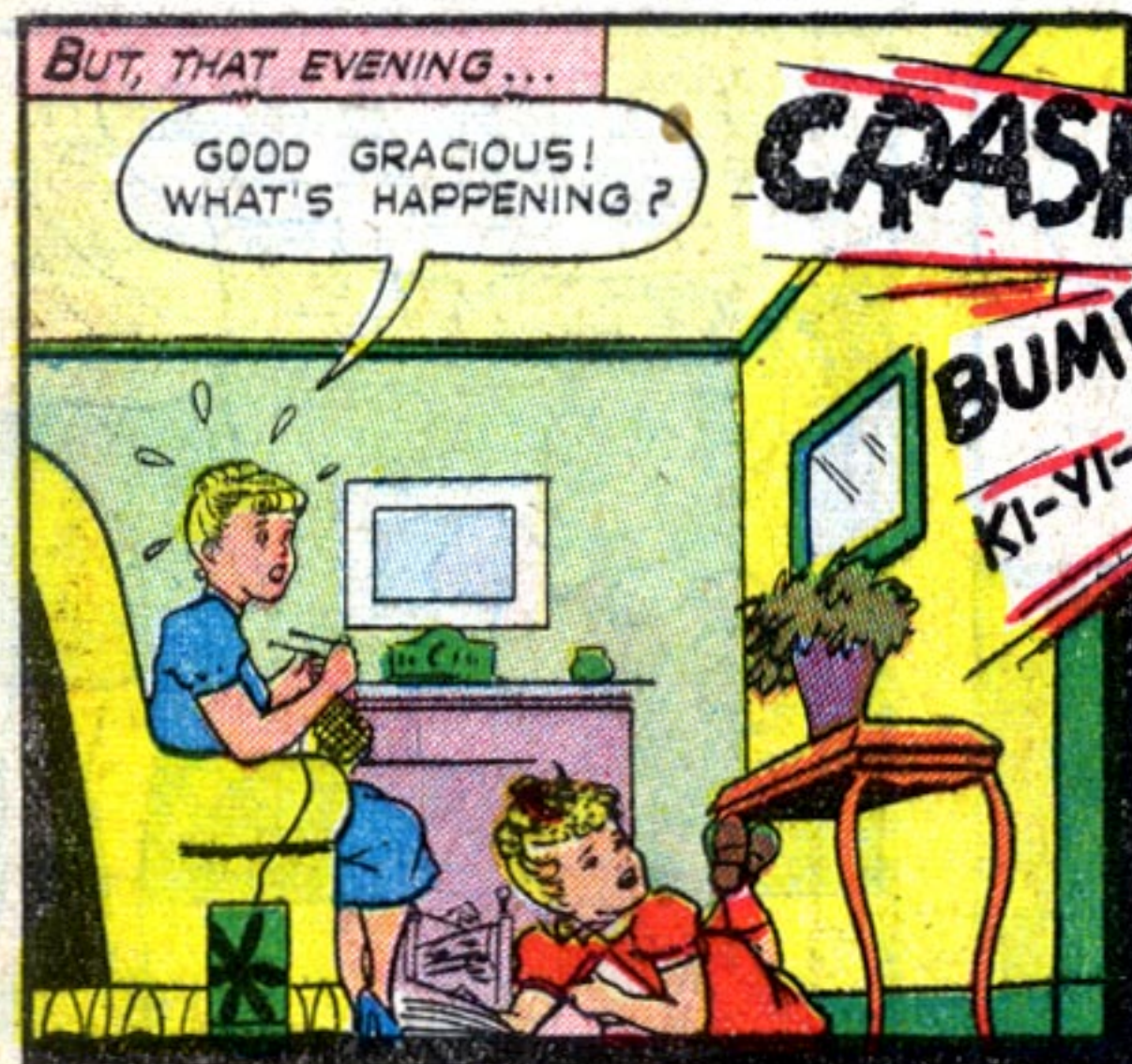


WELL... ALL RIGHT. BUT SHE DESTROYS SO MANY THINGS, SAM!



THINGS ARE ONLY *THINGS*, SUSAN! BUT PEOPLE AND DOGS ARE *IMPORTANT*!

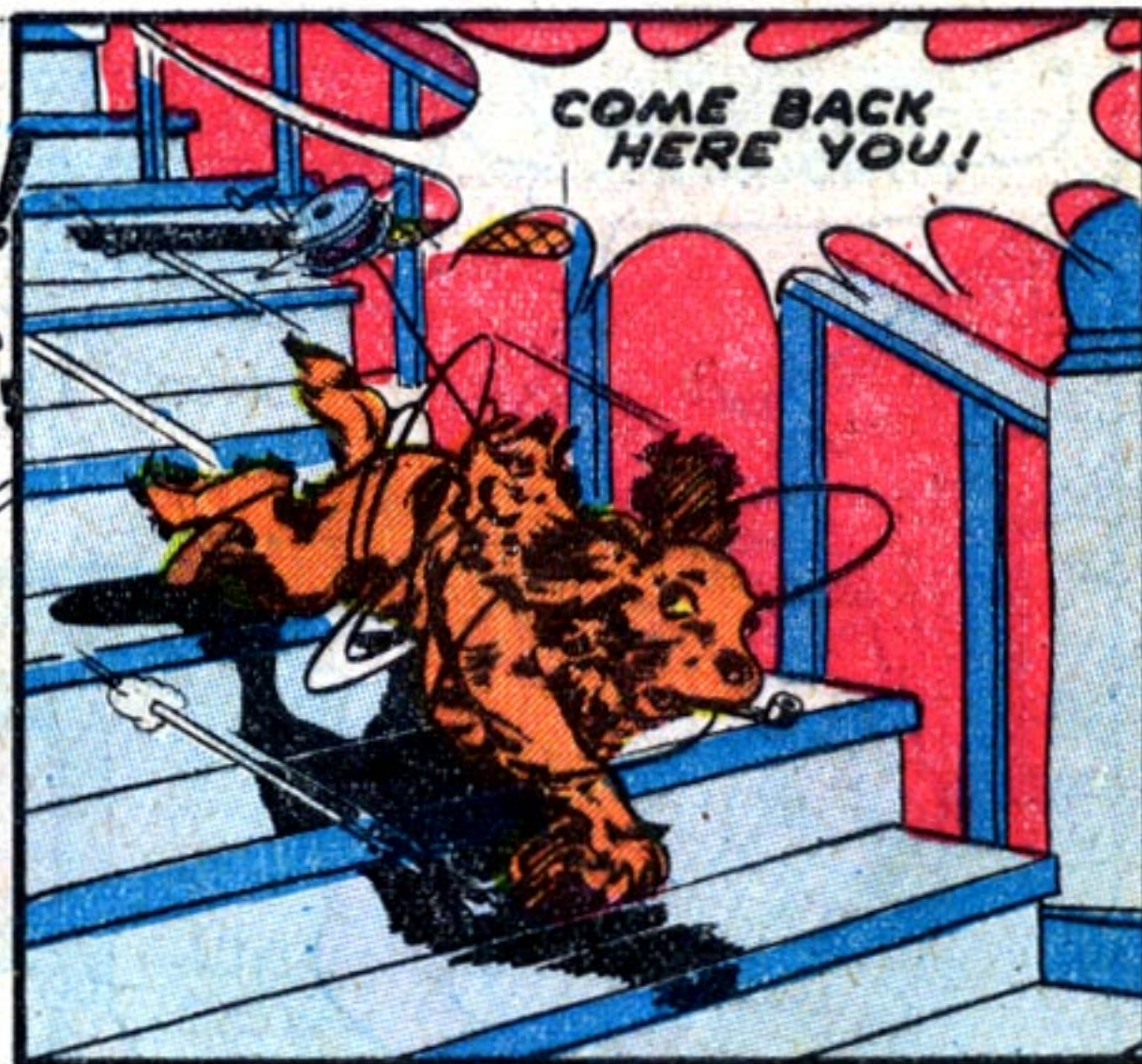
RIGHT, BABY?



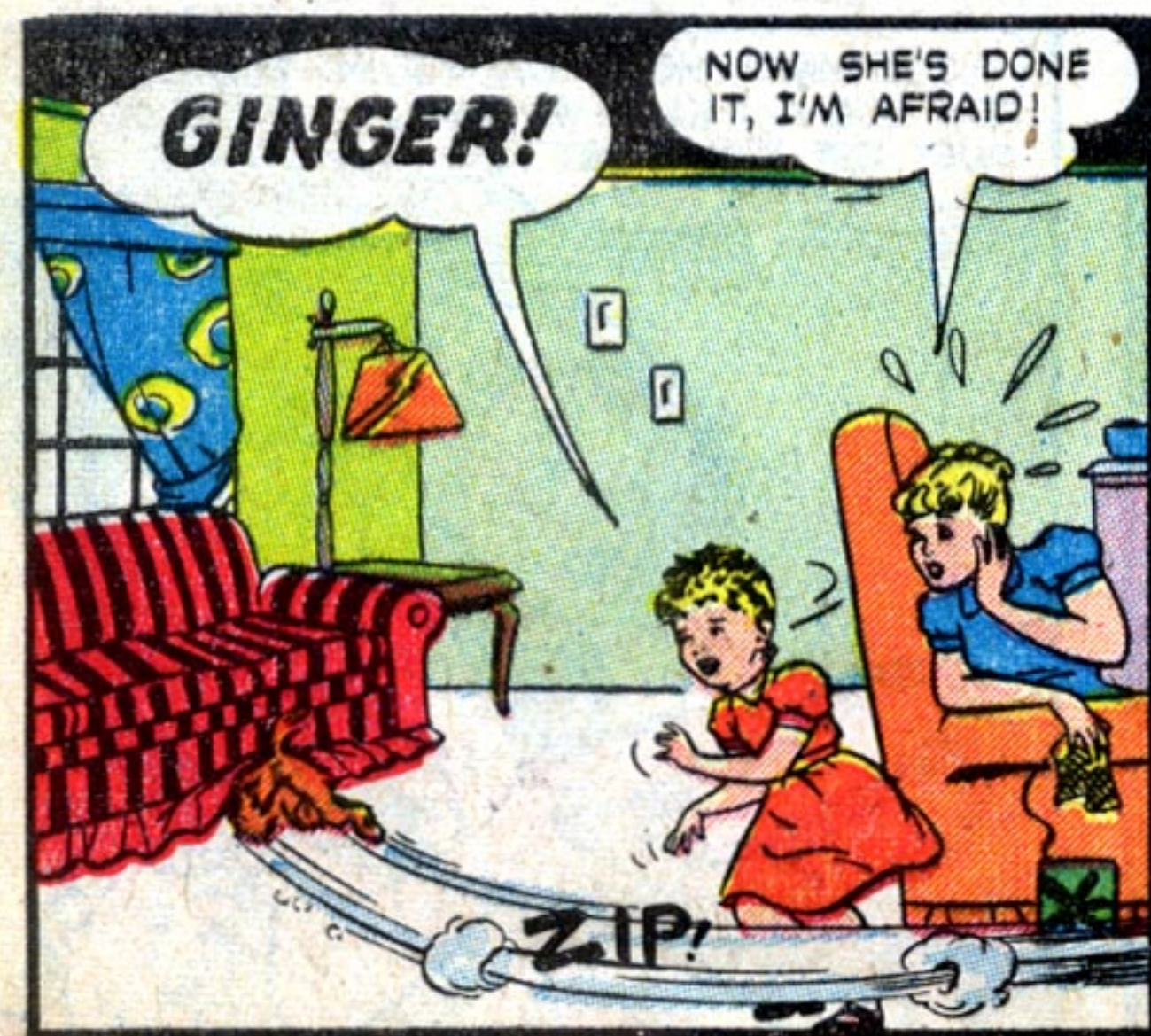
BUT, THAT EVENING...

GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

**CRASH!**  
**BUMP!**  
KI-YI-YI!



COME BACK HERE YOU!



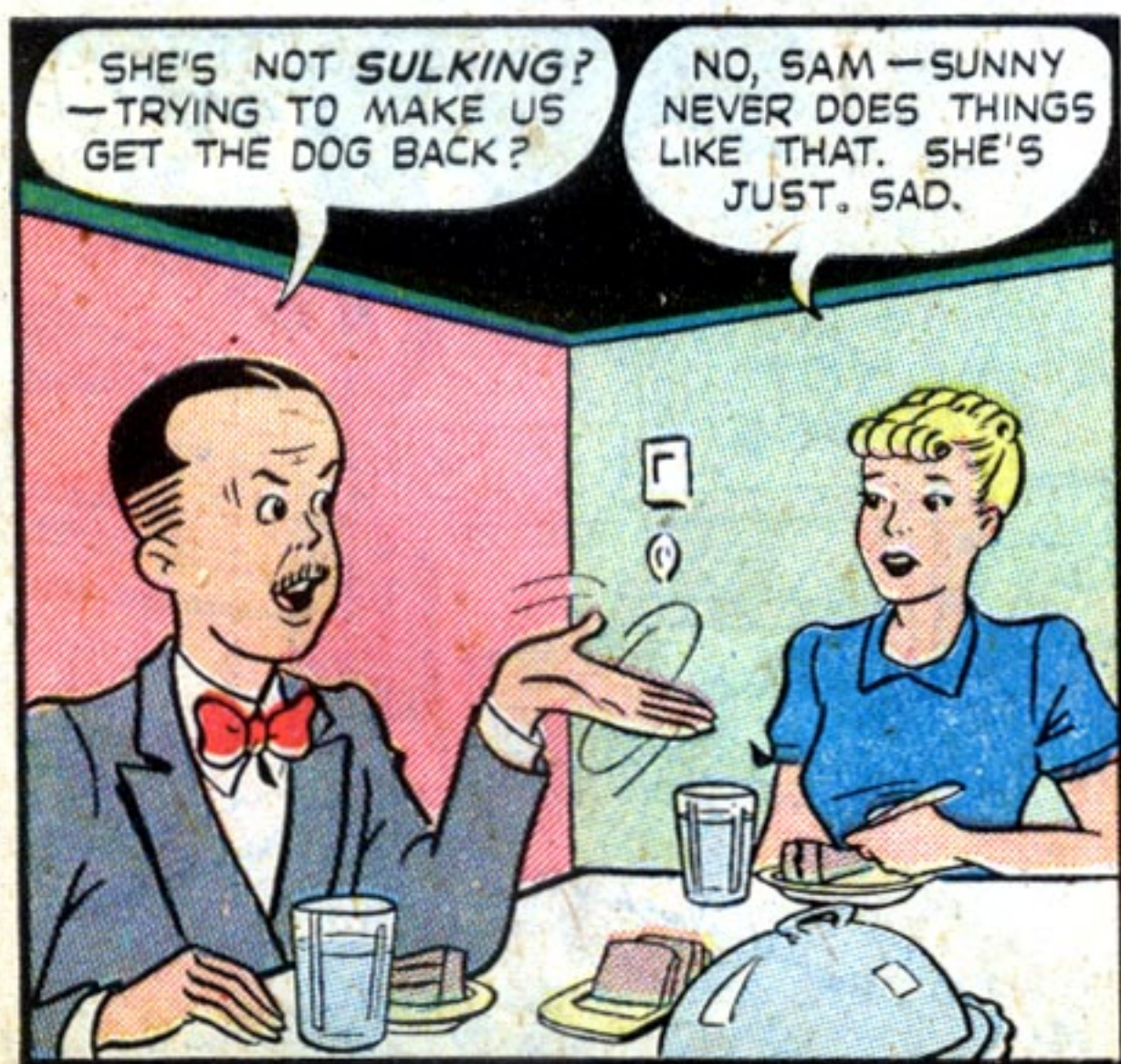
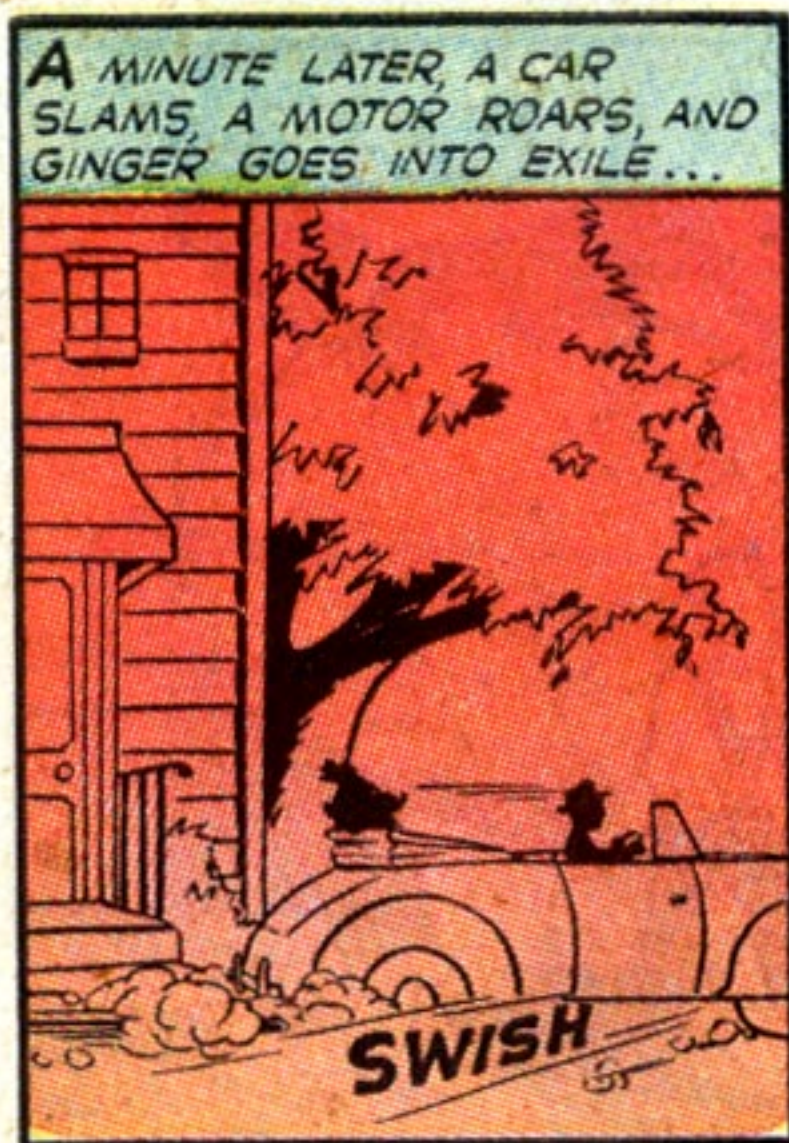
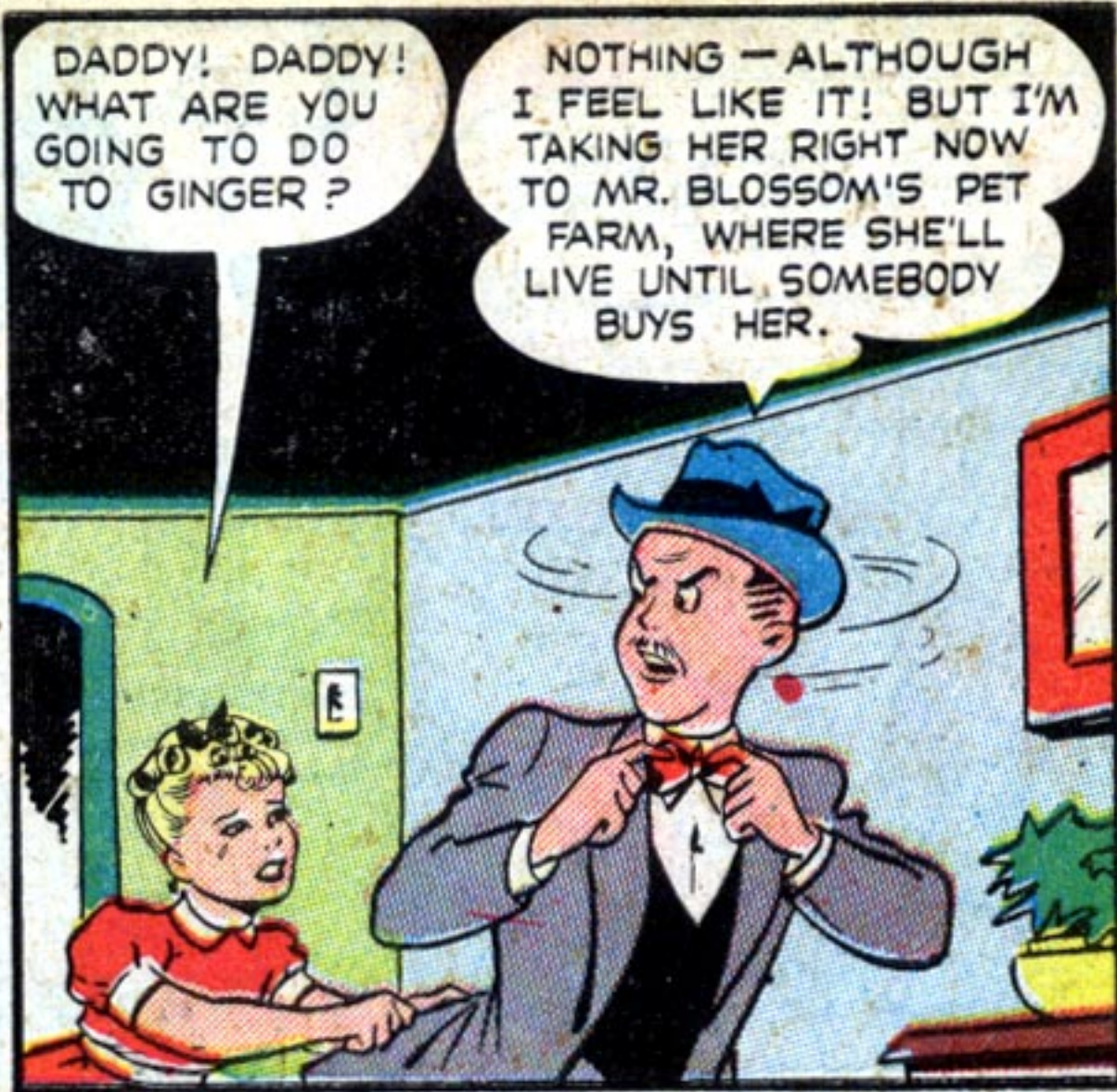
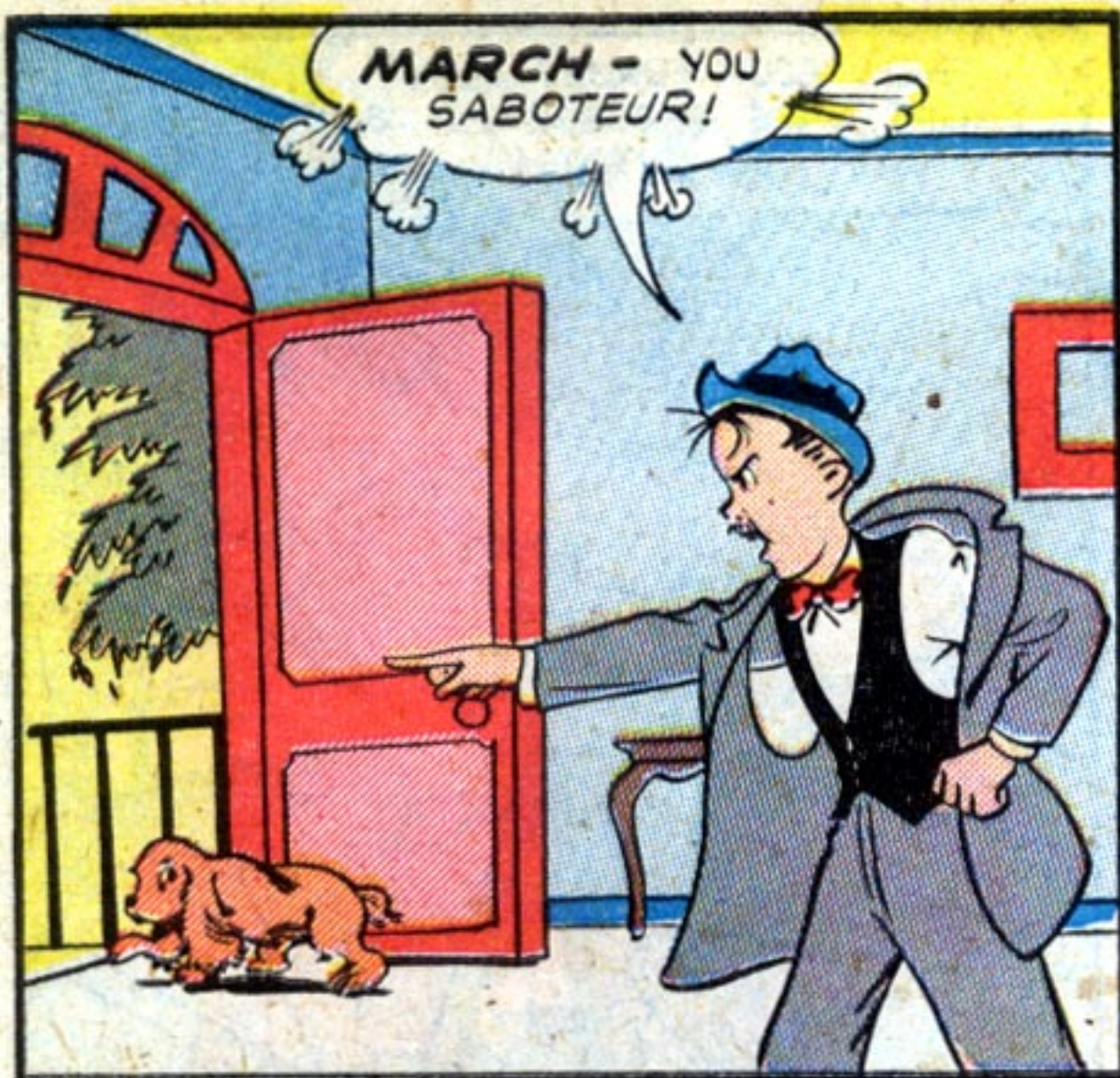
**GINGER!**

NOW SHE'S DONE IT, I'M AFRAID!

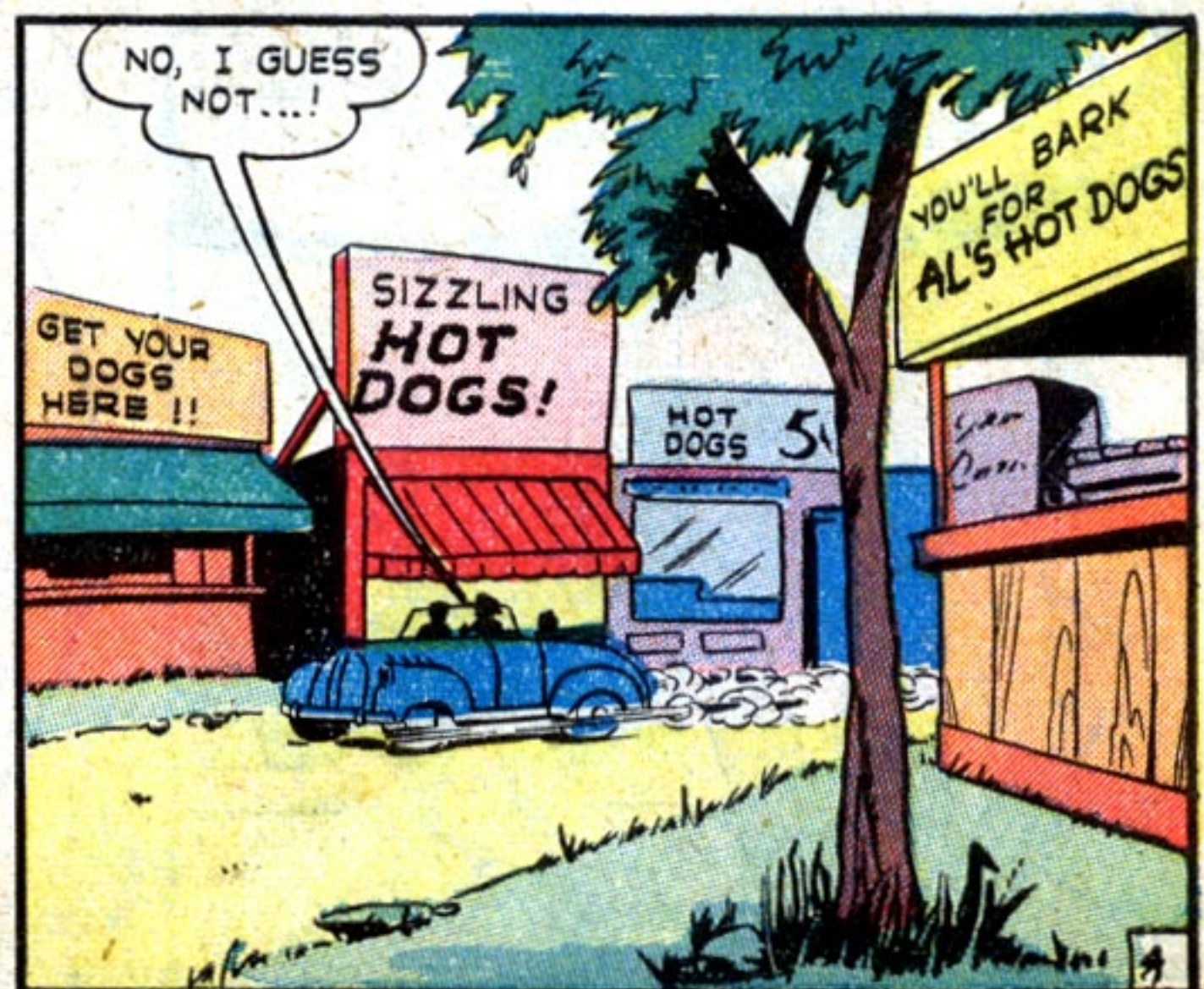
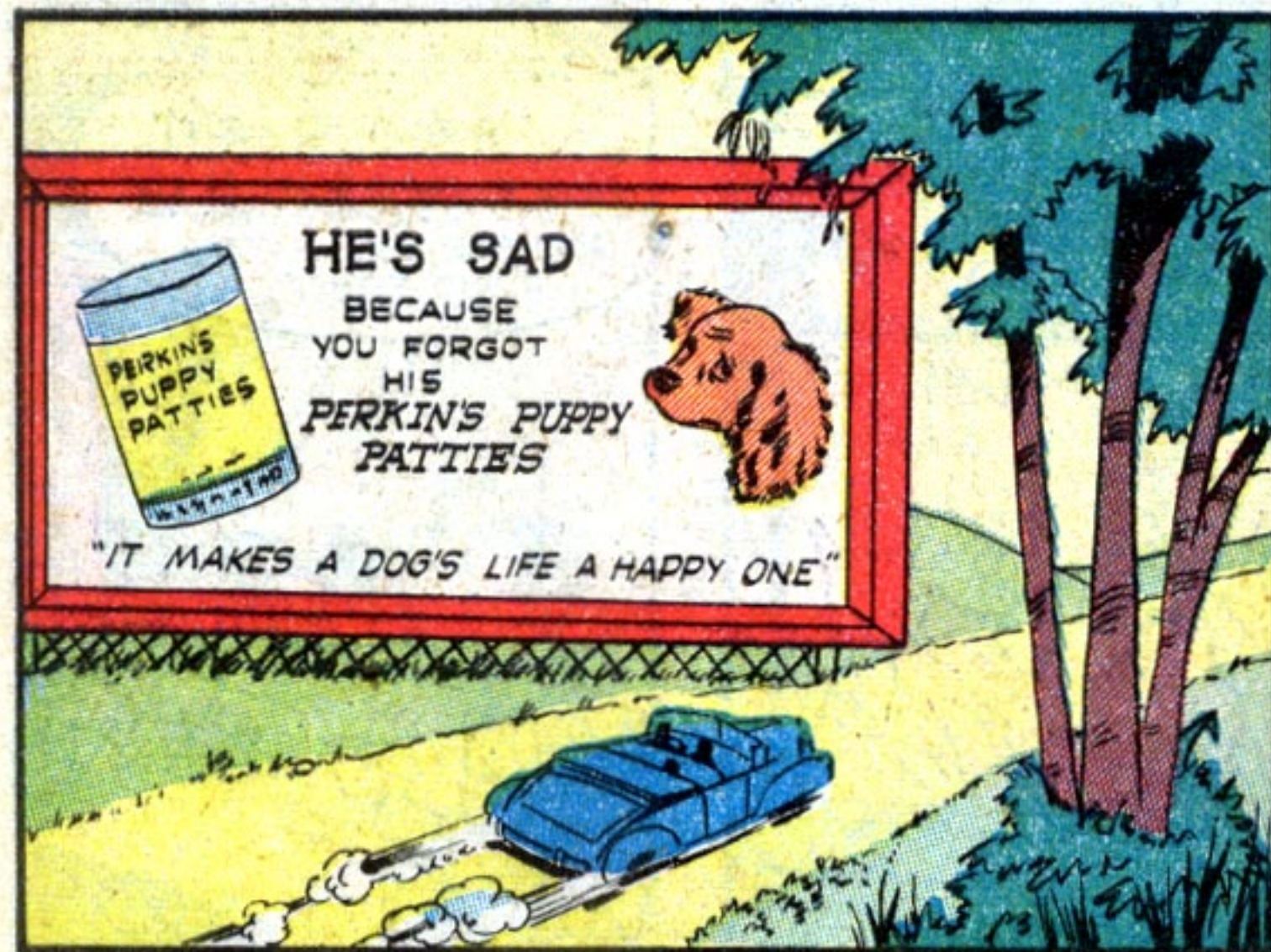
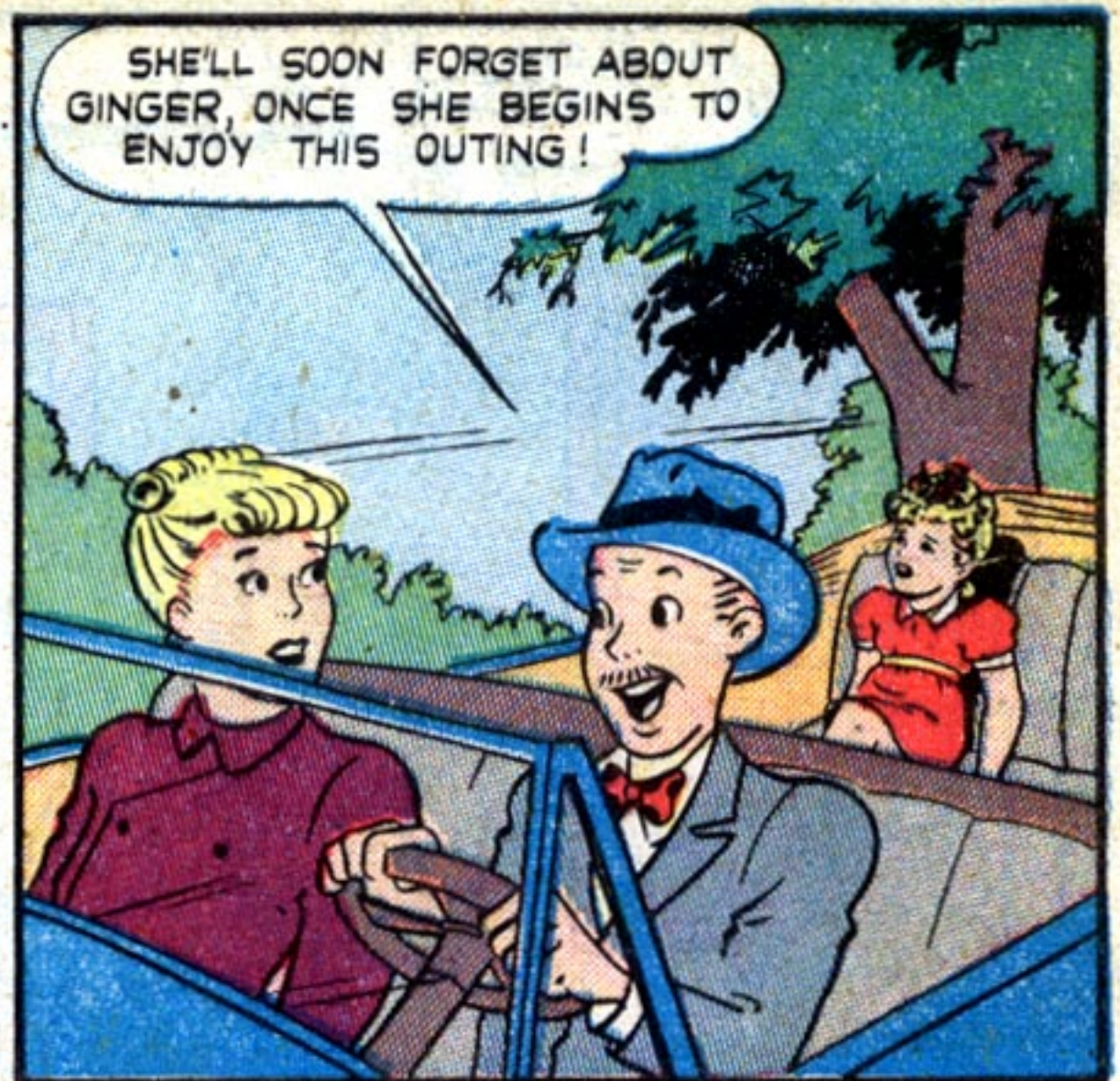
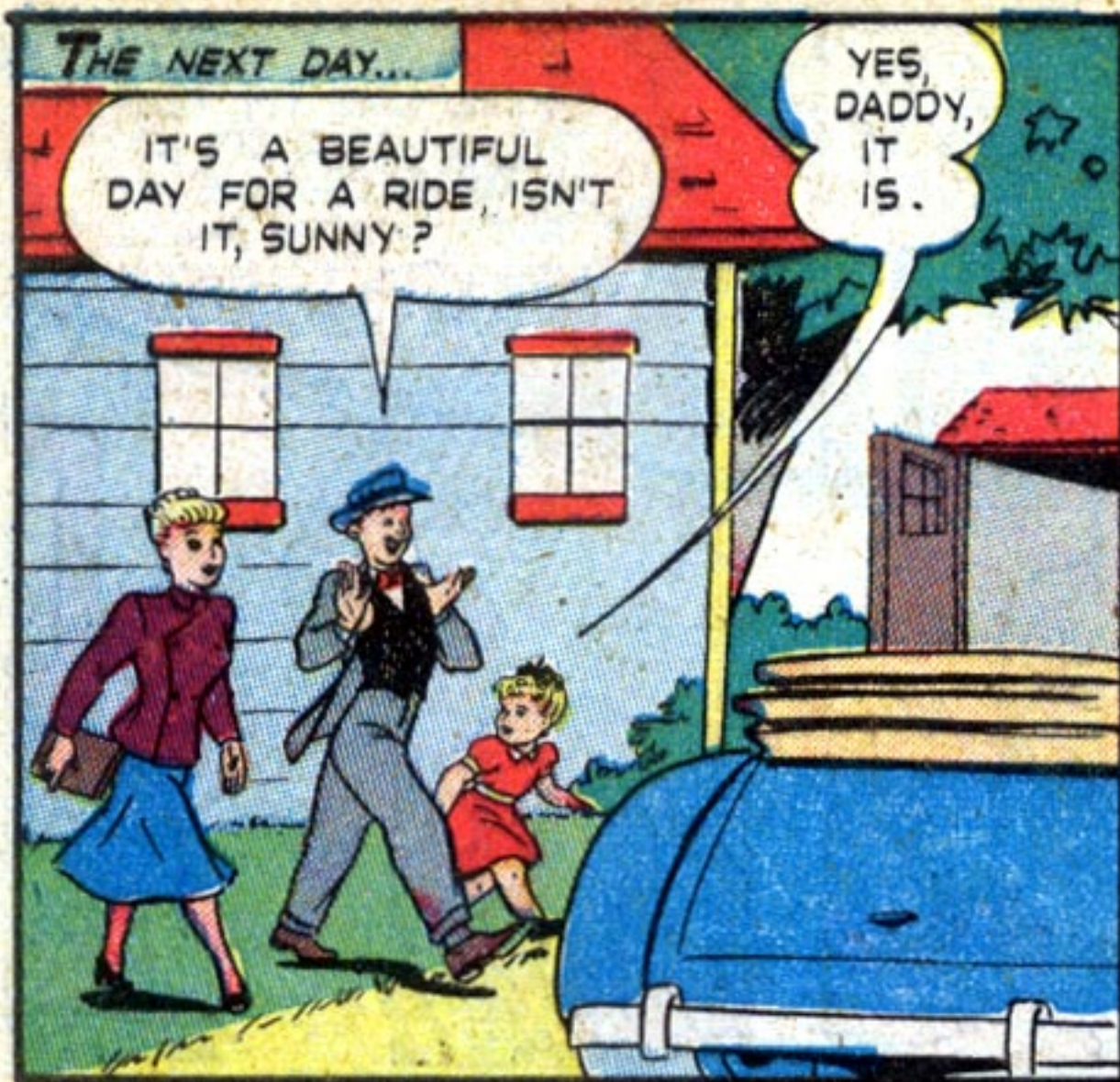


LOOK! MY BEST FISHING TACKLE! MY FAVORITE PIPES! THAT DOG - THAT DOG - SHE'S GOT TO GO...!

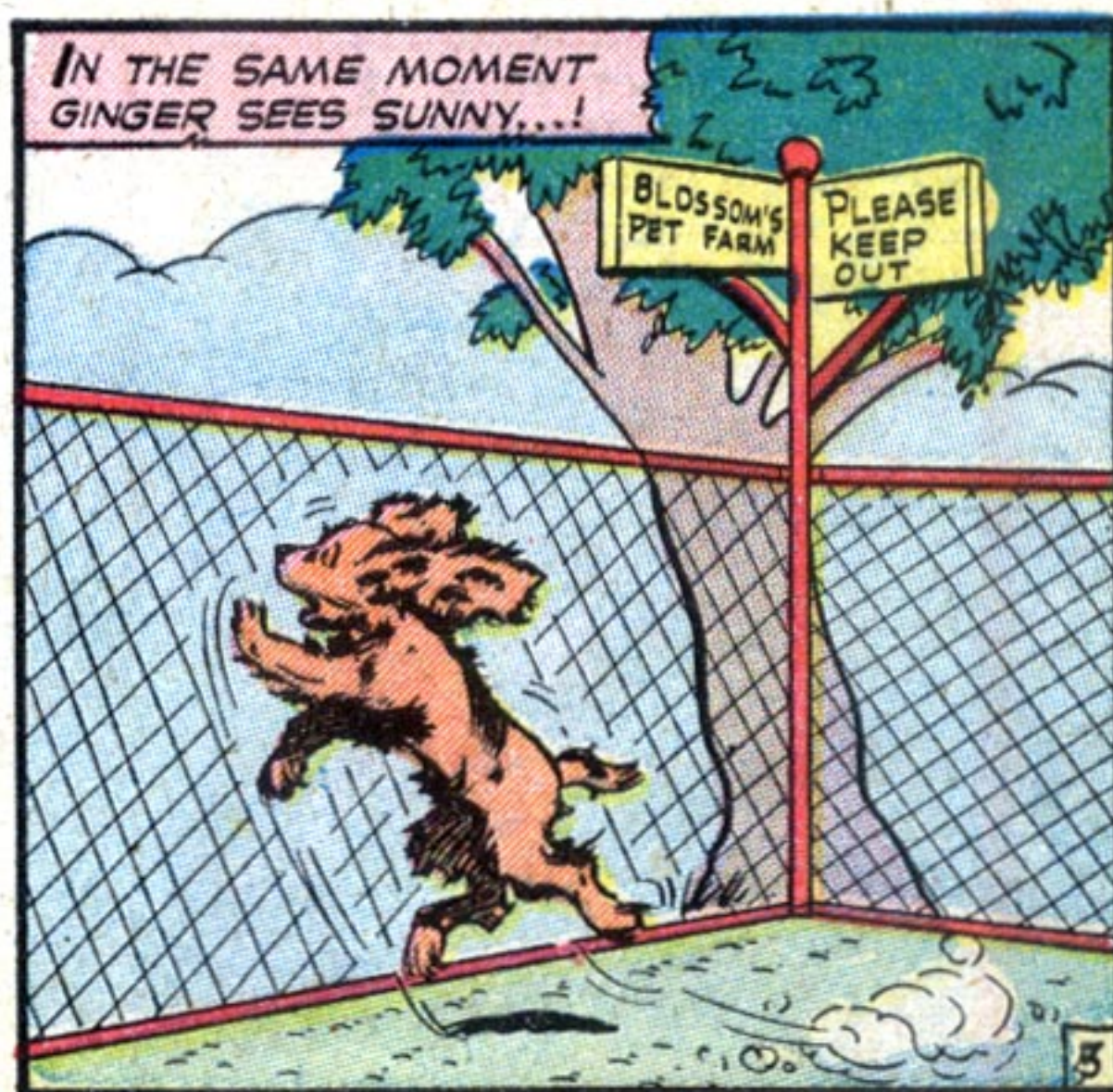
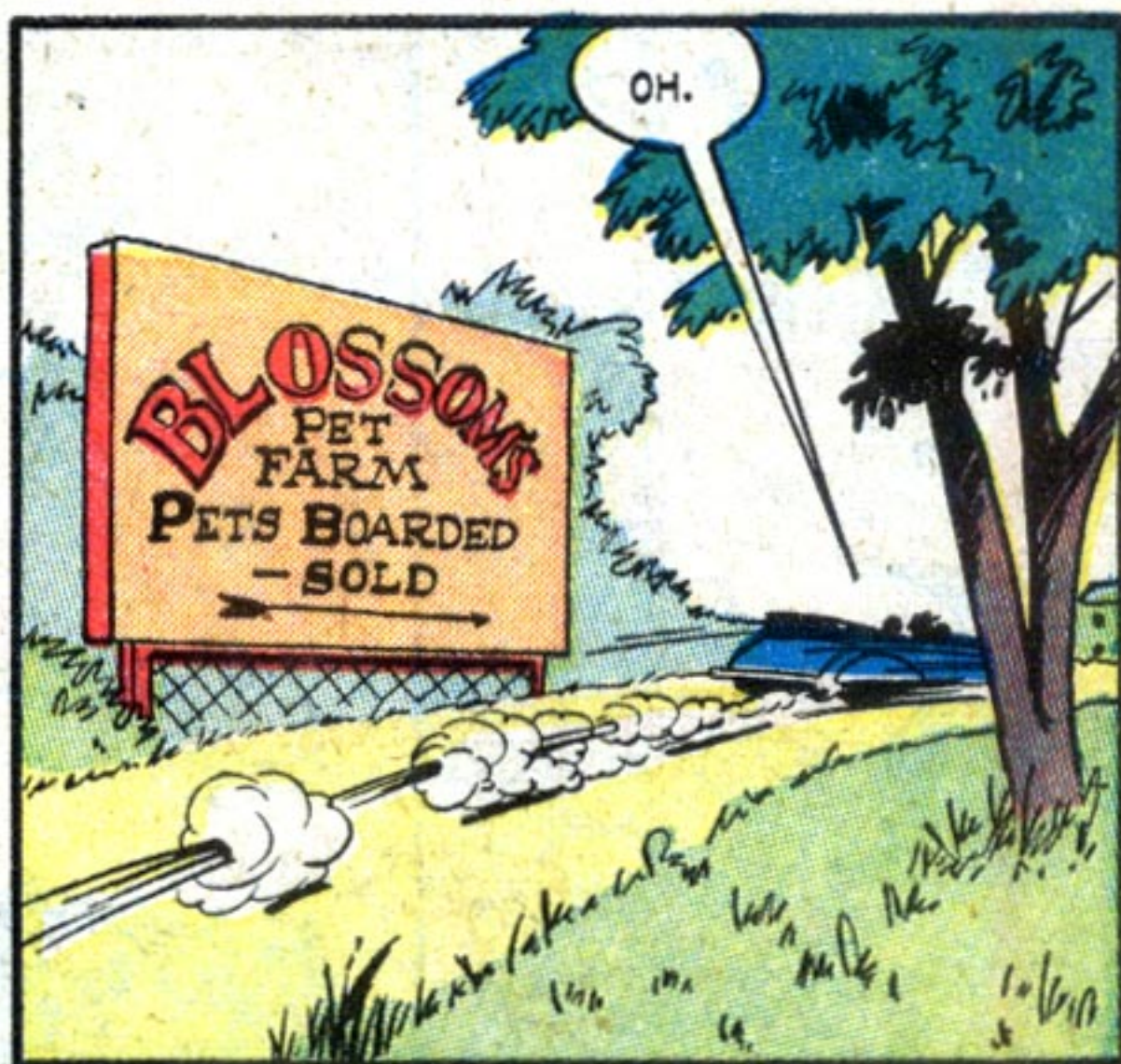
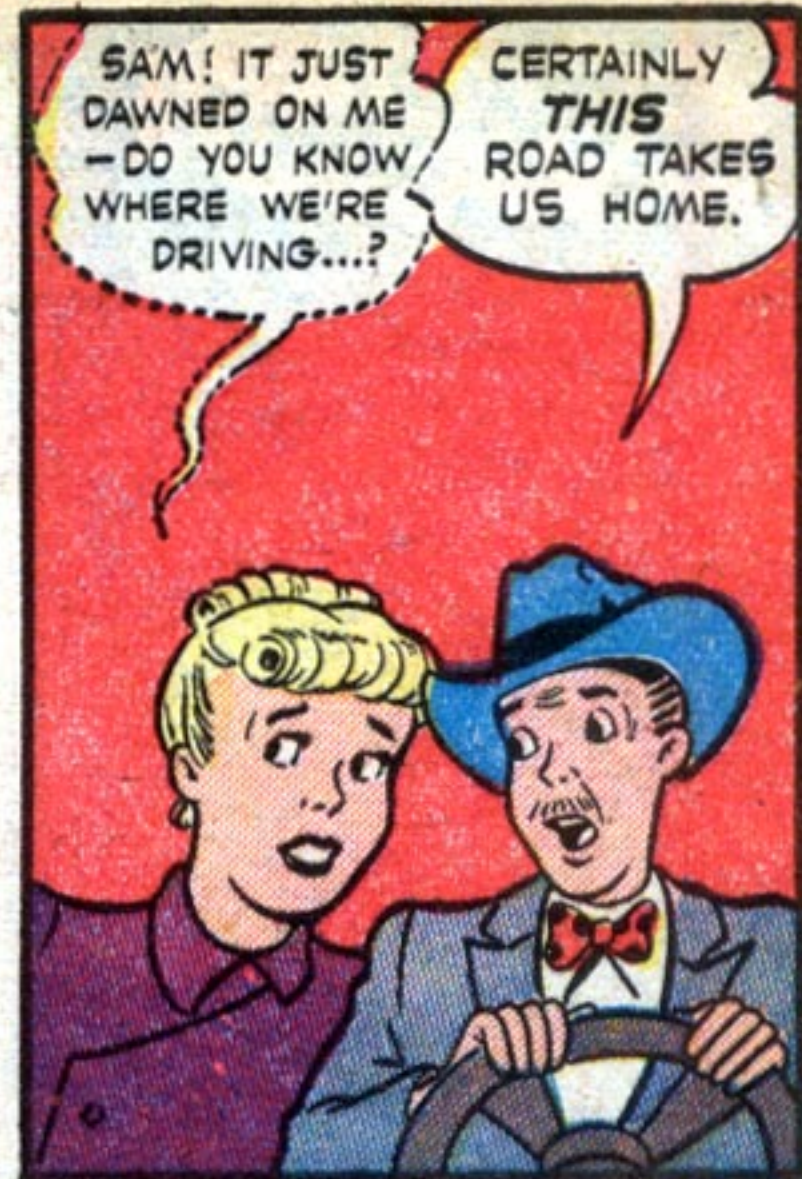




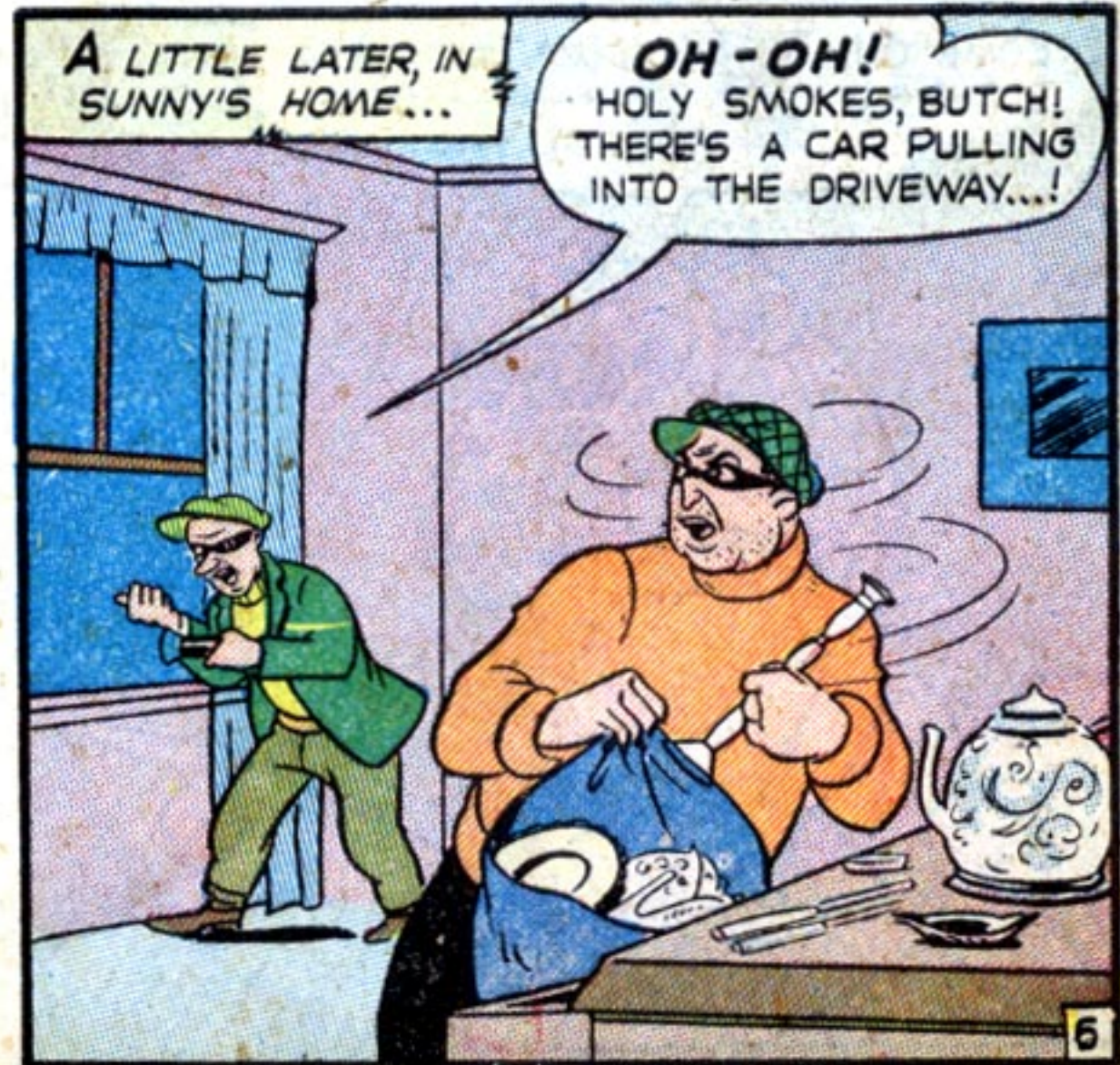
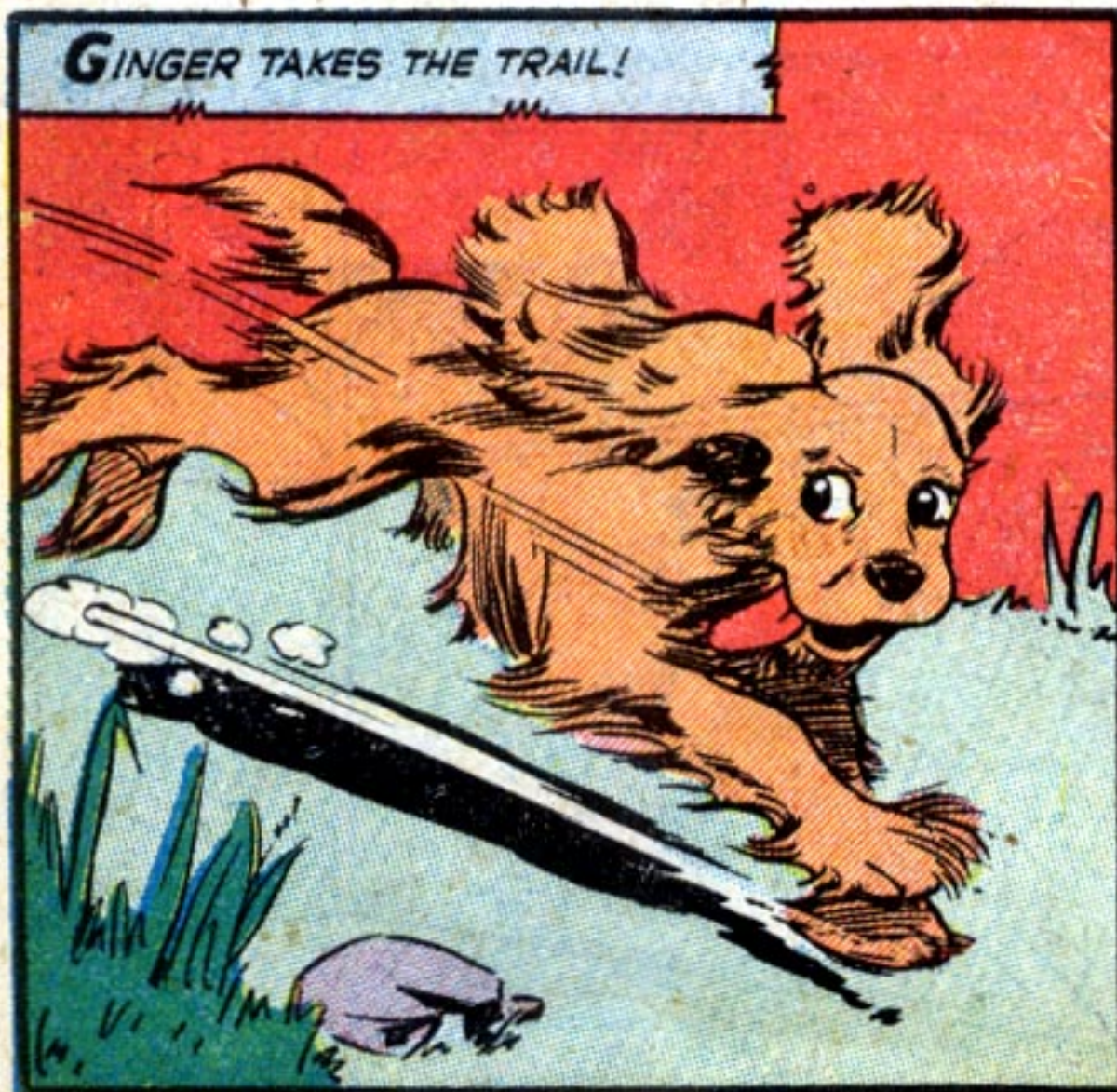
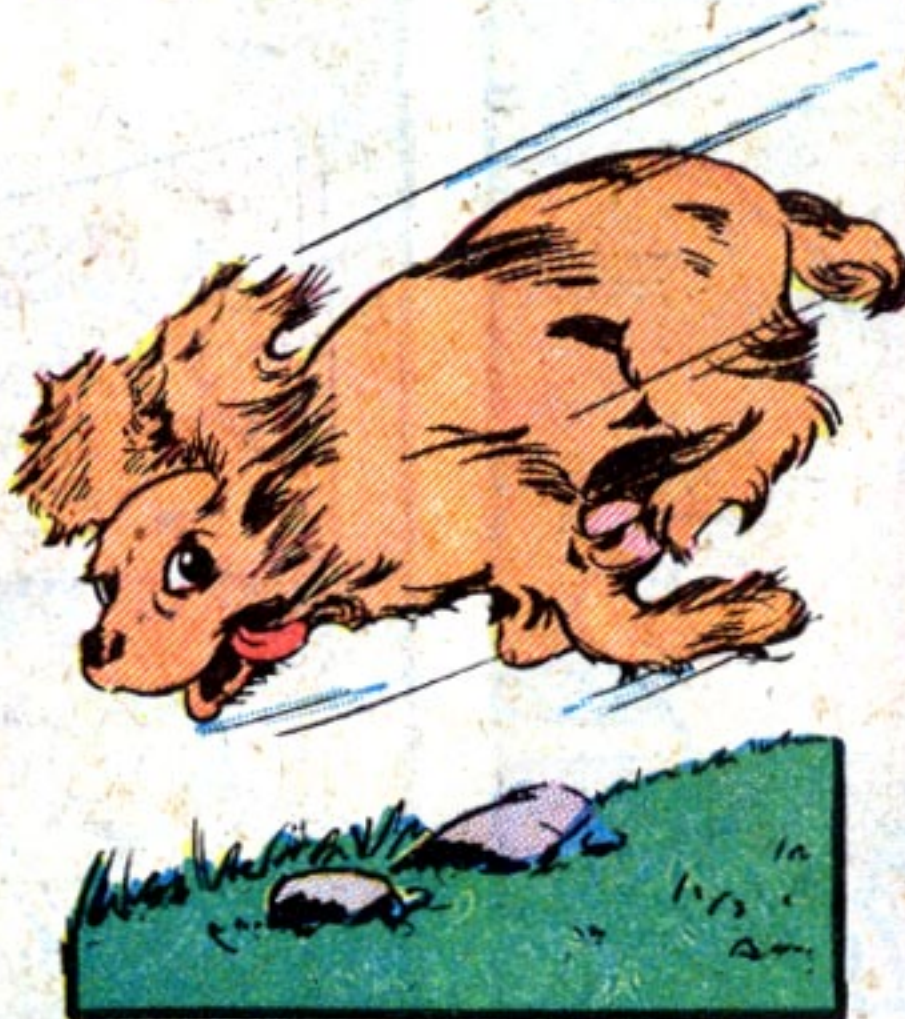
















THE KID AND HER MOTHER ARE COMIN' IN — WE BETTER DUCK OUT THE BACK DOOR!

WE CAN'T — THE GUY IS TAKIN' THE CAR BACK THERE...!



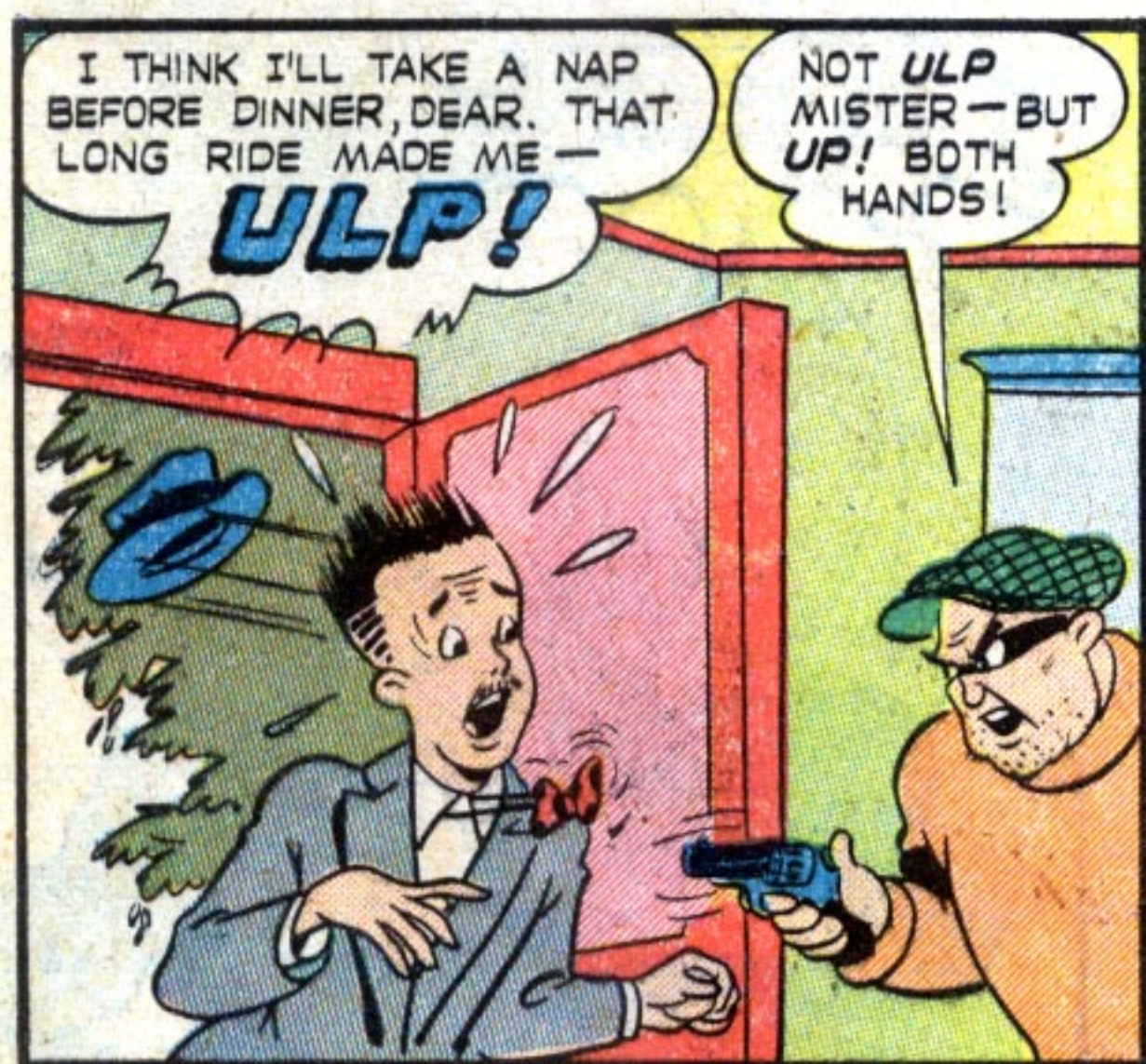
WELL, SUNNY, HOME AT —

**E-E-E-K!**

TAKE IT EASY, LADY...!



JUST DO AS WE TELL YA AN' YA WON'T GET HURT! GO ON INTO THE KITCHEN...!



I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP BEFORE DINNER, DEAR. THAT LONG RIDE MADE ME —

**ULP!**

NOT ULP MISTER — BUT UP! BOTH HANDS!



BUT FIRST GIMME THE CAR KEYS. WE'RE GONNA BORROW YOUR CHARIOT TO PUT A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN THIS PLACE AND US...!



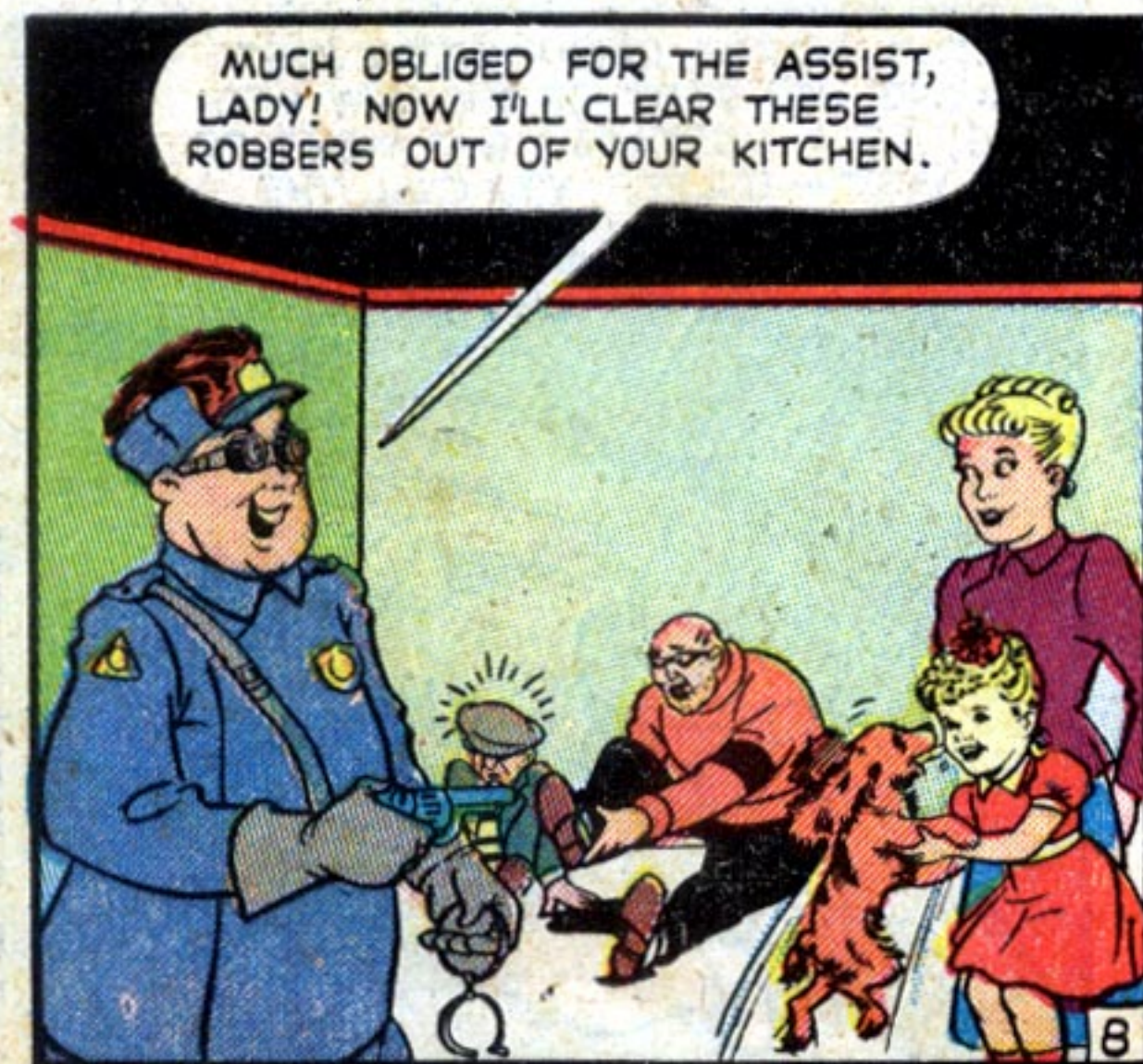
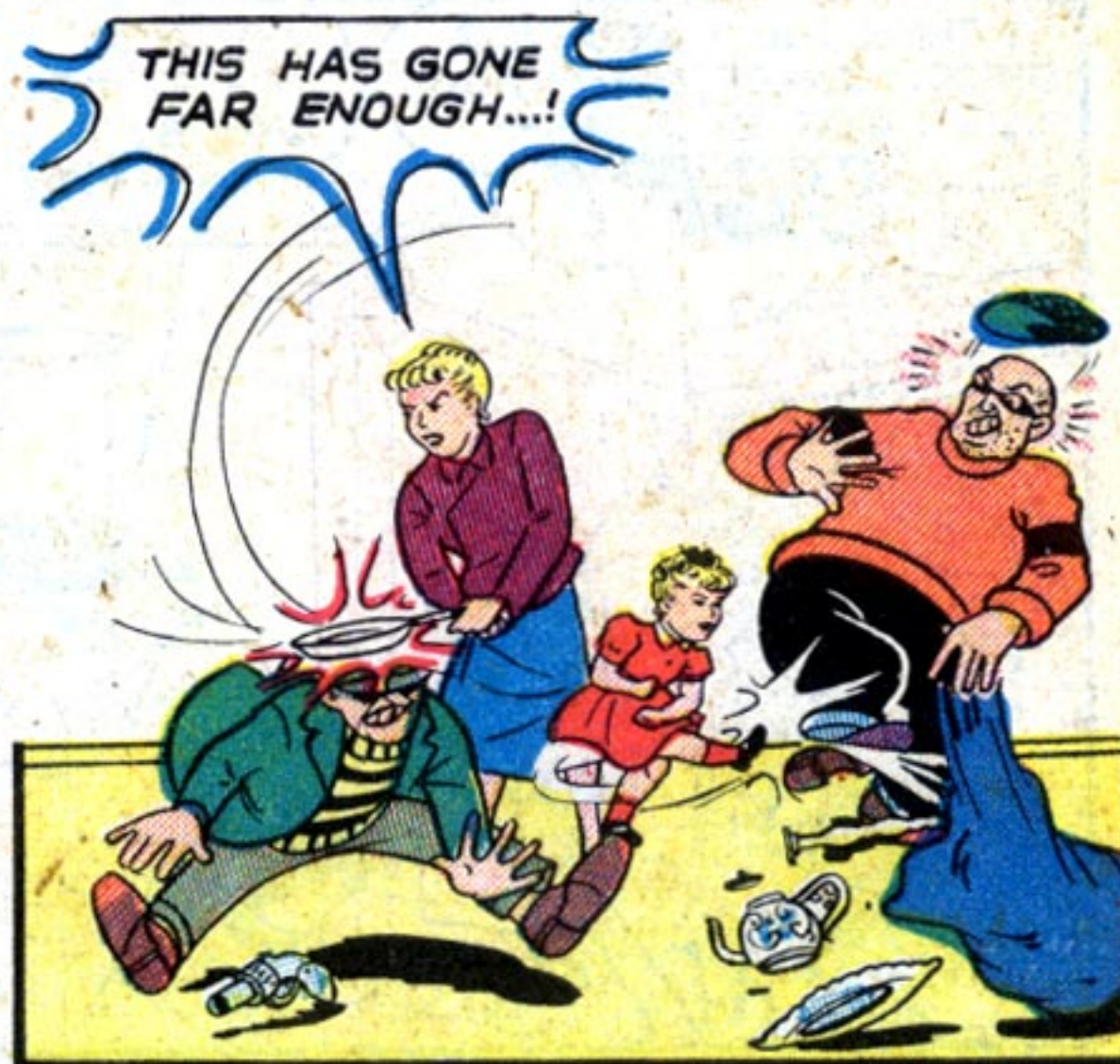
COME ON, BLONDIE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH SUNNY...!



DON'T WORRY, LADY! WE'RE JUST TAKING HER PART OF THE WAY WITH US, AS A HOSTAGE. SHE WON'T BE HURT — UNLESS YOU CALL THE COPS...!







# Sunbeamland

## PUZZLE PAGE

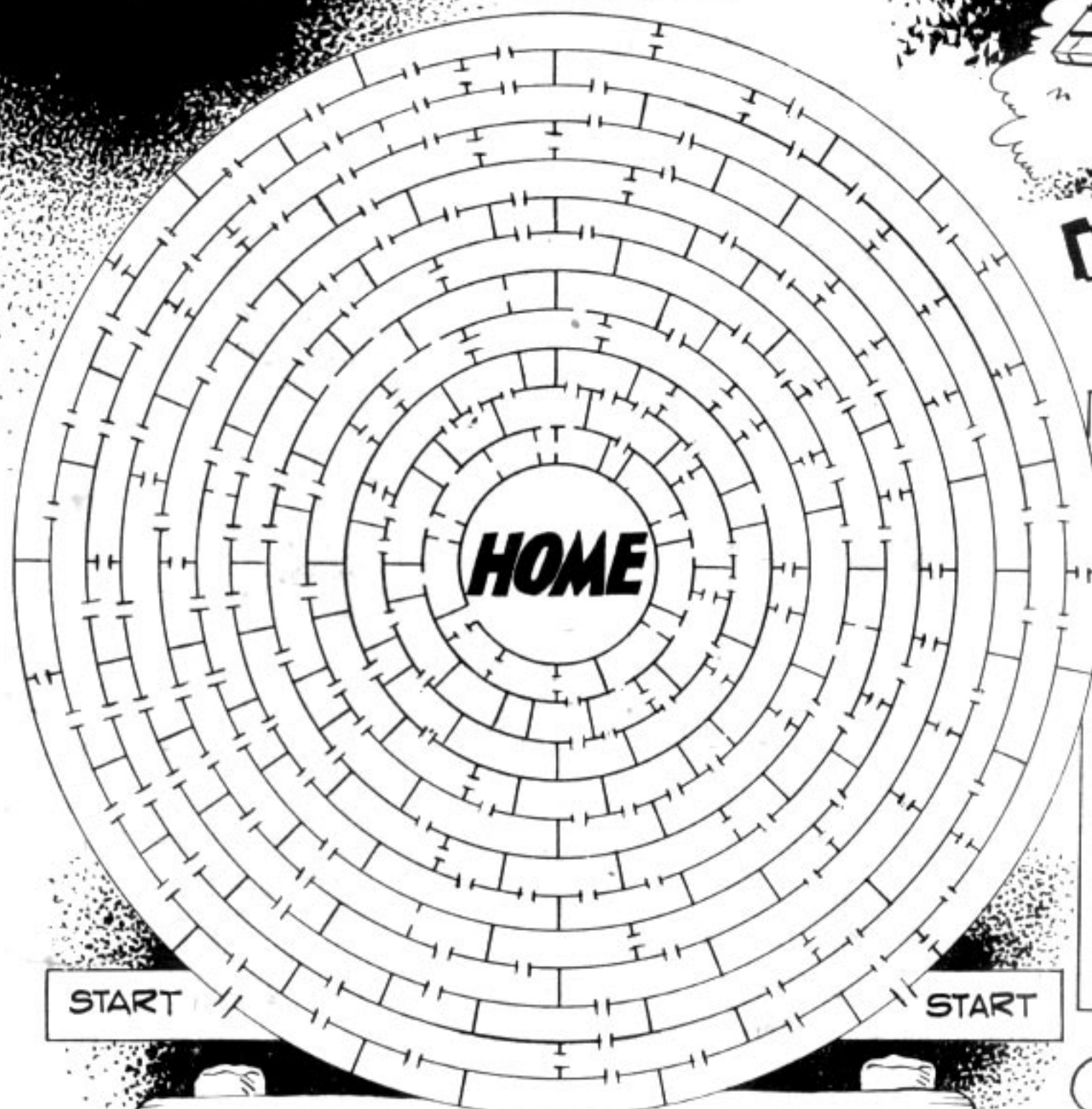
HOW FAR INTO THE WOODS COULD I CHASE A LITTLE DOG LIKE YOU?

EXACTLY HALF WAY AND THEN YOU START CHASING ME **OUT** OF THE WOODS!

**W**HAT'S THE COLDEST LETTER IN OUR ALPHABET?

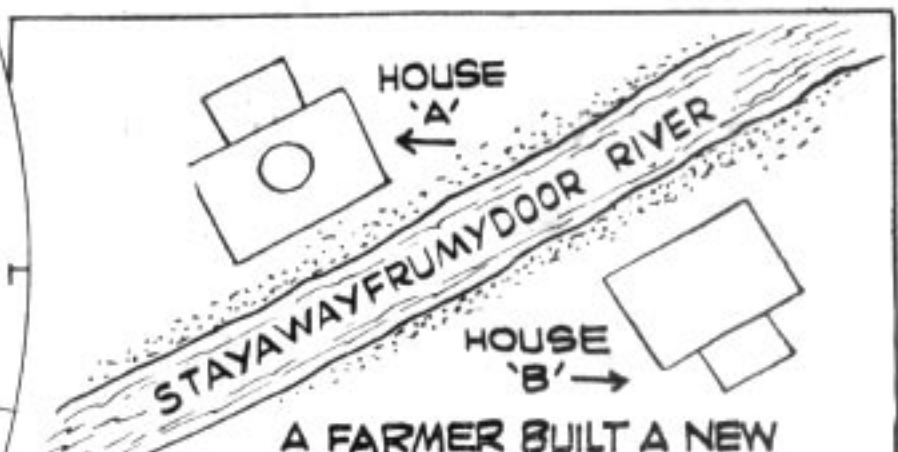
ANSWER .....

THE LETTER 'C', BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS IN THE MIDDLE OF ICE!



**W**HAT CAN GO AROUND A HOUSE AND LEAVE BUT ONE TRACK?

ANSWER... A WHEELBARROW!



A FARMER BUILT A NEW HOUSE FOR HIMSELF AND THEN BUILT ANOTHER HOUSE FOR HIS SON, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER! HE PUT A FURNACE IN HIS HOUSE 'A', AND HE WANTS TO GET HEAT IN THE OTHER HOUSE 'B', WITHOUT RUNNING PIPES OVER THE RIVER, THROUGH THE RIVER, OR, UNDER THE RIVER! HOW CAN HE DO IT?

ANSWER ...

THE FARMER PUT A FURNACE IN THE OTHER HOUSE!

HERE'S A MAZE THAT WILL PROBABLY GIVE YOU A LITTLE TROUBLE! GET YOUR VERY BEST PENCIL, AND STARTING AT EITHER SIDE WHERE IT SAYS "START", PROCEED FROM BOX TO BOX, UNTIL YOU FINALLY UNTANGLE THE HARD

PATH TO HOME!  
DO NOT CROSS ANY BLACK LINES, BUT, GO THROUGH THE LITTLE, OPEN GATES!

WHAT'S THE LONGEST WORD IN THE WORLD?

SMILES, BECAUSE THERE'S A MILE BETWEEN EACH LETTER 'S'!

..UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A NEW BABY, WHAT'S HER NAME?

DUNNO... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD SHE SAYS



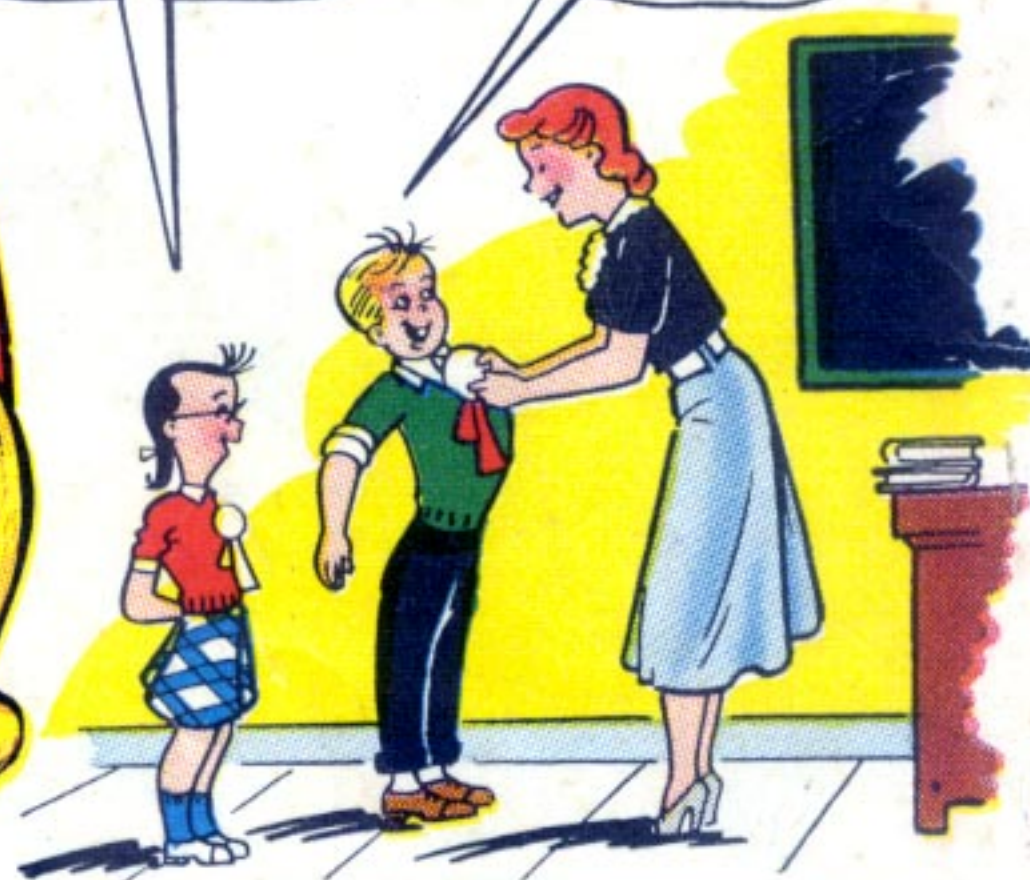


# Sunbeam Scores!



WINNING PRIZES IS EASIER WHEN YOU EAT LOTS OF **SUNBEAM**!

**SUNBEAM** IS THE REAL WINNER!

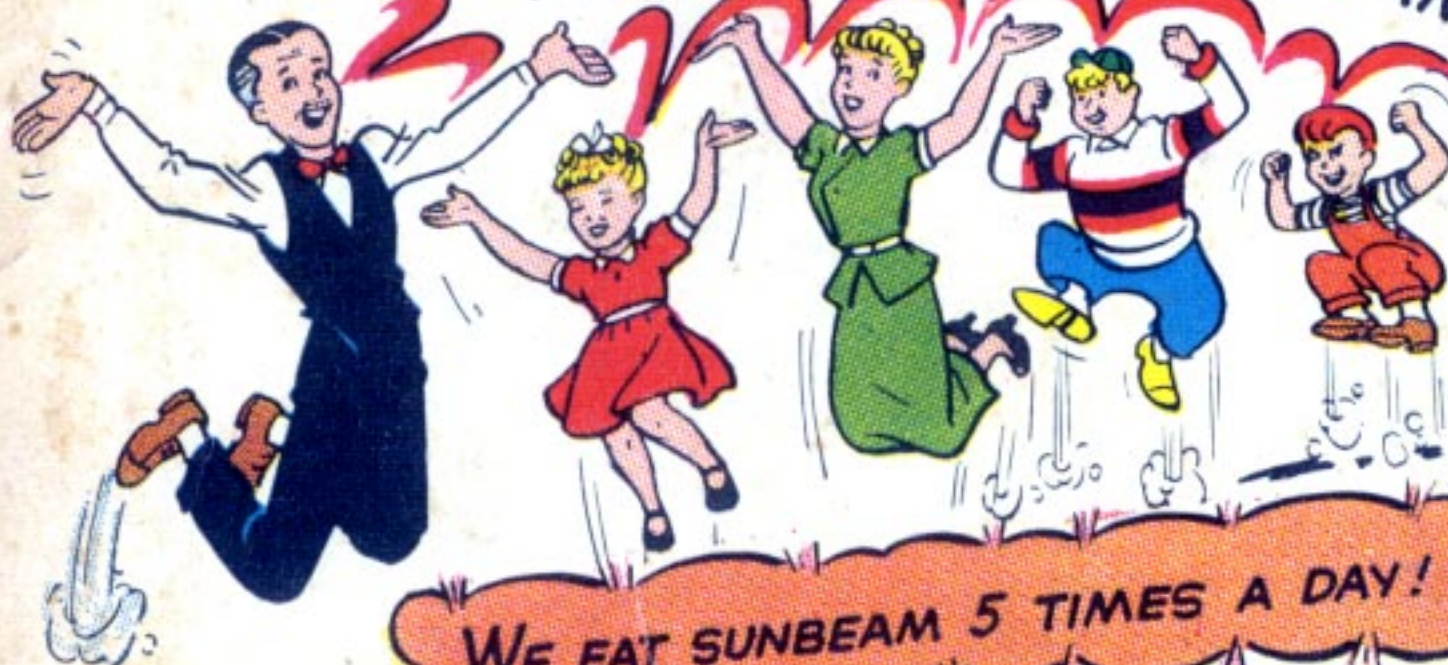


ASK YOUR MOM TO SERVE LOTS OF **SUNBEAM BREAD**, KIDS! YOU CAN'T BE FIRST IN CLASS UNLESS YOU'RE HEALTHY AND PEPPY!

EAT A **SUNBEAM** AND PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH, GOOGY—YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF PEP TO RIDE YOUR BIKE ALL AFTERNOON!

YOU KIDS CAN PLAY A WHOLE GAME OF BASEBALL ON THE PEP YOU GET FROM A **SUNBEAM** SANDWICH!

HURRAY FOR **SUNBEAM**!



**CHECK YOUR PEP CHART**  
GIVE YOURSELF 20 POINTS FOR EACH "YES" ANSWER.

| DID YOU HAVE—   | YES   | NO    |
|---|-------|-------|
| ...AT LEAST 2 SLICES OF <b>SUNBEAM</b> TOAST FOR BREAKFAST? | _____ | _____ |
| ... AT LEAST ONE <b>SUNBEAM</b> SANDWICH AT LUNCH?          | _____ | _____ |
| ... A <b>SUNBEAM</b> AFTERNOON PEP-UP SNACK?                | _____ | _____ |
| ... AT LEAST 2 SLICES OF <b>SUNBEAM</b> AT DINNER?          | _____ | _____ |
| ... A <b>SUNBEAM</b> BEDTIME SNACK?                         | _____ | _____ |

TO REALLY BE ON THE BEAM, YOU KIDS SHOULD RATE 100 POINTS ON YOUR PEP-UP CHART! YOU GET 100 POINTS BY EATING **SUNBEAM** 5 TIMES A DAY FOR ENERGY!



EAT **SUNBEAM** — the bread you need for energy!